BURTON R. JONES
HIS
LIFE AND LABORS

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Vore
Spring Arbor Mich

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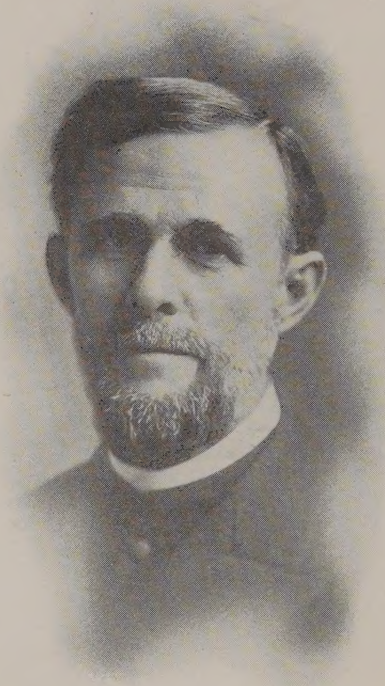
To Ms

From John A. Rice.

Christmas 1912

Mrs. M. C. Aylard



Yours in Jesus,
Burton R. Jones.

INCIDENTS

IN THE

LIFE and LABORS

OF

BURTON RENSSELAER JONES

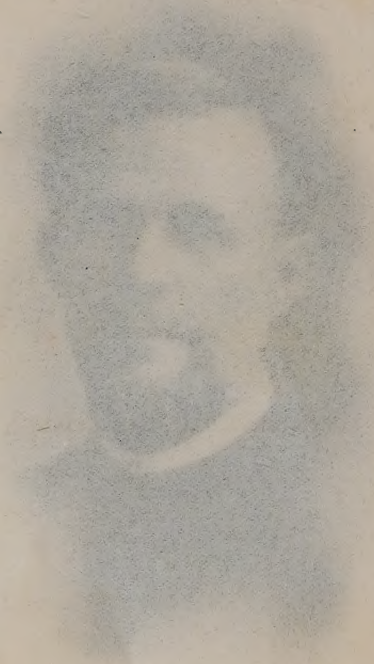
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL

WITH

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY

SECOND EDITION

Chicago
Free Methodist Publishing House
1910



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PREFATORY NOTE

It is sometimes profitable to look over the past and note the various providences that have directed our course. Standing where I now stand, I can readily see the divine hand in controlling the events of life that have had such a powerful influence in forming my character. From the view-point of over three-score years I am satisfied that the life fully devoted to God is the happiest and most satisfactory life known to mankind.

He is wise who has learned to love and to trust God implicitly. In solving life's problems I have ever felt the need of wisdom, courage, patience and cheerfulness. In the possession of soul rest, the value of which cannot be estimated by material wealth, I have been enabled to commit such perplexities as surpassed my solving into the hands of God, and He has unraveled many a tangled skein and enabled me to overcome many an obstacle which to all human appearance seemed insurmountable. Everything that threatened to interfere with my devotion to God I have sought to thrust aside, thus being enabled to meet duty more effectively and resist temptation more successfully.

It has been my aim to meet the difficulties of the itineracy in a spirit and manner calculated to contribute most to the spread of the gospel of Christ. I have ever sought to humbly and faithfully do the

work the Master assigned to me, never having allowed worldly ambitions to divert my mind from the work of the ministry. To succeed in that special calling has been the ambition of my life. I have not always known what was best for me, but I have sought to know the will of God in every providence, and by faith to learn His benevolent design in every chastening. Oftentimes "earth is embittered to us that heaven may be endeared." The time of "sowing in tears" has sometimes been testing, but the time of "reaping in joy" has always been inspiring. To see souls saved and the church built up has ever given me the greatest satisfaction.

But the larger part of my life is passed. How swiftly the years have flown. I can now see the wisdom of having chosen to share hardships with God's people rather than to have had the "short-lived enjoyment of the sinful life." While life still holds much that is dear to me, my abiding home is beyond the skies.

The preparation of this narrative has afforded me a degree of pleasure; and realizing that the careful reader can find interesting incidents even in the most obscure life, it is sent forth with the prayer that those who peruse its pages may be inspired with increased determination to live for God alone.

B. R. J.

Jackson, Michigan, June 15, 1909.

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CHAPTER I.

"The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track behind for evermore;
The lightest waves of influence set in motion,
Extend and widen to the eternal shore:
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be; and we should take
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake."

What responsibilities attach to life! As I "call to remembrance the things that are passed" it is with a sense of profound gratitude to God for His gracious dealings with me, and for the hallowed associations amid which my lot has been cast. The best of my life is what God has done for me. While retrospecting I realize that I could have achieved more had I been sufficiently impressed with the value of the passing years and the infinite possibilities they contained. But it is with the years as with the dead—we seldom know their value while they are with us.

I was born in a log cabin in York township, Livingston county, New York, December 3, 1845. I was the third of a family of nine children—seven sons—Charles W., Frank J., Burton R., Byron O., William, Edward, Theodore, and two daughters—Nellie and Emmer.

My father, James Jones, was of New England stock, being a native of New Hampshire. When young he removed to Western New York where he spent the most of his life, removing to Michigan a few years before his death. He was a thrifty, industrious farmer, and while his family did not abound in luxuries they were well provided with the ordinary comforts of life.

My mother, Eleanor Sabina, whose maiden name was Osbon, was a native of New York state, having been born but a short distance from the place of my birth. She was a model housekeeper, a devoted wife, a tender-hearted, faithful mother.

My ancestors for several generations back were irreligious. At the time of my birth my parents, though moral and highly respected in society, were neither of them professors of religion; and among those with whom they associated there were very few religious people. When I was about two years old my parents moved to Greigsville, New York, two miles from the place of my birth. This was a small settlement containing a church, post-office, schoolhouse, blacksmith shop, a general store owned by my father, and a few residences. At this place I received the greater part of my early education in the district school. Being quick to learn I had little difficulty in mastering the common English branches.

My associates were not of the vulgar class, and I never became entangled in the forms of vice so common among the young. I never used tobacco nor liquor, habits which were very common in my early days, and I have no recollection of ever having

used but one profane word, and my moral sensibilities were so shocked by it that I never presumed to repeat the act.

Even when unsaved my parents were firm believers in Christianity and sought to train their children to lives of strict morality. We were early placed in the Sabbath-school and taught that the Holy Scriptures should be made the rule of our lives. Here I committed many passages and some whole chapters of the Bible to memory, which in after life proved to be a great blessing to me, furnishing food for thought and material for sermons.

During the winter of 1853-4, under the labors of that remarkable man of God, Rev. William C. Kendall, there was a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit at Greigsville, a point on the Covington circuit, Genesee conference. The revival swept nearly the whole community for miles around. The work was deep and thorough. Among those converted were my own dear parents, who soon after united with the Methodist Episcopal church.

Before coming to this circuit Mr. Kendall had felt the force of opposing elements. To urge converts to press into the experience of holiness was regarded by some who were prominent in church circles as not prudent but rather as a reflection on their faithfulness. But he asserted the authority of his commission and with calm and holy boldness raised the standard of inward and outward holiness. As a result the work of holiness spread over the entire circuit.

Though young, I was at this time the subject of serious impressions which continued to deepen until

warmed into life as I fell submissively into the arms of my Savior. As I knelt at the sacred altar that holy man of God placed his hands upon my head saying, "The Lord bless the boy," and afterward expressed his conviction that some day I would preach the gospel. His words produced a deep impression upon my young heart. I ran well for a season. Prayer was the delight of my soul. I thought the Lord lived in the sky and to look in that direction seemed to inspire my heart. I would call my schoolmates together at the noon hour, sing and pray, relate my experience and exhort them to seek the Savior. A number were thus led to Christ. After a season, however, I yielded to the influence of my associates and the allurements of Satan, neglected duty and fell a prey to the enemy.

In the fall of 1858 I took my first trip on a railroad train. In company with my uncle, William H. Osbon, I boarded a Genesee Valley train at Geneseo, New York, for the West. As the train pulled out of the station it seemed to me that the whole world was moving. One year was spent at my uncle's home in Sturgis, Michigan, where I attended the village school, returning home the next fall.

In company with my parents I attended several annual gatherings on the old Bergen camp-ground. That was the rallying place for the holiness people of Western New York in those early days. There the people met to receive the truths which God was pleased to reveal through the ministry and through the experiences of the humblest of His

saints. Those were seasons of deep and thrilling interest. On that ground I witnessed marvelous demonstrations of divine power. Many were steadfastly set to do the whole will of God, and at times the tide of rapture ran high and strong, sweeping before it all fears and doubts and inspiring the soul with perfect rest and confidence. To those who were seeking to know the whole mind of Christ those meetings were a great help.

It was there I first heard the gospel preached by such holy men of God as Asa Abell, B. T. Roberts, Loren Stiles, Doctor Redfield, Levi Wood, B. W. Gorham, B. Pomeroy, and others. I shall ever thank God for the influence of such men in molding my character and directing my life.

In reflecting upon those scenes from the standpoint of mature years I feel to magnify the grace of God by which, through proper scriptural teaching, I was enabled to escape the sophistries of Satan and of men and find the highway of holiness. The untiring energy, patient endurance and triumphant faith of the fathers proved an inspiration to me.

CHAPTER II.

The exciting scenes of abolition times are associated with my earliest recollection of political controversies. My father was well informed on current events and was an abolitionist of the regular order. He regarded slavery as indeed the "sum of all villainies." His finer sensibilities were shocked at the thought of legalizing an institution fraught with so much danger to both social and national life. And that feeling was intensified by the knowledge that from the pulpit of his own church that national monstrosity was at times treated as a harmless system. His keen sense of justice and liberty would not admit of his remaining silent concerning an institution so subversive of the fundamental principles of righteousness. He was identified with the abolition party—the party of liberty—from early manhood.

While young my mind became very much exercised over the condition of the bondman. Thomas P. Boyd, for several years my Sunday-school superintendent, was an ardent champion of the anti-slavery cause, and under his tuition my interest in the Negro race steadily increased.

Deep and vivid were the impressions made upon my mind of the dark and trying times experienced by those who espoused the cause of the downtrodden race. One has said, "The youth of this genera-

tion cannot comprehend the enormity of human slavery in its effects upon society. * * * And yet, those who practised and sustained this iniquity, occupied commanding positions in church and state."

Those were perilous times. A great national crisis was approaching. The nation could not endure much longer the strain of the two contending forces—freedom and slavery—operating within its domain under the sanction of law. Numerous forces were operating to hasten the mighty struggle of 1861-5. The abolition movement was rapidly gaining strength. That "All men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," was the corner-stone of the party of freedom.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, which was the offspring of the awakening produced by abolition agitation, did much to remove hatred, create sympathy for the slave and give strength to the "irrepressible conflict."

> "She told the story, and the whole world wept
> At wrongs and cruelties it had not known
> But for this fearless woman's voice."

The ungovernable spirit of slavery threatened the speedy dissolution of the Union. In referring to the state of the country on the eve of the Rebellion, Rev. B. T. Roberts wrote: "The finest and most fertile portion of the Union has been reduced by slavery to a state where freedom of speech is as effectually suppressed as in the most despotic

governments. * * * Grave and venerable bodies of professed ministers of the Lord Jesus, representing the popular Christianity of the age, have persisted in throwing the sanction of the church around a system which, says Dr. Clarke, 'among Christians, is an enormity and a crime for which perdition has scarcely an adequate state of punishment.'"

The fugitive slave law was at that time in full force, practically making the North a "hunting-ground for running down the unfortunate black man, and reducing northern freemen into mere slave-catchers."

The attempt to force Kansas into the Union as a slave state brought on a struggle that foreshadowed civil war. The sequel to that conflict was the John Brown raid on Virginia, designated by that brave abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, as a "misguided, wild and apparently insane, though disinterested and well-meaning effort by insurrection to emancipate the slaves in Virginia."

The logic of events pointed to a mighty on-coming struggle. The contending forces were gathering strength. The political elements of the North favorable to freedom and the perpetuation of the Union organized under the name of the Republican party, confronting the "solid South." The first engagement was the contest of 1856, between James Buchanan and John C. Fremont, resulting in the election of the former, which was a numerical victory for the South.

An incident occurred at that election which deeply impressed my youthful mind. The day be-

ing stormy, business pressing and the voting-place four miles distant, my father and one of his pro-slavery neighbors agreed that they both would remain away from the polls, and thus the loss of one vote would offset the loss of the other vote. Near the hour for the polls to close father learned that his neighbor had stolen away and cast his vote for the party of oppression. He quickly mounted his horse, sped away and reached the polls in time to cast his vote for liberty and human rights. To me the incident was intensely exciting. Although unreflective and having little thought of the inherent sinfulness of slavery, parental influence was molding my sentiments and laying the foundation for future development.

The second engagement between the two contending forces was the one in which Abraham Lincoln became President of the United States. Although not old enough to vote, I was as delighted over the result of the election of 1860 as a fifteen-year-old boy could be.

There was a wise Providence in the events that were transpiring. God designed to bring good out of them. "Slavery, the plague of the American nation," was doomed.

Maddened by their defeat in the arena of politics, and interpreting the vote of the nation to mean that slavery should not be extended over our Western prairies, the South "arose in rebellion and swore the Union dissolved, determined to establish the institution of human chattlehood on the foundation of Confederate independence."

On April 13, 1861, the news came flashing over

the wires, "Fort Sumpter has fallen!" War was on. The citizens of a great nation were arrayed against each other in deadly strife. The whole country was intensely aroused. "The overwhelming responsibilities of the war forced the immortal Lincoln to his knees."

The ostensible cause of the outbreak was the election of a Republican president, but the real cause was *slavery*. So long as the nation fought simply to preserve the Union God gave little success to our arms. He was saying, "Let the oppressed go free." The "divinity that shapes our ends" had decreed that the liberty of the bondman should be included in the results of the great conflict. The affairs of our poor bleeding country grew more and more desperate. Many homes were being made desolate. The flattering expectations entertained at the beginning that the war would be over in a few months were not realized. One inglorious defeat followed another. The God-fearing people of the country felt that the cause of the prolonged struggle lay in the nation's disregard of the claims of God. With His favor the Union forces were sufficient to sweep everything before them. The Bull Run defeat in July, 1861, brought the nation to its senses, and it began to realize that it had a "foeman worthy of its steel."

The Emancipation Proclamation, issued September 22, 1862, taking effect January 1, 1863, obliterated chattel slavery forever from the United States. Still the fearful conflict raged. "In the smoky distance dimly seen * * * a host of brave men led on to victory. At length the heavy clouds

lifted, the dust and smoke of battle cleared away, the nation's sun rolled back to meridian and poured its light of promised peace on all the land."

The Union was preserved, liberty secured, but at what a price! The lamented Garfield once said, "I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost." Peace, liberty and personal security are the heritage of every loyal American citizen as a result of that struggle.

On April 14, 1865, the people of the nation were shocked by the telegram which read, "President Lincoln is shot. The assassin is arrested." Well do I remember how the news of that direful disaster shocked the loyal citizens of my home town. The feeling was shared by both old and young. The noble statesman, "great beyond his time," the "grandest hero of history," the "kindest of rulers," had fallen.

CHAPTER III.

In the order of Providence I have been associated in my life and labors with the religious movement which, as an organized system for the carrying out of the great purposes of the gospel, originated with the immortal Wesley, in the early part of the eighteenth century.

It was my lot to live at the time when it became necessary, through a new organization, for Methodism to seek refuge from the trammels of worldly alliances, time-serving policies and the routine of a lifeless formalism. A great moral conflict was raging. Western New York was the theater of a fierce struggle between pure Methodism and the allied forces of formalism and worldliness. The lines were steadily tightening and Methodism was becoming embarrassed in its soul-saving operations by an unscrupulous and almost universal conformity to the world on the part of the parent church. It was becoming increasingly difficult to fulfil its appropriate mission in spreading scriptural holiness over the land. At an early age I found myself in full sympathy with the principles and purposes of the new movement.

Methodism, defined as "Christianity in earnest," had reached a crucial period in its history. For more than half a century the Methodist Episcopal church maintained her spirituality and carried for-

ward the great and glorious objects of her sacred mission. But the old, simple beliefs were gradually but surely fading away. In about 1858-60, worldliness and pride and formalism and all the fashionable associations and amusements that had been covertly following in its train broke loose on every hand. Free Masonry and Odd Fellowship had become thoroughly entrenched in the Genesee conference. All restraint was thrown off and the worldly elements held full sway. Evangelical piety was scouted as the wildest fanaticism. Many of her ministers turned to ridiculing much that St. Paul and Wesley taught as essential to godliness.

In his account of this critical period, Mr. S. K. J. Chesbro wrote: "The difficulties of the Genesee conference had their origin some years ago in the connection of several of its prominent preachers with the Odd Fellows and Free Masons. Many of the old and tried members of the church remembered with horror the abduction and murder of Morgan, and they could not in conscience give their support to those ministers who were in sympathy with the perpetrators of that atrocious deed. Some who refused to receive the sacrament at the hands of those secret-society ministers, or to contribute to their support were, under various pretexts, cut off from the church. Disunion followed."

The practise of ridiculing and traducing certain men who advocated the doctrine of holiness became common. The battle went on with steadily increasing determination on both sides. There were a few fearless men who led on the Lord's hosts, and under whose leadership the work of holiness went

on with primitive methodistic life and power. It was evident that the mother church and many of her most devoted members were nearing the "parting of the ways."

In 1858, at Perry, New York, ten miles from my native home, Rev. B. T. Roberts was expelled from the church of his choice on a trumped-up bill of charges with scarcely a particle of evidence to support the complaints against him. Flushed with this apparent victory, the so-called "Regency party" continued its operations until many of the fearless champions of true Methodism were expelled from the church.

The ranks of the laity were then attacked. Without even the form of justice, "in the exercise of the most flagrant ecclesiastical usurpation, many intelligent laymen were read out of the churches of which they were the pillars, and excluded from houses of worship which they had built."—*From "Why Another Sect?"*

How sad the thought that holiness, the element that gave to Methodism her being and her strength, and for the spread of which God raised her up, should be thus cruelly crushed in the person of her faithful advocates. Had the church remained true to her mission she never could have thrust from her fold so many of her most devoted children for no other cause than their loyalty to God and to the principles of Methodism.

The cry of "fanaticism" and "Nazaritism" was raised wherever "Methodism in earnest" appeared. But that was simply a "new form of the old opposition to vital godliness." Still the work went on

with steadily increasing momentum. God honored His faithful ones despite the false accusations of their bitterest enemies.

A crisis had arisen. It was evident to every unprejudiced observer that the natural conservator of Methodism had lapsed into formalism and worldliness, and that an overruling Providence was preparing the way for a new organization that would exemplify the Bible type of piety and faithfully execute the divine purpose. Because the Bible system of truth is always the same it does not necessarily follow that it is always known by the same name or represented by the same denomination.

It being true that "Methodism is a creature of providence," the grace of God must be magnified in raising up another people to carry on the work of holiness. Only the infinite One who "leaveth not Himself without witness in the earth" was equal to the emergency. Such an organization as God would honor must not be precipitated by "fanaticism," "disappointed ambition," "personal disaffection," or any unworthy motive. The men at the head of the movement must have only the glory of God in view.

At Pekin, New York, August 23, 1860, a convention composed of fifteen ministers and forty-five laymen met to consider the best mode of extending the work which God had committed to them. The deliberations of that convention resulted in the organization of the Free Methodist church, the adoption of their first Discipline and the election of Rev. B. T. Roberts as general superintendent. Thus this movement emerged into a regularly

organized Christian church with but one purpose in view—the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom. God placed His seal of authority upon a few holy men and sent them forth to awaken the slumbering energies of the church and the world and to exemplify a type of piety at once deep, wholesome and consistent.

At Pekin, New York, August 26, 1860, the first Free Methodist society was organized, composed of nineteen persons. The first Convention (now known as the Genesee conference) was formed at Rushford, New York, with fourteen preachers and fourteen laymen enrolled.

Such was the beginning of a new epoch in the history of Methodism. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

CHAPTER IV.

The young church now fully organized and fairly well equipped, enters upon her two-fold mission —to "maintain the Bible standard of religion," and to "preach the gospel to the poor"—differing from the mother church only as she differs from her original self. A movement thus born of a divine purpose and inspired with the spirit of the Master was destined to make its mark in the world.

The revival of primitive Methodism already sweeping over Western New York, and breaking out in Illinois and Michigan was to be perpetuated by God's chosen agencies, but not without opposition and discouragement.

The removal by death of William C. Kendall, Loren Stiles and Doctor Redfield from the scene of conflict was a source of discouragement to those who were identified with the new movement. Such courageous, gifted, resolute, devoted men seemed to be necessary for the advancement of the cause. But Infinite Wisdom planned wisely and while the workmen were laid aside, the work went steadily on. God would have His church lean on Him alone. The infant church whose downfall, to all human appearance, seemed inevitable, was sustained by invisible, almighty power. Societies and conferences sprang up in different states and in Canada.

In 1864 a Free Methodist society was organized

by Rev. Asa Abell at Greigsville, New York, composed of the following named persons: James Jones, Eleanor S. Jones, William McBurney and wife, George Slack and wife, Louisa Osbon, Sylva Tuttle and Urana Tuttle. They deeply deplored the departure of the mother church from her primitive simplicity and power, and were reluctant to leave her communion, but could not in conscience, either by their presence or by their means, support an institution that sought to crush out her most holy men and women. Nearly all of the new society had been active members of the parent church and were permitted to continue their services in the same house of worship.

BURTON R. JONES
1864

In the early part of 1865, Rev. J. A. Wilson, assisted by Revs. G. W. Coleman and W. B. Pattridge, the latter a local preacher on the circuit, held a series of meetings at Greigsville. A sweeping revival broke out and many were gloriously saved, among whom were several of my young companions. Special attention was given to the work of holiness and a number obtained the experience.

At that time I was attending the academy at Geneseo, New York, five miles distant. Although in a backslidden state, the Spirit of Him who hath "no pleasure in the death of him that dieth" had not forsaken me. My sense of guilt and responsibility to God seemed to increase as the years passed away. Worldly prospects did not brighten. While pursuing my studies my soul was deeply exercised. God was making another effort for my salvation. As I passed the door of a church one evening the voice of prayer struck my ear and I was strangely wrought upon. Being unable to confine myself to my studies I decided to return home and attend the meetings then in progress at Greigsville. None but God and myself knew the concern I felt for my soul. I dreaded the hour for family devotion—not because I disapproved of it, but because the prayers of my parents for their children pierced my heart so deeply.

Here I will add: No family should be without a divine altar—an altar where God is honored, prayer offered and thanksgiving rendered. An influence is there thrown about the children and impressions made upon their minds from which they will find it difficult to escape.

The meetings at G. were still progressing with steadily increasing interest and power. God was working and the truth took a deep hold upon my heart. A strange sensation crept over me whenever sinners were invited to seek the Lord. I longed to yield, but feared the consequences. A mighty struggle was going on within and the cross seemed heavier than I could bear. At times it seemed I

would rather be lost than yield. I wept and trembled but continued to resist the Spirit. Every succeeding service found me seated nearer the front. How I longed for some one to invite me to the altar. It seemed as though no one cared for my soul. Soon, however, with streaming eyes and an anxious heart my beloved mother approached me and entreated me—as none but a mother can entreat—to there and then give my heart to God. After a short pause I made my way to the altar, much to the surprise of many in the audience who knew nothing of my inward conflicts. A fierce struggle was pending. My emotions subsided and it seemed as though Satan with all his fury was let loose upon me. A rough and thorny way, attended with reproach and persecution, was presented to my vision. The necessity of separation from worldly companions and of taking an uncompromising stand for God became apparent to me. In this state of mind I remained for several days, undecided as to what my final choice would be. Satan was struggling for the mastery, while the Lord was reining me up to a decision.

On returning from church one night, sorely tempted and much discouraged, I hastened to retire. My mother met me at the stairway and persuaded me to remain to family worship. With a burdened heart I fell upon my knees, resolved on victory or death. In a short time every controversy was settled, the full surrender made, and I waited only for the testimony of the Spirit to the work wrought. My longing soul was impatient for the break of day. I could see the Savior at a

distance, but how difficult to accept Him as my indwelling Savior. Those about me engaged in singing,

"My sins are washed away
Through the blood of the Lamb,"

with the chorus,

"Glory to the Lamb," etc.

Only a few lines had been sung before I realized my faith strengthening. Suddenly the clouds broke, the witness came and right there at my father's family altar, about midnight, March 10, 1865, God graciously spoke peace to my troubled soul. Glory to God! Oh, what a change! But a few moments before I was struggling under the agony of a guilty conscience and could hear the thunderings of Sinai. Now Jesus had revealed Himself and all was changed. No condemnation remained. The smiles of a reconciled God decorated the heart which but a few moments before was a dungeon of woe. That the work was wrought could not be questioned by myself nor those present. I knew that I had "passed from death unto life," and I proved by blessed experience that "He pardons like a God."

While my conversion was not marked by those striking manifestations that characterize many early experiences, yet I discovered that every frame and every emotion harmonized with the Word of God. I was inexpressibly joyous. That night was the most blessed night I had ever known. The greater part of it I remained awake praising the Lord. In that blissful state of mind I continued

for several days. I had entered upon a new life and the "mighty to save" was my theme and glory. I took delight in witnessing to His "wondrous grace," His "boundless love." I had certainly entered upon a state of "intensified happiness and pleasurable excitement of the sensibilities."

Having been reared from early childhood under the ministry of men eminent for piety and "mighty in the Scriptures," I had a pretty clear understanding of the theory of Bible holiness. Entire sanctification had been presented as an experience to be distinctly sought and obtained. I believed in the doctrine.

Soon after my conversion I discovered the impurities of my nature and sinful tendencies began to assert themselves. To yield to those tendencies meant to renounce the Christ who had so graciously delivered me from bondage. That I could not do. I was conscious there were higher attainments for me and was ready to seize upon everything that promised to help me on in my heavenward course. To have every carnal element removed was my heart's desire, yet to seek purity seemed a great undertaking. But I dared not limit the power of God. To say that the soul could not be cleansed from the pollution of sin would be to pronounce the atonement incomplete, that Christ failed to accomplish the purpose for which He came into the world, namely, to "save His people from their sins."

The remains of pride, anger, self-will, love of the world, unbelief, and such like, over which I triumphed through grace, were already struggling to regain their lost dominion. And I realized that

this struggle against inward corruption would render it exceedingly difficult for me to live a life of constant devotion to God. I reasoned that from the very nature of things it must be easier to overcome the world and Satan when sin is removed from the heart. My highest ambition was to be wholly the Lord's, to be fully prepared to do His will. Knowing that justification could be retained only in obedience to the Spirit I desired at once to enter upon my purchased inheritance.

On the evening of March 13, 1865, three days after my conversion, I responded to the invitation to seek a clean heart. Bowing at the sacred altar, I began the work of complete self-dedication to God. As item after item of consecration was presented my heart readily responded to the claims of God. Faith began to "lend its realizing light" and I was confident that if I asked anything according to the will of God He would hear me. It was His will that I should be sanctified wholly. The struggle was short. The consecration being completed, by faith the promise was appropriated, grace triumphed and I received the witness of the Spirit that the offering was accepted and my heart cleansed. Oh! what a sense of purity. The God of purity reigned supremely in my heart. My love to God was intensified a hundredfold and it seemed that no hardship could be too great to endure for His sake.

I began at once to testify to the great grace I had so bounteously received, and seemed to gain strength with every testimony. The prayer and class-meetings and other means of grace were sea-

sons of special delight. I had stated hours for private devotion; and, while my prayers were not so very private (usually being heard all through the house), those seasons alone with God were a means of strength and inspiration to my soul. The early attainment of a clear personal experience in holiness, the formation of regular habits of devotion and of promptness in discharging duty, have been of inestimable value to me in my Christian life and work.

My own experience confirms me in the belief that it is God's will that the young convert should be made perfect in love soon after conversion. In the meantime the soul is in a sort of transition state, but God does not design that this state of things shall be protracted. Hence persons embrace full salvation more naturally during the first year of their Christian experience, and are more likely to retain it than those who have long professed religion without it. Mr. Wesley doubtless held this view of the matter when he exhorted his ministers to "urge the converts on to holiness."

Soon after I experienced this grace I was received on trial in the Free Methodist church, and was baptized and admitted to full membership at the end of six months' probation, having never belonged to any other church.

During the winter of 1865-6 I taught the public school at G——, my old home district. A number of the students were my former schoolmates. I received a salary of twenty-five dollars per month with the privilege of "boarding around;" but be-

ing partial to my mother's cooking and to my own bed I boarded at home the most of the time.

The Lord helped me in my school work. I opened each session with singing, a Scripture lesson and prayer. Those were times when the Bible was more generally recognized as an instrument of popular education, and that it could not be neglected without the risk of morally wrecking the children and the nation. The great body of the wisest and best men of all nations have testified to the efficacy of the Bible as containing a "basis of morality superior to any other source of instruction," and also as "pointing out the strongest motives to such morality." Various forms of evil threaten the national life, and it is high time for the American people to "lay anew, in Bible truth and morality, through their educational system, the foundation for the old moral, civic and political virtues which are the glory as well as the safety of the nation." The Bible is the one book essential in American education, and any attempt to make instruction of American youth in American schools either godless, or atheistic, or agnostic, or Roman Catholic, should be immediately suppressed.

CHAPTER V.

My consecration remained to be tested. I had often felt that if I ever became a Christian I would have to preach the gospel. This feeling cast a dark shadow over my life previous to my conversion, but it seemed to have been hidden from me during my struggles. After my conversion I was prepared to listen to the voice of God.

The abiding impression was made upon my heart by the Holy Spirit that "a dispensation of the gospel is committed unto me"; "for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!" The "why and wherefore" of this divine commission were not revealed to me, but I was in a state of mind to respond fully to the Master's call. To me it seemed that to be instrumental in the salvation of one soul would repay for the labors and sacrifices of a lifetime. I there decided that, God helping me, no soul should ever perish through any criminal neglect of mine.

A little over a year after my conversion a paper was placed in my hand which read as follows:

"This is to certify that Burton R. Jones is authorized to officiate as an exhorter in the Free Methodist church for one year: provided his spirit and practise are such as become the gospel of Christ, and his teachings correspond with the established doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as held by said church.

"By order of the official board of Asbury and Greigs-

ville circuit, in session at Bethany, New York, August 18, 1866. J. W. REDDY, *Chairman pro tem.*"

Thus commissioned of God and authorized by the church I commenced to fill appointments on the circuit as directed by my pastor, Rev. M. C. Burritt.

By that time conditions had shifted somewhat. The authorities had closed the doors of the Methodist church against the new organization and their meetings were being held in my father's parlor. It was there I made my first attempt to expound the Word of God, using for a text St. Mark 13:37, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch." I did not attempt anything elaborate, but simply dwelt upon the importance of watching, 1. Our thoughts. 2. Our words. 3. Our actions. 4. Our spiritual condition. 5. For opportunities to do good. 6. For the Master's coming. The result of my effort was not at all flattering. My mother's only compliment was, "I think, my boy, you had a rather hard time." I became fully convinced that the art of preaching was not so easily acquired as an on-looker might imagine. Still I was not discouraged.

The circuit at that time embraced LeRoy, Asbury, Bethany and Greigsville. The preacher in charge prepared a plan of appointments, and local preachers and exhorters were given regular employment on the Sabbath. In those days men were not licensed merely as a compliment or for ornamental purposes. Brother M. H. Boyd, also converted in the revival of 1865, often accompanied me to my appointments, and his earnest prayers and exhorta-

tions added greatly to the interest of the meetings. He is now an ordained local preacher on the old home circuit.

In the winter of 1866-7, I assisted in special meetings at the Bethany appointment. At the opening service a good Brother Taylor, since gone to his reward, discouraged by the former indifference of the people, arose and said, "Young men, I have no faith that you will accomplish anything here. I am acquainted with the people for miles around, and I am satisfied they are gospel-hardened. Your labors will certainly be in vain." His remarks, of course, were not calculated to inspire courage in the young workers, but we were looking to a higher source for our inspiration and were in no wise disheartened over the old brother's lack of faith. We knew our Commander had won on many a sharply contested battle-field, and we were not counting on defeat there.

With sanctified fearlessness we leveled our batteries right on the citadel of sin and when the groans of the wounded and the agonies of the dying were heard we made no apologies, but pressed the battle to the gates. At the end of a two weeks' siege a goodly number had surrendered to Christ and were saved, while others had been sanctified wholly. Near the close of the series of meetings, while the converts were enjoying a praise service, old Brother T., referred to above, arose and with tearful eyes and trembling voice exclaimed, "Thank God for such a work of grace. This is what I have been looking for for years." Like many others under similar circumstances, the good brother got

his faith in, but it was a little late for practical purposes. How often the work of soul-saving is hindered by the church through lack of faith, offsetting God's ability with discouraging conditions.

During the following summer I attended the Wyoming, New York, camp meeting, which was in charge of Rev. Henry Hornsby, chairman. The power of God was remarkably displayed and much choice fruit was gathered for Christ. My brother Frank was graciously saved at that meeting, and gave promise of becoming efficient in the work of the Lord. He was regarded as the coming preacher of our family. He was gifted, less retiring than myself, and had he remained true to God, doubtless he would have become an able minister of the gospel. But worldly ambitions gained the ascendency, he fell away and has given his life to secular pursuits.

Having been blessed in my labors as an assistant to the pastor, I flattered myself that there were sufficient reasons why I should be permitted to continue my labors in that capacity. But a greater test awaited me. The question, "Are you willing to leave your pleasant home, kind friends, brothers and sisters, and go out among strangers and point sinners to Christ?" settled with irresistible weight upon my mind. I realized that to refuse would be equivalent to breaking my covenant with God. *That I would not do.* After a long and severe struggle my faith triumphed, and I could say with a willing heart, *"Thy will be done."* I believed that if I could not glorify God as fully in my present relation as in some other sphere He would set before

me an open door that no man could shut. I awaited God's time.

During the latter part of 1866, the first copy of *The Free Methodist,* the weekly organ of the new denomination, appeared, edited by Rev. Levi Wood. The paper was neat and attractive in appearance and filled with interesting matter. It was destined to become an important factor in the work of the church. Up to that time the church had been operating with only a monthly periodical, *The Earnest Christian,* edited by Rev. B. T. Roberts, to represent its interests. I was a subscriber for the first issue of the new paper, and have been a regular reader of its columns ever since.

CHAPTER VI.

In the fall of 1867, soon after the adjournment of the Michigan annual conference, I received a letter from Rev. B. T. Roberts, saying, "A place has been provided for you on Coldwater circuit with a most excellent brother, W. D. Bishop. Get settled convictions of duty and abide by them." A strange sensation came over me. The struggle was renewed and various questionings arose. My parents were unwilling that I should leave home. Being young and frail in body such a step seemed almost presumptuous. My mind became deeply exercised over the matter, although I succeeded in concealing my feelings, in a measure, from my friends. My faith in God remained unwavering as I laid the case before Him. It was my earnest prayer that if God willed I should go to Michigan He would influence my parents to give their consent. The prayer of faith led to the ultimate solution of all my perplexities. The next morning as my dear mother met me she said, "Well, Burton, if you are satisfied the Lord wants you in Michigan you can go." All doubts were at once removed and the Lord seemed to say more distinctly than ever, "This is the open door, step into it." That was a critical period in my life. Occupying, as I now do, a standpoint from which I can overlook the whole field, it is easy to see how a mistaken choice

at that point might have changed my whole life. The Lord directed the decisions I formed.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them though we may."

Assured that God is with those who are providentially guided, and having become satisfied that the "pillar of fire" pointed westward, I took my first plunge into the "stream of life" far away from my own home and friends. Bidding adieu to parents and friends, I wended my way toward my appointed field of labor. I made a short stop-over in Detroit, visiting my brother Charles and his family. Not being a Christian my brother entertained some misgivings as to the success of my new undertaking, yet he did not attempt to discourage me. He felt quite confident, however, that I had not struck the road to wealth or fame.

On my arrival at Coldwater, Michigan, I was cordially received by Brother and Sister W. D. Bishop, whom I was to assist in the work of the circuit. A pleasant home had been provided for me with the family of Brother Darius Tinkham. A more suitable place could not have been selected. Being of a very retiring disposition and a great lover of home, the fatherly interest Brother T. took in my case, and the kindness shown by the entire family were a source of great encouragement to me.

In the Michigan conference I found myself associated with such noble, self-sacrificing, godly men as E. P. Hart, C. S. Gitchell, John Ellison, A. V. Leonardson, and others.

In addition to the City of Coldwater, the circuit included North and South Quincy, Sherwood and Eckford, involving about one hundred miles travel every round we made. Having no "rig" of my own and no means with which to purchase one, Brother T. very kindly furnished me a horse and saddle and in primitive itinerant style I "rode the circuit" during the year.

At South Quincy I always received a hearty welcome at the pilgrim home of Brother John Nichols. For some time after my arrival on the circuit I suffered with frequent attacks of homesickness, usually coming on soon after sundown. To think of home at such times was often attended with a flood of tears. In those days Southern Michigan abounded in marshes well stocked with frogs. During the evening hours as I listened to the music of the frogs they all seemed to join in one grand chorus, "Homesick, homesick, oh! how homesick." I suffered intensely. Had not the fathers and mothers of the church been very considerate of my feelings and treated me kindly, in all probability I should have become discouraged and returned to my father's home. A very little unkind criticism and cold treatment would doubtless have disheartened me. How important that the church exercise patience toward the young preachers. They have much to learn and much to discourage them. A warm welcome, a hearty good cheer, a word of appreciation will often give new inspiration to the young itinerant who may be pressed with discouragement and temptation.

A few weeks after my arrival on the circuit

Brother Bishop arranged for me to hold a series of meetings at Sherwood, in the first Free Methodist

FIRST FREE METHODIST CHURCH OF MICHIGAN, BUILT AT SHERWOOD BY REV. JOHN ELLISON, AND DEDICATED BY REV. JOSEPH TRAVIS IN 1866

church erected in the state of Michigan. As I never had charge of such a meeting before the responsi

bility seemed great. My headquarters were at Brother John Newton's, near the church. In that humble log cabin home I received a hearty welcome. Great was my surprise, however, on learning that Brother N., with all his devotion and earnestness, was a pro-slavery Democrat. Being of strong abolition principles, I had not supposed there was any salvation for an advocate of human slavery short of a thorough renunciation of his political faith. I had been educated to believe that the terms "democrat" and "devil" were nearly synonomous. There were some things for me yet to learn. To me it seemed strange that even an apologist for slavery should have found his way into the Free Methodist church. But inasmuch as the question had been forever settled in the nation, I contented myself with simply expressing my sentiments without arousing any political strife. Thus the pro-slavery leaven lost its strength.

At first the people were drawn to the meetings through a curiosity to see and hear the "boy preacher," as I was commonly called in those days. The work steadily advanced, with enough opposition and persecution to render it exceedingly interesting. A goodly number of young people were converted during the meeting, the most of whom united with the Free Methodist church. After that meeting I had no more attacks of homesickness, having become fully absorbed in what was to be my life work.

Soon after this engagement closed I received orders to move on the enemy's works at Eckford, Michigan. Here I was kindly entertained at the

home of Brother and Sister Jennings. Brother Clifford Barrett, known as the "happy Alleghenian," assisted in this meeting. His smiling countenance, cheerful spirit, earnest prayers and exhortations, and his aptness in saying the right thing at the right time added much to the interest and success of the meeting. The members, though few, laid siege to the throne of grace, and God honored our faith and efforts in a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. As a result a number were saved, several sanctified wholly, and the pilgrims greatly strengthened and encouraged and the society enlarged.

Among those converted at that meeting was John Mains, a thrifty farmer of the community. Being a man of good mind and strong personal character, and having experienced a thorough work of grace in his heart, he gave promise of becoming a useful man in the church. His gifts were soon recognized by the church and in due time he was licensed to preach and afterward ordained deacon. It was evident the Lord had a greater field of usefulness for him, but he shrank from entering the itineracy and spent his life in digging for treasures on the old farm in Eckford. For one called of God to "minister in holy things" to devote his whole life to secular pursuits is fraught with serious consequences. The bitter regrets of wasted years cannot be removed in this life. Even repentance and forgiveness of God, though a priceless boon, cannot bring back those wasted years nor restore those ruined powers.

In the early spring of 1868 Brother Bishop re-

signed the circuit in view of removing to California for his health, and I was duly installed preacher-in-charge. This increased my cares and seemed like a great responsibility for an inexperienced boy to undertake. But with the assistance of some faithful local preachers—John Billings, E. B. Williams and others—the appointments were regularly supplied until conference.

The following was my plan of appointments for Coldwater circuit—a plan for giving the local preachers regular, systematic employment:

Appointments	Time	May	June				July				August					Sept.		
		31	7	14	21	28	5	12	19	26	2	9	16	23	30	6	13	
Coldwater....	10:30		3		1		5		1		3		1		3		1	B. R. Jones..No. 1
Sherwood	10:30	1		5		1		3		1		5		1		6		E. B. Williams." 2
Madison.....	4:00	1		5		1		3		1		5		1		4		John Billings.." 3
Eckford.....	10:30		1		3		1		6		1		4		1		2	John Newton..." 4
S. Quincy.	10:30	2		1		4		1		2		1		6		1		F. Downing....." 5
N. Quincy....	3:00	2		1		4		1		2		1		6		1		F. Tomlinson.." 6

At the quarterly conference held at Dundee, Michigan, January 18, 1868, I received my first local preacher's license, signed by E. P. Hart, chairman.

At a country appointment called East Quincy lived Perry Jones, a well-to-do farmer. He was leader of the class at that point. In those days the use of tobacco was not a bar to membership in the Free Methodist church. Brother J. professed holiness and at the same time indulged in the use of tobacco. To me the habit seemed to be a practical

contradiction of one's profession of heart purity. On one occasion as he took out his tobacco box in my presence, I said, "Brother J., St. Paul says, 'Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' Now, do you use tobacco to the glory of God?" After a few moment's reflection he replied, "I have never considered it in that light before. I cannot say that it glorifies God particularly." "Very well, then," said I, "you know your duty." Being a sincere and conscientious man he needed no further argument to convince him of his duty, and away went his tobacco. Would that all professing Christians were as susceptible to scriptural reasoning as was Brother J.

At a camp-meeting held in that neighborhood in August, 1868, Brother J.'s daughter Rosalie was blessedly saved. The day following her conversion she went into a deep agony of soul for an unsaved companion. For several hours she was lost to earthly scenes and had visions of the future state of the saved and of the unsaved. Her experience created a profound impression throughout the entire community.

During the summer of 1868 a district quarterly meeting was held in the Wesleyan church at Coldwater of which Rev. G. A. Olmstead was pastor. Rev. E. P. Hart, chairman, had charge of the services. It was there I first met that fearless champion of the truth, Rev. John Ellison. There was a large gathering of the pilgrims at that meeting. The Holy Spirit was richly outpoured and precious fruit was gathered to Christ. Surprised at the

large attendance, some one inquired where so many Free Methodists came from. To which Brother George Moyer, of Sherwood, replied, "Why, the woods are full of them." In those pioneer times the pilgrims were wont to drive long distances to attend the general gatherings. Brother Olmstead was captivated by the evidences of God's presence and approval and soon after identified himself with the Free Methodist church, remaining in the active ministry until failing health compelled him to superannuate.

Before leaving home my father "set me up in business" by allowing me the proceeds of a patch of onions which I cultivated. With the profits of this crop I purchased a pair of turkeys, which I exchanged for a pig, which I fattened and exchanged for sheep, which increased until I had enough to purchase a colt which grew to be a horse, which was sold for one hundred dollars, which was applied on another horse which I purchased before leaving the Coldwater circuit.

I closed my first year's labor full of faith and courage, with an encouraging increase in membership, having received a salary of one hundred and thirty-one dollars and board.

CHAPTER VII.

The Michigan conference held its fourth annual session in the "White church" at Raisinville, Michigan, September 10-15, 1868. I was one of a class of five who were received on trial at that session of the conference. Holloway Sawyer, who labored acceptably until superannuated in 1886, and I are the only members of the class who have continued steadily with the church. W. H. James, one of the five, left the church and engaged in secular business for several years. Later he returned, broken in health, but hoping to receive a respectable burial among the people of his early choice.

The conference session was very harmonious and attended with a marked degree of the Holy Spirit's presence and power. My first intimation that I was not to be returned to the Coldwater circuit, came when the president read, "Raisinville circuit, B. R. Jones." I had been encouraged to believe I would be returned, and my removal was somewhat of a disappointment, yet not at all serious, as I was fully consecrated to go anywhere in the order of Providence. The question of salary or circuit conditions did not enter into the consideration. There were but few well-developed circuits in those pioneer days, and our work was to "strengthen the things that remained" and push out into the "regions beyond." Circuits had to be made. The

most we could expect from the conference was a "hitching-post," and from that we were expected to branch out and build up circuits and districts.

On the bank of the river Raisin, ten miles west of the city of Monroe, stood the historic Atkinson residence, then occupied by Jonathan Atkinson and his noble wife Carrie, both of whom are now at rest. They generously set apart a room for me and there I established my headquarters.

Grandmother A— was still living. For many years she and her husband had been devoted Quakers. Before the Civil War their home was used as a station on the "underground railway," leading from the slave states to Canada. Many a poor slave had been entertained there and aided in his flight to the land of freedom.

Raisinville circuit embraced a large field. In addition to the societies already organized, requiring the pastor's care and attention, there were open doors in every direction. Besides three regular appointments each Sabbath I had several during the week. At the Plues' schoolhouse appointment I had a warm supporter in the person of John Plues, converted under the labors of Rev. E. P. Hart. In the neighborhood of the "red schoolhouse" I ever found a warm welcome at the home of Charles and Wallace Farrington, both of whom are forever at rest. Brother and Sister H. H. Rauch, having settled near the "White church," were among our most devoted and reliable members at that point. Near that church lived two sisters—Adaline and Emeline Rogers. Their mother was a strong Spiritualist and sought to train her children in that be-

lief, but the daughters had been graciously saved and were efficient workers in our meetings. A few years later the former became the wife of Rev. E. Mathews and the latter the wife of Professor Clark Jones.

The kindness shown me over the entire circuit afforded me inexpressible satisfaction and inspired me with additional courage. I felt assured that God, who had called me to the work, designed that I should succeed. And I am fully convinced that God never calls a person to the work of the gospel ministry to suffer defeat. The divine call once fully settled should be regarded as a guarantee of success, provided the one thus called keeps in divine order.

During the early part of 1869 we held a "protracted meeting" in the Close Communion Baptist church, at the "Macon" appointment, a few miles from the village of Milan. Sisters Reves, Lewis, Davis and a few other sisters were our principal supporters at that point. The men had held aloof from the church thus far.

For three weeks the battle was pressed. No idols were spared. Secret societies, the tobacco habit, pride and worldliness of every form received heroic treatment. As might be expected we met with bitter opposition from members of the lodge system and from formal and worldly professors of religion. But God was for us and displayed His power in a remarkable manner. Some who had made high professions while walking in fellowship with the world melted down, surrendered to God and were blessedly saved. Several prominent citizens

publicly renounced their allegiance to the Christless fraternities and pledged to keep themselves "free to follow the will of the Lord in all things." Over a score of souls were soundly converted to God, among whom were several heads of families, who afterward joined the Free Methodist church. The results were very encouraging to the little class which had been struggling so heroically to maintain the real work of God in the community.

Brother C. F. Irish, a deacon in the church, who had been deeply prejudiced against the doctrine and work of holiness, and entangled with secret orders, broke loose and "launched out into the deep." As he went bounding through the aisle in an ecstasy of joy, he exclaimed, "Thank God! there is not much difference between a free Baptist and a Free Methodist." Meeting with strong opposition in his own church he soon united with the Free Methodists. In due time he was licensed to preach, received into the traveling connection and became one of our most acceptable preachers, filling some of our most important appointments in Michigan and Ohio.

The fact that nearly all of the converts at that meeting united with the Free Methodist church quite naturally created some jealousy among the other churches. A demand was made that we be more moderate in our exercises, under penalty that in case of persistence the church would be closed against us. Having had no experience in ark steadying, I simply encouraged the pilgrims to keep blessed and exercise their liberty. That they did,

and it was made a pretext for closing the church against our services.

The weather being warm, Brother Irish put his hay barn in condition and we opened meetings there. By that time curiosity and excitement were at a high tension and the people gathered in crowds to our services. When the cold season arrived Brother Irish opened his house to us and there we held services for a short time when circumstances necessitated another change. We then procured an old, abandoned, log schoolhouse near-by where we enjoyed some refreshing seasons together. Soon it was whispered about the neighborhood that the windows had been sold out of the old schoolhouse, and the query arose, "What will the Free Methodists do now?" It was a severe test of our faith, but God being in the movement there could be no failure. It became apparent that in order to establish our work in that community we must have a house of worship of our own, and immediate steps were taken in that direction. An unsaved man donated a lot in a very desirable location. Sister Davis' husband, also unsaved, became interested in the enterprise and made possible the erection of a commodious church.

On September 22, 1870, a plain, substantial church, centrally located on the "Macon," was dedicated to the worship of God. Rev. Joseph Travis was present and preached an able discourse, much to the edification of the large audience. The event was a great victory for the cause of an earnest Christianity. The saints rejoiced in the possession of a house in which they could worship God in

the Spirit without fear of molestation. The community had long suffered for the need of "applied Christianity." A people were needed who would take more interest in society, from the view-point of morality; a people who would so live and act in all the relations of life—private, business, social, and political—that their influence on the public would count for the good. Such a people God had raised up for Himself at the "Macon" appointment.

On September 10, 1869, on a camp-ground near Mooreville, the Michigan conference was called to order by Superintendent Roberts. At this session I had my first experience as secretary of an annual conference. Our class of five passed in the first year's course of study and were continued on trial. The stationing committee returned me to the Raisinville circuit.

Before entering on another year's work I made my annual visit to my New York state home. On reaching the station at Monroe an unusual delay in trains was announced. This was somewhat disappointing. Having received but one hundred and forty dollars during the year my financial resources would not admit of a protracted lay-over. Soon, however, a good brother came along and placed a bank note in my hand, thus providing for additional expenses. This providence served to strengthen my faith in the Infinite Father. A few hours later I was seated at my father's fireside surrounded by a happy company of loved ones.

The regular quarterly meeting for the Greigsville circuit was in progress at that time, in charge of

Rev. F. J. Ewell. It was my privilege during that meeting to stand beneath the roof under which I was cradled and point old friends and schoolmates to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Unusual interest attached to this annual visit to my home town. One whom I had known from childhood, one possessing rare merits and attractions, had been chosen as the partner of my life. She was converted and wholly sanctified during the meetings in which I was saved in 1865, and had become one in spirit and purpose with myself. Accordingly, October 7, 1869, Miss Ella M. Boyd and I became mutual sharers in the joys and sorrows of life.

On returning to our circuit we lost no time in addressing ourselves to the work of soul-saving. We occupied the "prophet's room" at the Atkinson home for a few months and then set up housekeeping in Milan, a little village at the head of the Saline river. The village was a hot-bed of Universalism. There was but one church edifice in the place and that was open for all denominations. For one young in experience to attempt a siege on this stronghold of Satan with no Free Methodist society in the place, seemed almost presumptuous. It being, however, but about two miles from the red schoolhouse appointment where we had a number of true, stalwart pilgrims who could be relied on in close conflict, and having implicit confidence in the God of battles, we opened fire on the town January 9, 1870.

So soon as it was "noised abroad" that the peo-

ple "everywhere spoken against" were holding meetings in the Union church, great curiosity was awakened. Brothers Hart, Ellison, Gitchell and Mathews were present at different times during the meeting and assisted in the preaching. For one month the battle raged and God wrought powerfully through His own chosen instrumentalities. Many had "never seen it on this wise before." During this time the church people of the village held three donation parties and other social functions, thus lending their influence to stifle conviction and hinder the work of God. Evidently that which is most dangerous to His cause Satan watches most closely, strikes hardest against and opposes most fiercely. The Universalists made a desperate charge upon us, publicly denouncing me as a "false teacher" and "deceiver of the people." But their bitter denunciations reacted on themselves, drove the saints nearer to God and resulted in greater victories for the truth. Thus the "wrath of man" was made to "work the righteousness of God."

The "true light" shone through the darkness of unbelief and skepticism and the people began to abandon their false hopes and spurious religions and embrace the living Christ. A few were blessedly saved, a Free Methodist society organized and the work of God established in the place. While this society has met with alternate successes and reverses during the long period of its existence, there is still a remnant remaining who have not bowed the knee to Baal, but are contending earnestly for the true faith in opposition to the formalism and worldliness that surrounds them, and are

honored with repeated visitations of old-time blessing and power.

Among those converted at that meeting were Alonzo Bramen and his wife Eunice. Brother B. had been trying hard to rest in the Universalists' hope, but being convinced under the light of the gospel that Christ is the only sure foundation on which to build, he accepted the true Savior. The genuineness of his conversion was apparent to all, and during his short probation he was a faithful member of the new society. In about six months Brother B. passed triumphantly through the silent valley, waving his hands in token of the glorious victory he had gained through the Christ he had so recently learned to love and trust. Sister B., afterward the wife of Dudley Stoddard, remained true to God, became an evangelist in the church, and for several years had the pastoral charge of circuits in the North Michigan conference. She is still a faithful member of the church of her early choice.

About that time I learned a lesson that has proven very valuable to me in my ministry. Often in my early experience I would become almost discouraged while listening to the experiences of some who had been saved from grossly immoral lives. At times I would almost cast away my confidence because in my experience there were none of those dark chapters full of blood-curdling scenes such as I had heard others relate. But the Holy Spirit taught me the lesson I needed to know. By observing carefully the lives of converted criminals and discovering their frequent lack of stable Chris-

tian character, I saw clearly that while the grossly immoral are vastly better for having repented of their crimes than they would have been without repentance, yet it would have been better far had there been no occasion for such repentance.

Having learned my lesson, which I have never forgotten, and being conscious that God had wrought a great deliverance in my case, I addressed myself with renewed diligence to the duties of my sacred calling, knowing that to my own Master I must stand or fall.

CHAPTER VIII.

At the Michigan conference held at Holland, Ohio, October 2, 1870, I was ordained deacon by Superintendent Roberts. At that conference I was appointed to the Mansfield and Windsor circuit. Though it was far from my former field of labor, I was well satisfied with the appointment. The Michigan conference then embraced the states of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and the Dominion of Canada. Hence long moves were included among the unpleasant experiences the early itinerant was required to undergo.

Soon after conference I had my first experience in packing household goods and moving a family. But my heart was in the work and I was ready for labor and sacrifice. In those early years, however, it did not seem so great a task to pack up and move about the country as it has seemed to be in later years. Doubtless this is true of all as they advance in life.

The long drive to our new circuit included several nights out among strangers. Hotel accommodations being limited we were sometimes obliged to drive well into the night before being able to find entertainment. On reaching our circuit we spent the first night at the home of Brother John Oswalt, a local preacher. A few weeks later we were cozily settled in our own home in Mansfield, Ohio.

Up to that time the Free Methodist church had no law prohibiting the use of tobacco by its members. At the general conference held at Aurora, Illinois, in 1870, a proposed amendment to the General Rules forbidding "Chewing, snuffing or smoking tobacco for the gratification of a depraved appetite" was adopted and submitted to the several annual conferences, and by them adopted by large majorities, thus becoming the law of the church. This law was interpreted as being applicable to those already in the church, as well as to those who might apply for admission. But the qualifying clause, "for the gratification of a depraved appetite," had a tendency to make the rule ineffective. It was soon discovered to be only a retreat for the tobacco-using member, thus rendering the enforcement of the rule very embarrassing to the administrator. With amazing rapidity the relish for the forbidden article was lost and its use continued only as a remedy for some grievous malady. Some used it because they were "too fat," others because they were "too lean"; some for "indigestion," others for "heart weakness"; some for the "kidneys," others for "corns"; for all of which that little clause made ample provision.

Thus it continued until it became evident to many that unless some heroic measures were adopted the church would soon become only an asylum for weaklings. Accordingly, in 1882, the general conference submitted an amendment, readily adopted by the annual conferences, expunging the objectionable clause, and interpreting the law as forbidding not only its use but even the "growing,

manufacture and sale of tobacco." Thus the lines were gradually tightening, more thorough measures adopted, and admission to membership in the church becoming more difficult. And the tendency of the church, as indicated by the action of her legislative bodies, has ever been toward more stringent measures instead of lowering the standards already adopted.

About the time of the general conference at Aurora, in 1870, the question of abolishing the general superintendency was being agitated in some quarters. The general conference then had power to make such a change in the Discipline without the concurrent action of the annual conferences. The question was considered at the Aurora conference and that body submitted to the annual conferences an amendment placing the General Superintendency under the restrictive rules. The amendment was adopted by the annual conferences, thus placing that office where it cannot be abolished without the concurrent action of the general and annual conferences.

I will now return to the account of my home work. We received a warm welcome on our Ohio circuit. At the homes of Brothers Niman, Garrison, Oswalt, Riley, Williams, Miller, and Sisters Hout, Kauffman, Evart and others we were always warmly received. We began with two societies, three regular appointments and several "open doors." We spent the most of our time on the field attending regular services and doing pastoral work.

I organized the first Free Methodist society in Mansfield, December 2, 1870, at the home of Thomas

Riley. An entry in my diary says of those who united, "I have confidence in the devotion and integrity of every one of them. I trust they will prove true to their sacred obligations and accomplish a glorious work for God in this city." Later Brother Riley entered the itineracy and for several years took work in the Michigan conference, doing effective service for the Master. Under pressure he left the church, and for a number of years has been engaged in secular pursuits, with a fair prospect of dying poor.

On February 8, 1871, I performed my first marriage ceremony, the contracting parties being William Hout and Emma Gates. I was unusually impressed with the solemnity of the marriage covenant. To many, marriage is little more than a mere impulse or business transaction. In order to true and wise marriage there must be that pure and exclusive affection, that courage, fidelity and endurance that will sustain the contracting parties in the dark and trying hours that attend the pathway of every family.

En route to conference in 1871 we spent one Sabbath with the pilgrims in Cleveland. During that trip we crossed Lake Erie for the first time, reaching Spring Arbor, the seat of conference, September 28th. It was there I first met Rev. William Gould, and was edified by his clear, earnest exposition of the Word of God.

That session was made historic by the inauguration of a movement to establish a denominational school within the bounds of the conference. E. P. Hart, L. T. Frink, J. T. Gates, Charles Mattice,

D. W. Tinkham, were made a committee to negotiate with a committee to be appointed by the citizens of Spring Arbor for the purchase of property at that place. For various reasons but little was done the first year toward establishing the proposed school.

At the next annual session another committee was appointed, vested with full powers to establish the school and set it in operation. Accordingly a ten-acre tract of land, with two old college buildings upon it, in the village of Spring Arbor, was purchased. Necessary repairs were made and in the summer of 1873 a short term of school was held, with Professor Clark Jones as principal. A few years later a central brick building was erected, necessitated by the growth of the school.

The establishing and building up of this important enterprise has involved sacrifice on the part of both its patrons and its instructors. The administration of Professor Jones was followed by that of Walter A. Sellew, Albert H. Stilwell, Charles P. Tiffany, David S. Warner, and Burton Jones Vincent. It has ever been the purpose of the managers of the institution to make its spiritual interests keep pace with the educational, and that it should continue to be a desirable place for parents to educate their children.

My second year on the Mansfield and Windsor circuit was more fruitful than the first. The special meetings resulted in the ingathering of a goodly number of souls.

On January 18, 1872, by invitation of Brother A. M. Shipley, I went to Mt. Vernon, Ohio, with

the intention of holding some meetings in that city. On my arrival I was informed that because of opposition from a certain quarter my coming had not been announced. However, we were determined to follow the "pillar of fire" wherever it might lead. After consultation with the brethren it was decided that, under existing conditions, Brush Run, a point thirteen miles in the country, offered a more favorable opportunity for successful meetings than appeared at Mt. V. Accordingly an appointment was circulated and in the name of the Lord we set up our banners at Brush Run. The Lord set His seal upon the first service. The schoolhouse which we occupied soon proved altogether too small for the occasion. People who had not attended religious meetings for years at once became interested. Some who had become discouraged by the indifference of the people gained new inspiration as the Holy Spirit began to work. A two-weeks' effort resulted in the conversion of a number of souls and the organization of a new society.

Father and Mother Shipley and their sons Benjamin, Eugene and Sherman, and their daughter Emeline, all members of the Methodist Episcopal church, being fully awake to the departure of that church from original principles, and quick to recognize the providence of God in the new movement, soon identified themselves with our work.

Among those converted at that meeting were two sisters, Lizzie and Mary Jones, who were very clearly saved and developed into strong Christian characters, remaining true to God and the church until called to their reward. Mary became the wife

of Rev. S. W. Stone, and after a few years' labor in the itineracy passed to her home above.

Some time after its organization this society changed its place of meeting to Howard, near the home of the Shipleys. A new, commodious church edifice was built and the work placed on a substantial basis, developing into what is known at the time of this writing as the Howard and Pleasant Grove circuit.

May 21-23, 1872, I was privileged to attend a convention of the "National Association of Christian Men Opposed to Secret Societies," held at Oberlin, Ohio. President J. Blanchard, of Wheaton College, presided. Strong arguments were made against the secret lodge system by such able men as the president of the convention, President C. G. Finney, of Oberlin College, L. Bailey, John Levington, L. N. Stratton, and others. That was my first and only opportunity of hearing the venerable President Finney. He was introduced amid loud applause. He expressed his pleasure at being permitted to attend such a convention, and said in part, "The time has been in my day when a man would as soon acknowledge himself a horse-thief as a Mason. I consider a Masonic lodge no place for a Christian." Masonry and Odd-fellowship were the principal orders attacked, as but few of the minor orders of to-day existed at that time.

Such an assembly of devout reformers was well calculated to fire the heart of a young man who was just becoming thoroughly awakened to the corruption of the secret lodge system. Amid the light that has been shed on such institutions

during the last half century, we are left to wonder how ministers of the gospel can justify themselves in forming such unhallowed alliances with the unbelieving and the wicked.

While we were living at Mansfield a striking incident occurred in an adjoining town. Upon a stage in the —— church a young man and woman acted what was termed the "Irish Girl's Disappointment." After some preliminary exercises the young man feigned to drop dead. A company gathered around and amid the pretended sorrow and tears of the "disappointed girl" and her attendants the curtain dropped. A few days later, at eleven o'clock, these two young persons were to have been married. Prospective joy filled their hearts. But at the hour appointed for the marriage ceremony the young man lay dead. Thus the young girl became, not an imaginary, but a REAL mourner.

What a rebuke to the modern practise of profaning the house of God. To convert the place set apart for the worship of God into a social parlor, festival hall or amateur theater, is a departure from primitive Christianity, which readily accounts for the want of spirituality in many churches. Such appeals to the appetite, and to the passion for pleasure stimulate a false benevolence and benumb the moral sensibilities.

While we did not accomplish all that we hoped for the work on the Mansfield circuit, yet we were permitted to see a few souls saved, two new societies organized and the general interests of the work greatly improved.

CHAPTER IX.

At Delta, Ohio, September 29, 1872, I was ordained elder by Superintendent Roberts.

Rev. L. Bailey, of Illinois, was present at that conference and endeared himself to us all by his earnest preaching and Christ-like spirit. J. W. Vickery was delegate from Evansville, Indiana, and being a member of the stationing committee had a voice in deciding who should be appointed to his home circuit. At the close of the conference session I was read off for Evansville and Ft. Branch circuit. It was fortunate that I was prepared for a long move, as that was the farthest point within the bounds of the Michigan conference.

On October 16th we took train for our new circuit, arriving on the 18th. At the home of Brother and Sister J. W. Vickery we received a hearty welcome. The work at Evansville was comparatively new. There was a new church edifice ready for dedication, and a comfortable parsonage in process of erection. A brief statement of the providences which resulted in the organization of a Free Methodist church in that city may be of interest to the reader.

In 1870 a few well-meaning people separated themselves from a worldly church, having but one distinctive issue—opposition to instrumental music in public worship. Spiritually they were in about

the same condition as the church they left. They were aware of the spiritual dearth in the church, but thought the organ must be the sole cause of it, not supposing that the indulgence of pride and worldliness and union with Christless associations could cause a breach of Christian faith. An organization of about eighty members was effected, called "Congregational Methodists." Not being based on an issue warranting a distinct organization, the movement was destined to fail.

During the summer of 1871, a Free Methodist preacher being called for, Brother Septer Roberts visited the city for the purpose of considering the situation. The lines were closely drawn, and only twelve of the number decided to take the "old paths." The remainder soon scattered as "sheep without a shepherd." Among those who composed the new Free Methodist society were J. W. Vickery and wife, John Vickery and their two sisters, Mrs. Allen and Sarah V.

Sunday, November 3, 1872, was the date of the dedication of the new church. Rev. E. P. Hart was expected to arrive on Thursday to do the preaching, but put in no appearance until Saturday night. Imagine my embarrassment at having to preach two nights to disappointed congregations. Sunday was a great day for the little society and their friends. The church was dedicated with appropriate exercises, and Brother Hart hastened from the city on an early Monday train.

It was one month after our arrival before the new parsonage was ready for occupancy. In the meantime we shared the warm hospitality of

Brother Vickery's home. An attachment was there formed which steadily strengthened with the passing years.

Early in 1873 a "Macedonian cry" reached us from Bloomfield, Indiana, a small settlement about twenty miles east of Evansville, along the Ohio river. On February 5th I responded to the call and, accompanied by Brother V., went part of the way by rail and part on horseback to B. There we found a small company of earnest souls struggling under ecclesiastical pressure, supposing it to be their duty to be loyal to church authority, even though restricted in their religious liberties. Under such conditions it is not surprising that they were crushed in spirit. During the meetings which we held additional light shone upon their minds and a number pressed on to heights and depths of experience before unknown to them. The meetings continued about eight days, resulting in the liberation of a number of imprisoned souls, and the organization of a Free Methodist society of twenty-five members. It was at that meeting that Brother Vickery made his first attempt to preach. He was helped of God and afterward developed into an ordained local preacher.

Among the charter members of this society were Brother and Sister Sidwell, who proved to be true and loyal supporters of the new class. A few years later they removed to Spring Arbor, Michigan, where they now live, holding steadfastly in the faith. Later on a lad of rather unpromising appearance was saved at that place. After his conversion he began to develop with surprising rapidity.

Having a desire to gain an education he worked his way to Spring Arbor, where he took a course in the seminary and then entered the ministry. At the present time A. H. Norrington is an honored district elder in the East Ontario conference.

A few weeks before going to conference that year G. R. Thompkins, then pastor at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, came to assist me in a grove meeting at Bloomfield. There was an unaccountable lack of liberty at the first service. Two services were held on Saturday, but darkness prevailed throughout the day. Sunday dawned beautifully upon us, and all nature seemed to contribute to the success of the meeting. The saints were unusually anxious to witness a complete victory. Love-feast, preaching, sacrament passed and still the struggle continued. An almost irresistible force seemed to be arrayed against the Lord's hosts. The afternoon service began and continued amid awful darkness. The benediction was pronounced and the congregation began to disperse. The saints lingered about, reluctant to leave the place until victory came. A season of prayer was suggested and the throne of grace was besieged for immediate help. It was our time of need. Groans and tears expressed the deep soul-agony felt by some whose helpless forms lay prostrate upon the ground. Thus it continued until time for evening service. Intense excitement prevailed throughout the community. It was evident the clouds were about to break. A large audience had assembled to witness the closing scene. Brother Thompkins made an earnest appeal to the church to arise and

put on her strength, and to sinners to yield to God. Many hastened to the altar, some crying for par- others for purity. The crisis was near. Such of prayer as was poured out from that altar seldom ascends to the throne of grace. Faith triumphed and the baptism of fire came. The scene that followed beggars description. Leaping, shouting, clapping of hands, parents embracing their children, while the tear of joy coursed down the furrowed cheek of the aged mother in Israel. Newborn souls with beaming countenances went through the audience urging their associates to seek the Lord. Wicked men were awed into silence, and God reigned most gloriously.

Such a scene had never been witnessed in those parts before. God honored the persistent faith of His children. Satan seemed to reign for a season, but the slowly gathering forces became irresistible, the saints prevailed with God and a glorious victory followed. Such prevailing prayer, such victorious faith is the need of the church in every age. It is needed to insure the salvation of souls and the inspiration of God's people.

CHAPTER X.

The annual conference of 1873 was held at St. Johns, Michigan. Of the ten preachers received on trial that year A. Bradfield is the only one remaining in the conference at this time (1909). He has been true to God and the church all these years and is now on the superannuated list, awaiting the final summons.

The stationing committee returned me to Evansville, and the Lord set His seal of approval on my second year's work in Southern Indiana. Several impressive incidents occurred during the revival at Evansville.

Miss Ellen Hughs, a proud, worldly church member, of a very aristocratic family, chanced to attend one of our meetings. She was attracted by what she saw and heard and felt and became sufficiently interested to repeat her visit. She soon became deeply wrought upon, bowed at the altar, and after a long, severe struggle was gloriously saved. The change was marvelous. She was flooded with divine glory and the once vain, high-spirited young woman was suddenly transformed into an humble, devoted Christian. She at once accepted the pilgrim route and united with the Free Methodist church. Later, she removed to Michigan, where for several years she was a faithful evangelist in the church.

In the society at E. there was an humble, unassuming Christian girl named Amanda C. She was simple-hearted and fully submissive to the will of God. It was not uncommon for her to receive an overflow blessing in the public congregation. When thus blessed she was liable to shout, or jump, or run down the aisle, or sit and weep. Her demonstrations never became monotonous, as there was a pleasing variety, no "cut and dried" affair. The Holy Spirit seemed always to adapt the program to the occasion. Every one seemed to say, "Give Amanda the right of way, for she is good."

One night a very fashionably attired lady appeared at the altar, evidently under deep concern for her soul. For several succeeding nights she was among the first to respond to the altar call, giving unmistakable evidence of being deeply affected. We prayed for her and gave the best instruction we could, but it was evident a severe struggle was going on in her mind. At times her countenance would brighten and it would seem as though she was about to grasp the promise, then suddenly she would relapse into a state of darkness. I inquired, "Sister, where is the difficulty? Are you not willing to fully surrender to God?" "Yes," she replied, "I am willing He should have all and I desire Him above everything else; but, O Brother Jones, I don't want to act like Amanda." "Very well, sister," said I, "settle that with the Lord. Whatever is satisfactory to Him will be agreeable to us." A few more struggles and up went her hands as she exclaimed, "Any way, Lord." Immediately the heavens opened and the uncontain-

able blessing fell upon her. A sudden shout burst from her lips, she jumped to her feet and went bounding down the aisle just like Amanda. But she was victorious then and perfectly satisfied with God's way of saving and blessing her. Sister Perry became a devoted Christian and a model Free Methodist.

A Brother G—, for years a church member, but without saving grace, attended our meetings and became unusually interested. He was especially impressed with the testimonies he heard on the line of definite Christian experience. The doctrine that one might know when and where he was converted was new to him. He took occasion to relate his feelings to his pastor. "At the Free Methodist church," he said, "they teach that a person may know when he is converted. I joined the church when I was young, have taken an interest in the work of the church, but have no knowledge of ever having been converted."

"My dear brother," said the pastor, "you must not cast away your confidence. You support the church well and are more faithful in attending the means of grace than many of my members. You certainly are a Christian, and you should not allow those people to confuse your mind."

"Well, pastor," Brother G— replied, "I must have help. Will you pray for me?" A prayer was offered. As they arose the pastor said, "Now, Brother G—, hold your confidence. Believe that you have it and rest there." "I will try," said Brother G, and he went his way saying, "I believe I have it." He had not gone far, however, before

he heard a gentle voice from within saying, "I doubt it a little, I doubt it." That little doubt worried him for several days. He continued to attend our meetings but his unrest increased. Brokenhearted he returned to his pastor, saying, "I have tried to satisfy myself by saying, 'I believe I have it,' but I am continually annoyed by that little monitor within which repeatedly says, 'I doubt it.' I must have that doubt removed." They knelt in prayer. The pastor repeated a few words, but to no avail. Brother G— began to plead his own case before God. He became so earnest that he was no longer embarrassed by the pastor's presence. He plead for deliverance. "Lord," he cried, "I must know I am converted. Give me the witness that I am saved." A short struggle, a simple trust in the promise and it was settled. The clouds broke and divine love thrilled his being. He bounded to his feet exclaiming, "I've got it! I've got it! Glory to God! I've got it." "Hold steady, my brother, hold steady," said the pastor, "you are becoming excited." "Excitement or no excitement," said Brother G—, "I've got it! hallelujah! I know I've got it." As soon as he had quieted down sufficiently the little voice within said, "Yes, you have it now." The good brother gained the desire of his heart—the witness of the Spirit that he was a child of God. It is hardly necessary to add that Brother Goodge soon became an active member of the Free Methodist church.

As the disciplinary limit of my pastorate on the Evansville circuit drew near, I desired to make the few remaining weeks contribute as much as possi-

ble to the interests of the work of God. Brother Septer Roberts, my chairman, had notified me that he could not attend my last quarterly meeting, and that I should make my own arrangement as to time and place of holding it. I then felt free to hold a quarterly meeting every week if I chose to do so.

With a company of about a dozen Evansville pilgrims I went to Bloomfield to hold a two-days' meeting. Temporary seats were placed in the new church recently enclosed and the meeting was held therein. The services were attended with the gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Sunday was a sad, yet victorious day. The funeral service of Brother Marion Cohoon and his two children occupied the morning hour. Brother C. had been saved during our meetings there and gave promise of becoming very useful in the church. But God ordered otherwise and he passed to the church triumphant. He was the first fruit of our work at that place to be gathered to the garner above.

The following record in my diary of the closing service of the last quarterly meeting of the year held at Evansville, will give some idea of how the year closed.

"August 30, 1874. Spoke from Prov. 23: 23. The power of God was felt. Three seekers at the altar. One saved and two sanctified and made to rejoice in God. Blessed heart-inspiring scene. This has been the best quarterly meeting held at this place during my pastorate. Besides the salvation of souls, the church has been greatly inspired and encouraged. Thank God."

Another entry in my diary gives a clear idea of

my estimation of the state of the work in E. at the close of the conference year:

"A blessed spirit prevails. Everything is moving harmoniously. There are no schisms in the society. All are of one heart and one spirit. God honors our efforts to save the lost. There are bright prospects before the church here if they remain true to God. Well would it be if the whole land were dotted with such societies. The memories of the past, the enjoyments of the present, and the prospects of the future encourage me to exercise still greater diligence in the service of the Master. I continue my work cheerfully, prayerfully, hopefully. Amen."

My circuit being so far from all other parts of the work, and not having been privileged to attend any of the general gatherings of the church during the year, it was a great pleasure to me to meet the good brethren at the annual conference at Coopersville, Michigan, September 23-27, 1874.

It was at that session that we were called upon to chronicle the death of our beloved brother, Henry L. Jones, who, during the year, had passed triumphantly to his eternal reward. He had become greatly endeared to his brethren in the ministry, and was highly esteemed for his simplicity, deep piety and earnest devotion to God.

A great surprise was held in store for me at that session. It was understood that sometimes a preacher was appointed to a new part of a circuit and the old part left "to be supplied." And inasmuch as considerable new territory had been added to the circuit which I had traveled for the two pre-

ceding years, it had been whispered about that perhaps such a plan might be practicable in my case that year. But the plan was suddenly frustrated. The ballot for chairman of Spring Arbor and Kalamazoo districts resulted in my election to that office. The thought of such an occurrence had not previously entered my mind. For a time I entertained grave doubts as to whether that was the line of duty for me, but under the persuasion of my brethren I decided to accept the voice of the church as the call of God and go forward.

The growth of the denomination had been such that the question of having an additional general superintendent was being discussed in some quarters. That very naturally suggested the question of an available candidate. Near the close of the conference session a resolution was offered instructing our delegates to the general conference, in case that body should decide to elect two general superintendents, to vote for Rev. Edward P. Hart. The idea was at once advanced that his election to that office would mean the loss of his labors to a great extent to our conference. But regarding the interests of the general work as paramount to those of a single conference, the resolution was enthusiastically adopted. Having been separated from my family for four months, as soon as conference adjourned I hastened to meet them in our native town in New York state where they had spent the summer.

The general conference of 1874 was held at Albion, New York. Being first reserve delegate from the Michigan conference I was admitted to a seat

in that body in the absence of John Ellison, the regular delegate.

J. W. Reddy was elected secretary and B. R. Jones, W. Manning, J. G. Terrill, assistants. Six annual conferences were represented, the Genesee, Illinois, Susquehanna, Michigan, New York and Minnesota.

That was my first experience in a legislative body. I found myself associated with a class of earnest, intelligent, devout men, having positive convictions on all questions relating to the interest of the church. The work of the entire denomination was carefully reviewed, and such revisions and changes made in the Discipline and polity of the church as were deemed necessary to meet new conditions. While the element of success is the Holy Spirit who changeth not, yet methods and measures must be changed to meet changing conditions. But plan as wisely as we may, dependence on God must be entire and unreserved, otherwise our best efforts are fruitless.

That differences of opinion should exist at a gathering of so many men of strong personality is not at all surprising. But in all their deliberations the spirit of brotherly love prevailed. It seemed a little strange to a beginner, however, that certain ones should feel it their duty to discuss nearly every question that arose. But there were a few who really appeared to think that no question under consideration could be properly settled without an expression of their views.

The mission of the church was ever kept in view and no attempt was made to establish new doc-

trines. There was a general feeling that "repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," and the sanctification of heart and life, together with those doctrines involved therein, are all that is essential to the salvation of mankind. Action was taken defining the position of the church on divorce; making certificates of membership valid only for one year; adding a foot-note to the article "Of a Christian Man's Oath," favoring those who have scruples against taking such oath; the recognition of women as evangelists; the formation of our first general missionary board.

The report of the committee on General Superintendency, recommending the election of two general superintendents, was adopted, and B. T. Roberts and E. P. Hart were elected. How much the previous action of the Michigan conference had to do with the election of the latter it would be difficult to determine; but his election serves to prove that said conference was in line with an overruling providence.

The religious services were good. It was at that conference I first listened to T. S. LaDue and E. Owen. The love-feast and sacramental service the last night were profoundly impressive. It was the crowning service of the occasion. The glory cloud burst and the saints were thrilled with holy delight. It was God's seal of approval of the work of the conference.

CHAPTER XI.

Soon after adjournment of the general conference I began my work as district chairman. The following was my first list of quarterly meeting appointments published after my election:

SPRING ARBOR DISTRICT APPOINTMENTS

Macomb.....Oct. 24, 25
Ypsilanti and Wayne.....Oct. 31, Nov. 1
Huron.....Nov. 7, 8
Jackson and Napoleon.....Nov. 14, 15
Spring Arbor.....Nov. 21, 22
Ridgeway, D. Q. M.....Nov. 26, 29
Franklin.....Dec. 5, 6
Ransom.....Dec. 12, 13

KALAMAZOO DISTRICT

Coldwater, D. Q. M.....Dec. 18, 20
Sherwood and Burr Oak.....Dec. 26, 27
Waverly and Paw Paw.....Jan. 1, 3
Three Rivers.....Jan. 8, 10

Preachers please inform me at what part of their circuits their quarterly meeting is to be held. Address, Jackson, Michigan. B. R. JONES.

Having twelve circuits on my districts, every Sabbath was occupied with a quarterly meeting. Frequently I was much helped in my labors, but occasionally the wheels seemed to be clogged. The breezes were not always favorable. One Monday morning, after returning from the Ridgeway quar-

terly meeting, a discouraged feeling came over me. It must have been one of those "blue Mondays" that sometimes contribute to make up the itinerant's calendar. In that state of mind I made the following entry in my journal: "Am sometimes at a loss to know what my labors amount to, but I have the assurance that they are not in vain in the Lord. So I will take courage. If good seed is sown it is sure to take root and produce some fruit. Therefore, I will content myself to remain in the field as long as it is the will of God I should."

"December 14, 1874. On returning from Ransom quarterly meeting I received word that father's house had burned. His loss is heavy. That is one of the misfortunes of life which to him, as a Christian, must in some way work for good. Only by the aid of divine grace can we be fully reconciled to all the providences that overtake us in this life. The storms which the Christian has to meet are sometimes severe but of short duration."

The responsibilities of the chairmanship continued to weigh upon me. To hold quarterly meetings where the pastors were men of experience and ability was very embarrassing to me. But the Master continued to say, "Arise; for this matter belongeth unto thee; * * * be of good courage and do it." "Lo, I am with you alway." Hearing His voice I would address myself to the work with renewed inspiration.

December 18-20 I held my first quarterly meeting on the Coldwater circuit where seven years before I had taken my first appointment. It was a great pleasure to meet with the pilgrims who, in

my early experience, did so much to encourage and establish me in the work of God. Large crowds attended the services and much precious fruit was gathered for the Master.

On June 9, 1875, the saints began to gather in a pleasant grove near Napoleon, Michigan, it being the occasion of the district camp-meeting. Brother G. W. Coleman, who had been engaged to assist in the meeting, opened the services with a ringing sermon from the words, "What doest thou here?" We were all made to feel our mission there to be an important one and we gathered at the altar seeking a special preparation for the occasion. The Lord graciously encouraged His children, and the meeting continued in the Spirit, attended with marked displays of divine power.

On the 10th I was called home on account of the serious illness of my dear companion. I found her in a peaceful frame of mind, fully resigned to the Father's will. She lingered until the 16th and passed to her eternal rest. This sudden and unexpected bereavement cast a dark shadow over our home. Her departure came at a time when, to all human appearance, we needed her most. That she should be thus suddenly removed in the midst of her usefulness remains a profound mystery. Although dying in an unconscious state, her holy life gave unmistakable assurance of a triumphant passport to the Celestial City. Of my state of mind at that time the following record was made in my diary:

"He whose glory was the object of her life is my Comforter. There is One from whom no earthly

ill can separate us. The Infinite Father supports and comforts those who are fully resigned to His will. The grace which I have so often recommended to others under similar circumstances is doing more for me than I had conceived it possible to have done. 'O wondrous grace!' God is my 'refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble.' Another glorified spirit has swept through the gates of the eternal city to swell the grand chorus of the redeemed. How vain all earthly things appear; how transient every bliss that earth affords. My faith grasps the unseen. Good is the will of God."

The following tribute to her memory was written by Brother James W. Vickery, of Evansville, Indiana, and published in *The Free Methodist*:

"For some time the impression has been on my mind that I ought to write a few lines about the late Sister Jones. For weeks after her death it was difficult to believe that she had gone. The question would arise, Can it be that at a time when true laborers are so much needed, God has taken one of the purest and brightest examples we had among us?

"Brother and Sister Jones were appointed in 1872 to Evansville charge, several hundred miles from any other Free Methodist society, and farther still from relatives and former friends. But they came among us with as much cheerfulness as though they had been sent among old acquaintances. We soon discovered that Sister Jones was not only 'an helpmeet for her husband,' but also a burning and shining light herself. I have never been acquainted with her equal. In my mind I

can still behold her uplifted face, with glory beaming in her countenance, while her faith was taking strong hold of God. Many times did the glory of God descend upon us while our now glorified sister was wrestling in prayer at the throne of grace.

"Sister Jones lived among us for two years, and I have never heard a person say that a word or act of hers was unbecoming the gospel of Christ. 'We are witnesses, how holily and justly and unblamably she behaved herself among us.' She approved herself 'by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned.' She might well say to us, 'Follow me, as I also follow Christ.' I have seen her when her restless babe would cry almost continuously day and night, yet not a syllable would escape her lips, nor an expression show itself in her countenance that would denote the least feeling of impatience. It has not been my privilege to be intimately acquainted with another who had so completely 'put off the old man' and 'put on the new man.' She has gone, but her example is left us as a legacy, and God will hold us, among whom she labored, accountable for the use we make of it. There are those in this city who have been raised up to call her blessed. That her mantle may fall on others, is the earnest prayer of one to whom she has been made a great blessing."

After spending a few days at my father's home, I left my two children in my mother's charge and returned to my former home in Jackson. But oh! the loneliness—the silence. Not a word, not a footstep. To be separated from my children was a

great affliction. I determined to turn my mind fully on divine things, and aim only at working out the purposes of God. I soon learned that to regret and bemoan my condition would not recall the past nor restore the loss I had sustained. To sympathize with myself, to worry over my condition, would indicate lack of confidence in God and bar the road to success. I decided to look for comfort rather than cherish feelings of gloom and despondency. Resolved that no event of providence should cast a lasting shadow over my life, I threw myself more fully than ever into the will and work of God and received special divine help. I experienced peace like a river—deep, abundant, abiding.

On July 4, 1875, I started out on another round of quarterly meetings. En route to my first meeting I stopped over night at Dr. A. E. Bulson's, at Gobles, whose mother and two sisters united with the Free Methodist church during my meeting at East Milan. On arriving at Johnstown, Saturday afternoon, where the quarterly meeting was to have been held, I was informed that it had been changed to Lawrence, fourteen miles distant. Of course that was somewhat of a disappointment. Early in the evening I reached the home of D. W. Abrams, where I was warmly received. I reached Lawrence in time for the Sabbath morning love-feast. Of the day's services my diary reads: "Love-feast ran well. The Lord graciously helped me in speaking on Heb. 12: 28. I hope to never become a mere formalist, but to keep filled with the Spirit. Took tea at Brother Erdman's, who is dangerously sick. He has been saved during his sickness. Spoke at

night from 1 Cor. 15: 34. Think a deep and serious impression was made upon the minds of some present."

On Monday night a large audience greeted me at the Austin schoolhouse. The service was especially encouraging. Brother J. W. Sharpe met me at that point and took me to his home for the night. I found great comfort in private prayer. By nature I was not endowed with the most sanguine disposition. With me it was an achievement, a conquest through grace. The bright and warm sunshine of the heart was my sacred inheritance by spiritual birth.

A large delegation from abroad gathered at the district quarterly meeting at Three Rivers, July 9-11. The preachers present were helped in their labors and a blessed spirit prevailed at nearly every service. Of the Saturday night service I find the following note in my diary: "Brother —— preached a good sermon, but it was so lengthy that the congregation was wearied and we did not attempt to hold an altar service. How strange that preachers cannot discover when the wheels begin to squeak. Oftentimes the spirit of a meeting is injured and its immediate results restricted by a long-drawn-out sermon." But the saints rallied on Sunday and victory came. Many soul-stirring testimonies were offered and the Lord helped in preaching the Word. The curiosity of the people was greatly aroused and no small number felt the moving power of the Holy Spirit. The meeting closed gloriously.

The quarterly meeting at Ridgeway, Macomb county, was a blessed season. Brother C. H. Sage,

the pastor, had been greatly blessed in his labors there and many had been saved. The power and glory of God came upon the audience in a remarkable manner during the Sunday morning service. Twenty-eight persons united with the church during the quarterly meeting. I had some precious seasons preaching the Word to large audiences.

August 3, 1875, I was waiting before the Lord in view of a better preparation for the labors of the district camp-meeting to begin the next day. A note from my diary of that date reads: "In my room this morning waiting upon the Lord. I am learning more perfectly the life of faith. I know what it is to trust implicitly in God and not be confounded amid the most severe trials. Only the mighty arm could thus sustain me. I desire still more of the spirit of the Master that my influence for good may steadily increase. O to dwell in the 'inner court' continually, that I may bear more fruit and that my fruit may remain."

"August 4.—Reached Coldwater camp-ground today. Fifteen tents up. We shall not have many tents, but we are expecting a profitable meeting. For this we are earnestly praying. Introduced the services this evening with a few remarks on the question, 'What wilt Thou have me to do?' We were all impressed that we had a personal work to do, and that we needed special help for the occasion. The meeting opens well. A good feeling prevails. Trust the salvation element will rise higher and higher and that many souls will be redeemed to God."

This was the first camp-meeting of which I had

ever had charge. Our corps of preachers consisted of John Ellison, I. W. Bell, J. W. Sharpe, S. Marshall and A. Omans. Our new General Superintendent E. P. Hart arrived on Sunday and did effective service. This camp-meeting, as all such gatherings should be, was a means of special encouragement to the saints. They had gathered from long distances, more or less burdened and depressed by the cares and persecutions with which they had to wrestle on their isolated fields. But to be thus assembled in true Christian fellowship gave new inspiration of courage and faith. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." Of one service I made this record: "A wave of glory swept over the congregation at the opening of the service. The tide rose so high that Brother —— could not reach it during his sermon. The power of God was mightily displayed. Souls were set free. The Holy Spirit filled my soul. Oh, what a victory He gave me. The holy fire still burns in my heart. Blessed freedom! Heaven is within. Praise the Lord."

Thus the meeting continued. Several were saved, but the more signal victories were among the saints who took on new inspiration for the engagements that were awaiting them on their home fields. The meeting closed amid a wave of glory as we took the final march around the ground.

The next morning, August 11th, Brother Omans took me into his buggy and we started across the country, en route for the Dover camp-meeting. We spent the noon hour at the home of Brother Manee, near Ransom, where we were received in true pil-

grim style. Arriving at Brother George Burnap's about dark we put up for the night and were specially refreshed during family prayers. Those were blessed days with Brother and Sister B. They were wholly absorbed in the will of God.

On reaching the camp-ground on Thursday we found the battle in full array. J. Cripps, L. T. Frink, J. A. Wilson, J. D. Hoadley and J. Leisenring were present in addition to the ministerial help which we had at the Coldwater meeting. One very impressive feature of this meeting was the deep interest taken in the prayer services in the tents. Such pleading with God for the success of the meeting is seldom heard. The Lord answered prayer and much good was done. Some were saved, others wholly sanctified. Then followed a good camp-meeting at Paw Paw, an excellent quarterly meeting at Jackson and the record of the conference year closed. And what a year! Toil, care, struggle, sorrow and disappointment, mingled with rest, hope, victory, satisfaction and joy. The Father knows it all.

CHAPTER XII.

September 1-5, 1875, we witnessed the largest attendance ever known at the Michigan conference up to that time. The session was held at Spring Arbor, and the unusually large number of visitors present was due partly to the interest taken in the new school enterprise and in part to a desire to meet our new General Superintendent, E. P. Hart, who presided.

At that conference I took my first lesson as a member of the stationing committee. I felt the responsibility of my position and sought special divine guidance. But, as is often the case, after planning the best we knew, some of the appointments were unsatisfactory both to the committee and to others. I was returned as chairman to the Spring Arbor and Kalamazoo districts. Of the thirty-two preachers in full connection in the conference at that time E. Leonardson, J. W. Sharpe and myself are the only ones remaining in the active work at this time (1909).

The following expresses my estimate of the spirit of the conference as recorded at that time: "This has been a blessed conference. Everything moved off harmoniously. The religious exercises were interesting and profitable. Many of our people have genuine Christian experiences and a thorough knowledge of the Holy Spirit's operations. An ex-

cellent impression has been left on the community."

After conference I spent a few days at my father's home where I had a pleasant visit with my children. It was then I met my brother William for the first time after his conversion. He was the third one out of a family of nine children to be saved and his conversion was a great encouragement to me. We felt that God was answering prayer.

In September, 1875, I was called to Bloomfield, Indiana, to dedicate the church that was partly built before I left that circuit. That was my first experience in dedicating a church. I found the work prospering under the faithful labors of Brother and Sister J. A. Wilson. I need scarcely state that it was a great pleasure to me to meet the pilgrims on my former field of labor. The Lord came in power at the first service and several professed to enter into the experience of holiness. Sunday was a blessed day. The Lord gave me special help in speaking from "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!"

The following account of the dedication was written by Brother Wilson and published in *The Free Methodist:* "Twelve of the Evansville pilgrims and Mrs. Wilson and I accompanied Brother B. R. Jones to Bloomfield, on October 1, to attend the dedication of the new church. The campaign was opened Friday night with a soul-stirring sermon by Brother J., followed by a season of prayer around the altar. Preaching Saturday morning and evening, each sermon followed by altar services. There were times during the preaching and altar

services when the tidal waves of salvation rose too high to be correctly described by tongue or pen. On Saturday evening a backslidden sister from Evansville was gloriously restored, and on the way to her place of entertainment she filled the air with her shouts of praise. During the meetings four souls were led into the land of Beulah.

"The Sunday morning love-feast was followed by a dedicatory sermon by Brother Jones, after which the remaining indebtedness was provided for and the church solemnly dedicated to God. The Bloomfield pilgrims feel greatly encouraged, and being led on (under God) by their new pastor, Brother George Windust, we expect to hear of glorious victories in that part of the country. Indiana seems ripe for the harvest, and more earnest laborers are needed to gather sheaves into the garner of the Lord. J. A. Wilson."

We organized our first ministerial association for Kalamazoo district in connection with a district quarterly meeting at Lawrence, October 30, 1875. Being inexperienced in that line of work, we might not have observed all the rules that should govern such an association, but the brethren did reasonably well in discussing the topics assigned to them, and we were mutually benefited. We aimed at keeping in the Spirit and the exercises were an inspiration to those present.

On Sunday the new church at Lawrence was dedicated with appropriate exercises. The Lord accepted the offering and set His seal upon His chosen ones. We were thankful for another humble, consecrated place where the people of God

could meet and feel assured that the Holy Spirit should have free course and be glorified. We had but few churches in those days, and it was so common for us to be driven from "pillar to post" with our services that when we secured a permanent place of worship it was greatly appreciated.

November 19th I began my first quarterly meeting on Raisinville circuit, J. E. Cripps and P. E. Vincent, pastors. That was one of the first circuits organized in the Michigan conference, and there I spent two years very pleasantly as pastor. Some marked changes had taken place during my absence. Some had gone to their eternal home, some had backslidden, while others were still persevering in the way of life. Although a number of new recruits had fallen into line, a special outpouring of the Spirit was greatly needed. For this the saints were earnestly praying. Near the close of the love-feast, a glory cloud burst over the congregation and the scene was inspiring. It is heart-cheering to have God thus reveal Himself.

I spent a few days very pleasantly visiting at the homes of Brothers Atkinson, Plues, Farrington, Young and others where I had been so greatly encouraged during the earlier part of my ministry. Precious memories cluster around that old field. There by the grace of God I fought many hard battles and won many glorious victories.

On the Huron circuit were John Romine, Job Burnap, John Clark and others standing nobly by the work. At Waltz I discovered a tendency to formality and worldliness which threatened the spiritual interests of the church. At one of the

services of the quarterly meeting a Brother C. was appointed to preach. Finding the spiritual atmosphere rather close he thought to break the monotony by placing his hands upon the altar rail and sending his feet into the air. But there was so much of the human apparent in the exercise that no one but the actor himself was particularly moved. To those who know the Holy Ghost and are familiar with His operations, mere bodily exercise gives little inspiration. Satan is a wily foe. He can pose as a flatterer, an alarmist, an obstructionist or as an open opponent. He stubbornly resists the movements of God's people.

December 24, 1875, at Ida, Michigan, I attended my third dedication. Joseph Jones was at that time one of the pillars of the church there, and was largely instrumental in securing the new property. He has since passed the line of worlds.

CHAPTER XIII.

Saturday, January 1, 1876, I made the following entry in my diary: "At father's in Carlton, Michigan, to-day. Was blessed in secret devotions. At the opening of the new year I rededicate myself to God. I hope to be more efficient in His service the coming year than in the past. Time speeds away, and with it our opportunities for doing good. I hereby pledge myself to greater diligence in promoting evangelical religion among the people. To knowingly give the trumpet an 'uncertain sound' would incur the divine displeasure and stain my garments with the blood of souls. I will pay my vows unto the Lord. *So help me God.*"

After spending a few days very pleasantly with my children and friends I re-entered the field of toil and conflict. Following a very profitable quarterly meeting at the Wellman schoolhouse, near Three Rivers, Michigan, we repaired to Sherwood, the seat of the district quarterly meeting. On reaching the place I found Brother Thomas Riley, the pastor, in the midst of a revival. Interesting meetings were held every afternoon and evening. As early in the week as Thursday the pilgrims began to gather from different parts of the district, some driving long distances to reach the place. Excuses for not attending the general gatherings were not so common in those days. The people generally

were poorer than they are now, and the resources of the pastors correspondingly smaller, yet in some way, they managed to attend those important gatherings and thus derive great benefit themselves, besides giving the public a good impression of Free Methodism. Not many were required to "stay by the stuff," as there was not much "stuff" to stay by. With the degree of interest and perseverance on the part of the church shown by the unsaved in reaching places of worldly amusement, those general gatherings would usually be well attended.

By Saturday night the accommodations of the community were pretty well taxed. But there were no complaints and everything moved off grandly. God came in power. In the midst of the sermon Saturday night about ten minutes were occupied by the saints in shouts and demonstrations. It was a pleasing and profitable interlude to the sermon. The Sunday morning love-feast moved off gloriously. The pilgrims were brief and pointed in their testimonies and the Lord poured out His Spirit in a gracious manner. A number were saved during the meeting and we were encouraged to press the battle for souls with renewed energy.

Of conditions found at a quarterly meeting on the Mishawaka and Bunker Hill circuit I wrote: "One feature of the work here is especially encouraging to me, viz., there are no tales of horror to listen to, no old sores to heal, no complaints from pastor or members. A spirit of unity and brotherly love prevails. Without that there can be no permanent success. Peace and prosperity go hand in hand."

June 14-20, 1876, was the date of the "rainy" camp-meeting on the Ransom circuit. At the opening it was feared that the stormy weather would greatly interfere with the success of the meeting, but the Lord overruled all for good. Superintendent Roberts was with us in labors abundant. During one of his sermons the power of God came upon him and he fell as one dead. The saints were mightily moved and the scene was simply indescribable. It was unusual to see a general superintendent thus overpowered, and the occurrence created a profound sensation in the vast audience. The meeting was fruitful in immediate results. Souls were saved and sanctified and both the ministry and the laity received new inspiration.

As we gathered in annual conference session at Delta, Ohio, September 20, 1876, we missed a number of the good brethren who were accustomed to meet with us at those annual gatherings. Such had been the growth of the Michigan conference that a division had become necessary. Since its organization in 1866 with a membership of six preachers and 475 laymen, it had increased to thirty-five ordained ministers, with twenty probationers, and 2,790 laymen. Such a healthy growth was exceedingly encouraging. Those who were on the field know something of the self-denial and sacrifice involved, but the results more than compensated for all the trial and hardship experienced.

After the division there remained in the Michigan conference nineteen ordained preachers and sixteen probationers, with a lay membership of 1,485. I was re-elected chairman and continued on

Spring Arbor and Three Rivers districts. Brother A. V. Leonardson was added to the list of chairmen and placed on the North Indiana district.

One week later the North Michigan conference was organized by Superintendent Roberts at St. Johns, embracing the northern half of the state of Michigan and the Dominion of Canada. John Ellison and Septer Roberts were elected chairmen and placed in charge of the district work. With twenty-nine preachers and 1,300 laymen the new conference started on its mission full of faith and courage. Its subsequent history has proven it to have been a real child of Providence.

Feeling the need of rest and recreation before entering upon the labors of another conference year, I took train at Detroit en route for Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, it being the centennial year of our national independence. Passing over the Lehigh Valley route I witnessed some of the most delightful and picturesque scenery I had ever seen up to that time. It seemed as though nature had done her utmost to satisfy an endless variety of tastes. On reaching the "Quaker City" I secured accommodations at the home of James Mathews.

My visit to the Centennial was restful, instructive and profitable. At Independence Hall I saw many interesting relics of Revolutionary times. The old bell that sounded the first notes of our national liberty was on exhibition there. On the Centennial grounds the most marvelous specimens of man's skill and ingenuity were on exhibition from all parts of the world.

I spent one Sabbath in the city, putting in full

time for the Lord. In the morning I was privileged to preach in Immanuel church, an independent organization of which Brother Mathews was temporary pastor. In the afternoon I had my first opportunity of hearing Mr. Inskip. He preached the pure gospel in the Spirit and my soul was refreshed. I became satisfied that he was doing a good work, even though meeting with strong opposition in his own church.

On my return trip I made a short visit in New York city and Brooklyn, being warmly entertained at the home of Joseph Mackey. The regulations of that home were deeply interesting to me. There were nine children in the family and all took part in the morning and evening devotions, making them very interesting and profitable. During my stay in the city I visited Sister Jane Dunning's mission and was impressed with the good work she was doing.

On Sunday I availed myself of the opportunity of hearing two men of world-wide reputation—Mr. Talmage and Mr. Beecher. Mr. T. preached a simple, practical sermon, well calculated to make his hearers feel religiously inclined. Mr. B. treated the subject of "Amusements" in a masterly manner, but gave such unqualified endorsement to games, dancing, theater-going and such like as, in my judgment, was well calculated to dissipate the minds of the young and create in them a stronger desire for places of amusement than for the house of God. His only limitation was that "indulgence in such amusements should not be carried so far as to injure the physical health." My homeward journey

took me along the Hudson and Mohawk rivers. The scenery was most delightful.

On returning to Jackson, Michigan, October 21, I accepted a room kindly offered me by Brother and Sister Cline. For over a year I made that my headquarters, being treated by them as one of their own family. In 1900 Sister C. passed triumphantly to her eternal home, followed by Brother C. in 1905.

On December 6, 1876, we struck our first blow at Battle Creek, Michigan. It was evident at the beginning that victory would be gained only after a hard and long struggle. But by faith in God we saw the triumph from afar.

The dawn of the year 1877 found us engaged in the closing exercises of a watch meeting at Napoleon, Michigan. Souls at the altar seeking holiness held us until about 1:00 o'clock a. m., when we retired to the home of Brother George English for a few hours' rest. That was one of the many pilgrim homes where the weary itinerant always received a hearty welcome. Several years later Brother and Sister E. passed to their eternal reward from their home in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

The next day I received an urgent call from W. H. James to return to Battle Creek. He had been continuing the meetings there during my absence. I had several of my quarterly meetings supplied and remained with the meeting at B. C. until it closed. The old German Reformed church had been engaged for the occasion, and for eight weeks the battle was closely contested. Satan marshalled his

forces against us—employing ministers and church members to defeat the work, but in the name of Christ we triumphed. For eight years Brother and Sister Albert Benton, formerly charter members of the Free Methodist church at Albion, New York, had been holding up the true light amid bitter persecution. The day they had so long looked for arrived. Several precious souls were saved, a class of thirteen organized and a regular appointment established. The class has since passed through severe tests and experienced reverses, but a remnant has remained to maintain the true standard. At this writing (1909) there is a prosperous society at that point, with a fine house of worship centrally located.

During the early part of 1877 a new church was being erected at Jackson, Michigan, which required considerable of my attention. There were some discordant elements in the society which at times threatened the defeat of the enterprise, and special divine guidance was needed in its management. Some of the brethren connected with the work were not as Christ-like as they might have been, and Satan, always quick to take advantage of such conditions, intensified his efforts to obstruct the work of God. It then was and still is a mystery how persons professing a high state of grace appear so ready to sacrifice the interests of the work of God simply to gain their own ends where no moral principle is involved in the controversy. But the Lord overruled, the work went forward, and on April 15, 1877, the new church, located on East Wilkins street, was dedicated. Superintendent

Hart arrived on Saturday, preached three excellent sermons, leaving at the close of the Sunday morning service with the church not dedicated and only a part of the indebtedness provided for. The reader can easily imagine my embarrassment at being left with that unfinished work on my hands. But the Lord graciously came to our relief, and at the night service the balance of the indebtedness was provided for and the church solemnly dedicated to God. Our labors were honored by a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The divine seal was set on the enterprise, and to this day the banner of the cross continues to wave over that sacred spot.

In the Jackson society was a devoted sister named Huntington, who was gradually wasting away with consumption. During one of my visits at her bedside when she was at the point of death, after requesting me to officiate at her funeral, she said, "Preach to the living. Tell them I passed over triumphantly, that I was glad to go. Say something to melt the hearts of the unsaved if you can." What a pleasure it is to listen to such a dying testimony. Such victories in the dying hour are a proof of the power of the gospel of Christ. A few days later I was called to attend her funeral. It was an impressive service, and all present felt to exclaim, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

A fruitful revival took place at Blissfield, under the labors of Rev. L. T. Frink. The following account of the meeting was published in *The Free Methodist*: "Brother Frink has just closed a very successful series of meetings at the Blissfield

church. The work there has been greatly revived. About twenty-five souls have 'cast off the works of darkness' and put on Christ. Our quarterly meeting at that place in charge of our chairman, B. R. Jones, was a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. One said, 'I have not attended such a meeting since I was a child.' Another said, 'It was the best meeting I was ever in.' The converts are nearly all heads of families. In most cases husband and wife are united in the race. After long contending for the faith, the little class feels greatly strengthened and encouraged. The Lord of hosts is with them. The work is going deep and high. Thank God."

At the June camp-meeting at Spring Arbor we were favored with the labors of Superintendents Roberts and Hart. They both rendered efficient service, although Brother R. expressed himself as feeling that two superintendents were more than were really needed at one meeting. An entry in my diary made on the closing day, sums up the visible results as follows: "A number have been converted and some sanctified wholly, and the pilgrims greatly quickened. The work has been greatly strengthened. Expect the fruit of this camp-meeting to be more fully known in heaven. It seems lonely at parting. 'Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love.'"

July 6, 1877, we opened the services in connection with the dedication of the new church at Eckford, Michigan, it being ten years after the time I held my first meeting at that place. The church was built during the pastorate of Thomas Riley.

The work had been greatly strengthened under his labors and a deep interest was shown by the people. Large crowds gathered at the Sunday services. The baptismal service at the lake attracted a vast throng of people. Sunday night we finished raising the indebtedness on the church and dedicated it to the worship of God.

At the annual conference held at Ridgeville, Ohio, in 1877, I was re-elected chairman and returned to the Spring Arbor and Three Rivers districts.

On November 22, 1877, I was married to Miss Mary E. Sanford, of Albion, New York, the ceremony being performed by Rev. S. K. J. Chesbro. After spending a few days at my native town in Western New York, we returned to Jackson, Michigan, where, on December 3d, we were fully installed in our new home. Brother and Sister Joseph Lawrence, then in charge of the work at Jackson, occupied adjoining rooms in the same building, and we found them very agreeable neighbors.

CHAPTER XIV.

The year 1878 dawned very auspiciously upon us as the following entry in my journal will show: "As the new year dawns our watch-meeting at Oakville progresses with increasing interest. The Holy Spirit is moving in power among us. On the whole I consider this the best meeting of the kind I ever attended. The pilgrims are really alive. God is working." The power of God came on the audience at the New-year's night service and five souls professed conversion. I remained in the neighborhood several days, holding meetings at night. While visiting at the home of Sister —— I was deeply impressed with the sufficiency of the grace of God to sustain a Christian mother in the midst of domestic troubles. Her husband was an ugly, all-around disagreeable man. But amid all the abuse heaped upon that unoffending woman she kept a meek and patient spirit. Her's was a most remarkable example of the sanctified life.

At the home of the pastor my attention was attracted to a bright little baby boy who seemed to take delight in furnishing entertainment for the entire company. I was informed that he responded to the name "Burton Jones Vincent." He continued to develop along intellectual and spiritual lines until twenty-eight years later he became principal of Spring Arbor Seminary.

A quarterly meeting held at Clay Bank, Indiana, January 19, 20, is worthy of mention. The Sabbath services were exceedingly interesting. Wave after wave of glory swept over the audience and the evidences of divine presence and approval were unmistakable. Members of different churches entered into the spirit of the occasion and recognized the fact of God's approval of the work. I remained in meetings with the pastor, B. Burlington, until time to leave for my next quarterly meeting. The Teter family became enlisted in the work at that meeting, among whom was their young daughter who afterward became the wife of Rev. R. H. Clark, now of the Washington conference.

On March 8, 1878, we commenced meetings in the schoolhouse at Jefferson, Michigan. The next day the doors were closed against us and we took the meeting to the town hall near by. There was a deep prejudice against our work at that point, largely growing out of the inconsistencies of some who professed to represent the Free Methodist church. But God was with us and victory came. A few were graciously saved and a class of ten organized. I felt that the converts would need special care and attention for the wolves were near. Among the faithful ones of the society were Brother and Sister Rice, who were identified with the early Free Methodist movement in Western New York. A little later a commodious church was built at Jefferson.

On April 21, 1878, I was privileged to dedicate a comfortable little chapel at Fort Wayne, Indiana. The occasion was an enjoyable one. It would be

difficult to describe the joy that was manifested by the faithful ones at having a permanent place in which to worship God.

We held several successful camp-meetings on the districts during the summer. At Osceola, Indiana, a new point, large crowds attended the services and listened attentively to a class of truths entirely new to them. It was a seed-sowing time, and while the immediate results were not so great, seed was sown that will yet spring up and produce a harvest. In August, by invitation of the chairman, C. S. Gitchell, I assisted in a camp-meeting near Ionia, Michigan. The services were interesting and profitable. An occasional outbreak of fanaticism served to dampen the spirits of some, but the faith of the saints triumphed in every instance and the work went steadily on. Souls were blessedly saved.

During a meeting at the Coe schoolhouse a man became very much enraged over his wife going to the altar as a seeker. I attempted to justify her course, and he at once threw off his coat and threatened to whip me. He soon cooled off, however, and his wife got blessedly saved. The next day he humbly asked my forgiveness, went to the altar and was clearly converted.

Near Mooreville lived a sister named East, noted for her eccentricities as well as for her piety. When the Free Methodist church was organized at that point she left the church to which she had belonged and united with the new society. On a certain occasion she attended services at the church she had left and was greatly blest in her testimony. The pastor, evidently to impress her mind that she had

made a mistake in leaving her former church, remarked, "You see, Sister East, we have good feed in the old church yet." "O my brother," said Sister E., "this is a bundle I brought with me."

That year closed my full disciplinary term on the Spring Arbor and Three Rivers districts. The summer was a very busy one. We were certainly "abundant in labors," and many precious seasons were experienced. The last quarterly meeting at Spring Arbor was unusually fruitful. A number were converted at the Saturday and Sabbath services, and one hungry soul followed us to Brother Bell's where we were entertained, and was blessedly saved after the Sunday night service. The conference year ended gloriously.

At the conference held at Holland, Ohio, in 1878, I was re-elected chairman and appointed to Cleveland and Toledo districts. I was also elected delegate to the general conference which was held at Spring Arbor, Michigan, October 9-19.

October 24th found us cozily settled in our new home at 63 Horace street, Toledo, Ohio. At the general conference, under the preaching of some of the devoted, holy men of the church my heart was greatly inspired and I entered upon my new field with renewed faith and courage. At Cleveland I found Zion somewhat cast down; but continuing the meetings a week in connection with the quarterly meeting resulted in an increased interest in the work. In the society were a number of strong, reliable members, among whom were Joseph Cain, E. Thomas, George Lawrence, William Jones and their wives, with others. Brother Cain was at that

time suffering with inflammatory rheumatism. Finding no relief in natural remedies, he sought unto the Lord and was instantly restored.

A few miles out of Cleveland lived an aged couple named Beach. Becoming wearied with the coldness and formality of the churches around, they opened the way for the introduction of our work in their community. Of my meditations in their home on November 12th, I made the following note: "My mind has been dwelling on the words of St. Paul, 'We are laborers together with God.' Three important thoughts are suggested. 1. Christian effort—'We are *laborers*.' 2. Union of effort—'We are laborers *together*.' 3. Divine co-operation —'* * * *with God*.'" Those thoughts have served me a useful purpose many times since.

Near Unionville, Ohio, I found a class of thirteen members with no regular preaching service. The quarterly meeting was held at the home of Brother and Sister William Clark. They had a large family of children, making a fair-sized congregation of themselves. Their daughter Esther afterward became a missionary to Santo Domingo, and is still laboring in that field under the endorsement of the general missionary board. Their daughter Martha married Rev. S. W. Stone and is still engaged with her husband in the active work. A brother and Sister Luce and their two children united with the church at that meeting and became a means of special encouragement to the little society. Later their daughter became the wife of Rev. W. B. Olmstead, now our general conference Sunday-school secretary.

During my administration on the districts unpleasant conditions would occasionally arise, and it did not require many years for me to discover that great patience and kindness and wisdom are needed to manage the affairs of a district successfully.

On Monday, after a rather unsatisfactory quarterly meeting at ——, we met to try to settle some difficulties existing between the pastor and the society. We continued the investigation until the difficulties were quite satisfactorily adjusted, discovering that the whole trouble had arisen from giving credit to reports circulated by outside parties. Oh! the curse of an unbridled tongue. Who can estimate it? It has caused many an irreparable breach in the church of God. Such differences and contentions in the church do more to hinder the gospel than all outside influences combined.

CHAPTER XV.

On arriving at Weymouth, Ohio, January 18, 1879, we were informed that the church we had once occupied was closed against us. Brother D. S. Young kindly opened his house to us and we began a series of meetings in his parlor. We were greatly blest at the first service, proving that we were not shut off from God. The meetings continued for five days amid the most bitter opposition from formal church members, but victory came. A few were liberated from bondage and a Free Methodist society organized. A few weeks later we held a tabernacle meeting in that vicinity and God was present in a remarkable manner. There were present the usual number of "hangers on"—a class of professors who attended nearly all our general gatherings to get "warmed up" and then return to their worldly churches and "cool off." One of that class took occasion during the love-feast to free her mind on the pride and worldliness in the church to which she belonged. At the close of her remarks I arose and said, "Sister, do you talk like that in your own church?" She replied, "Well, Brother Jones, I cannot say that I do, exactly." In those days we were frequently annoyed by so-called "holiness people" who would avail themselves of the opportunity afforded at our meetings of denouncing the worldliness of the popular churches, and then

return to those churches and by their presence and means support the formality and pride they had so bitterly denounced. To me, such a course has ever seemed to be a practical inconsistency. Bible holiness will make one true to his God-given convictions everywhere.

Early in April I held a few days' meeting at New Boston, Michigan. Brother J. C. Scott, pastor at Waltz, had previously held a few meetings there and a few souls had been saved. Free Methodism was new in that vicinity. The Spirit of the Lord graciously attended our efforts and on the last day of the meeting a Free Methodist society was organized. Thus the work spread and was strengthened.

About that time Brother C. H. Abbott, a member of the Baptist church in Hillsdale county, Michigan, drove thirty miles with an ox-team to attend one of my quarterly meetings. That was his first introduction to Free Methodism, and he became very much interested in what he saw and heard. Soon after his return home his pastor used for a text, "Ephraim is a cake unturned." During his discourse he took occasion to denounce those who were "roaming around the country" in search of something different from what they were getting at their own church. Such persons, he argued, needed to be more thoroughly indoctrinated. But Satan over-shot the mark in that case. Cottage prayer-meetings were soon started in the neighborhood, a Free Methodist preacher was engaged and meetings held at Fremont, near Brother A.'s home, resulting in the organization of a Free Methodist society. Later several of Brother Abbott's

children were converted and united with the new society. His daughter Bertha afterward became the wife of Rev. George McGrath, of the North Michigan conference, and they are still on the field gathering sheaves for the Master. Thus God works. The opposition of Satan often conduces to the spread of the gospel he so much despises. In working out His purposes God makes even the "wrath of man to praise Him."

At Delta, Ohio, we had a very profitable camp-meeting in August. The ministers present were greatly helped in their labors and much fruit was gathered. The power of God came on the people in a most remarkable manner and the usual accompaniments of a Pentecostal outpouring were in evidence. There were a number of clear conversions and many were sanctified wholly. Oh, how God filled and thrilled the hearts of the saints. One preacher who was struggling over the question of an empty flour barrel asked Sister Gitchell what she would do under such circumstances. She replied, "I would praise the Lord and scrape the flour barrel."

In one community where we had a few members and no interest we made an attempt to build up the work. We succeeded in "stirring" the elements but gathered no fruit. In the neighborhood were skeptics, infidels, spiritualists and formalists, and their influence over the young people was very damaging. Some of our own members who had been praying for a Pentecostal season were unable to stand the answer to their own prayers. We labored for ten days and not a person—child or idiot—even

arose for prayers. No one was ready to pay the price of a Bible experience. The passion for cheapness affects all phases of life. The masses must have not only clothes and food at "popular prices" but religion as well. I once read of a lady of fashion who had changed her church relation. On being asked why she had left the old Puritan communion of her fathers for one of so doubtful and recent growth, she frankly replied: "I wish to go to heaven but have made up my mind to go the cheapest way." What this woman honestly confessed, others persistently follow. The world wants religion at "popular prices." There is little demand for the "pearl of great price," that is worth our greatest sacrifice. The masses want a religion that involves no crucifixion of pride, no renunciation of worldly pleasure or Christless associations. They want heaven, but they want even that at "marked down" prices. Hence the world is filled with cheap religions. The uplifted hand, or a signed card expressing a desire to get something or be something—just what no one knows—is all that is required. Beware of such. A religion that costs nothing is worth nothing; salvation does not cost too much, even if it costs all one has in this world.

On October 2, 1879, the Ohio conference was organized by Superintendent Hart at Windsor, Ohio, with eight preachers, having 611 laymen within its bounds. The following names appear on the conference roll for that year: B. R. Jones, J. A. Wilson, C. F. Irish, J. Cripps, J. Hayden, N. R. Woods, C. B. Schaefer, W. Jones. S. K. Wheatlake,

so well and favorably known throughout the church, was received on trial at that session.

Having traveled the Toledo and Cleveland districts during the year I naturally fell into the territory of the new conference. It was with some reluctance that I severed my pleasant relations with the Michigan conference, but as the "pillar of fire" seemed to move toward Ohio I felt it was safe to follow. The new conference entered upon its important mission full of faith and courage. It now (1908) has an enrolment of forty-one ministers and 1,139 lay members.

It was with a firm trust in God that we severed our pleasant relations to the Michigan conference and entered upon this new field. A readiness to make sacrifices and endure hardships, if only the work of God be promoted, was apparent among both the ministry and the laity. A general feeling of encouragement prevailed.

There was not so much lack of loyalty to original principles as of deep-toned spirituality. We must be a thoroughly spiritual people.

There is a great work before the Free Methodist church in the state of Ohio. There are those who dare oppose some of the grosser forms of immorality, but our mission is to oppose sin in every form—to remonstrate against all the growing corruptions in both practise and principle.

With "holiness to the Lord" for our watchword, *success* must be written upon the annals of the Ohio conference.

I was re-elected chairman and returned to the Toledo and Cleveland districts. Soon after con-

ference we moved to Cleveland, Ohio, that being a a more favorable location for us.

On April 14, 1879, we received a telegram informing us of the serious illness of our little Burton who was then at my father's home in Michigan. A few hours before we reached his bedside our baby passed to the realms above, aged three years, ten months. On his death I penned the following words:

It was on a lovely Sabbath,
Just about the hour of one,
When our little baby spirit
Took his flight beyond the sun.

While in life he was so cheerful,
Spreading sunshine all around;
But his little prayers and anthems
On our ears no more will sound.

The "dark angel" sought his victim
When we least supposed him near;
And our hearts are sadly riven
By the loss of one so dear.

By his bedside angels lingered,
Kissed his precious spirit home;
And though weeping, yet resigned,
We can say, "Thy will be done."

In the midst of our affliction,
Little Burtie's dead, we say;
But 'tis only separation,
Soon we'll meet in endless day.

In the realms of light and glory,
Free from pain and sorrow's blight,
We shall join those gone before us,
Where 'tis said, "There is no night."

CHAPTER XVI.

A relief it is to get away from dusty streets, crowded thoroughfares and noisome atmospheres, into the country where the whole man may grow and expand as God ordained. The vision is no longer obstructed by high buildings skirting the narrow streets, but there is a world beyond, a "glorious world," where the eye, sweeping over hilltop and glen, may take in the beauties with which nature has decked herself. Here one can breathe full and free, and the life-current bounds with an energy refreshing and invigorating to the entire being. A relief it is, we reiterated, when we found ourselves comfortably seated in the car and rapidly moving out of the noisy city of Cleveland toward the point where we hoped to enjoy a good quarterly meeting with the pilgrims of the Unionville circuit.

Madison was soon signalled, the iron horse made a brief halt, and we alighted upon the platform in the midst of a heavy rainstorm. A private conveyance awaited us, and we were soon at the pleasant home of Brother William Clark, six miles from the place of meeting and the rain still pouring down. Concluding that it was not our duty to go so far in the storm, we put up for the night. But of course we could have a meeting. Why not? There were eight in the family—a larger gathering than some whole churches can muster at a prayer-

meeting--and every one enjoying religion even down to little seven-year-old Jennie. Brother Clark could well say, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

The next day we drove over the hills and through the ravines, reaching Thompson, Ohio, in time for the Saturday afternoon services of the first Free Methodist quarterly meeting ever held in that vicinity. The Free Methodists were quite a curiosity to some, and as great a dread to others. To see people dressed as plainly as they were in the days when the Methodist church excluded from her love-feasts all who wore "high heads, high bonnets, ruffles and rings," was somewhat of a curiosity to the modern type of Methodists in fashionable attire. To think that the old "negative" had been preserved, and that a copy of the original type of Methodism was to be held before the people of Thompson Ledge, was exceedingly annoying to some of the adherents of "new school Methodism."

It was at this point that by invitation of John Proctor of the Methodist Episcopal church, we held a four-weeks' meeting, beginning February 23, 1880. And be assured it was a warm battle. Brother Proctor's pastor was greatly incensed to think that one of his own members would be so disloyal as to invite a Free Methodist minister into the place without consulting his pastor. But there chanced to be one person in the community who was not so thoroughly priest-ridden that he dare not follow his convictions.

The pilgrims from other points rallied to our assistance, and for one month God helped us to face

the enemy in open conflict. Brother and Sister Proctor stood nobly by the work and were richly rewarded with experiences deeper, richer and more glorious than they had ever known before. They soon united with the new society and became typical Free Methodists.

June 8, 1880, we opened a camp-meeting at Big Prairie, Ohio. That was a new point for our work and a fierce conflict awaited us. Deep prejudices and bitter jealousies were to be overcome before the work could prosper. But the Lord set His seal on the first service. At the opening of the Friday night service a wave of glory swept over the congregation, and such a scene as followed is seldom witnessed. The saints were carried well nigh into the "third heaven" where indescribable revelations are received. Following the Sunday morning sermon another glory cloud burst upon us and shouting, leaping, falling and praising the Lord was the prevailing order. Oh, what a glorious hour! Victory continued throughout the day. During the meeting a number were blessedly saved, others sanctified wholly, and several good people received new light on the importance of the issues we represented. On the last night of the meeting we organized a Free Methodist society, after which, during a season of prayer, God endorsed the action in a most signal manner. Never before had I witnessed such a scene at the close of a camp-meeting. Ministers and people alike seemed to enter into the immediate presence of God. There could be no question about the new organization being in divine order. Many will thank God in eternity for

that Big Prairie camp-meeting. A few months later a new commodious Free Methodist church was dedicated to God at that place.

One day's rest at home and I started out on my first trip to Canada. By invitation of Brother C. H. Sage, I engaged to assist in a camp-meeting at Hannon, Ontario. I reached the ground June 17, 1880, and soon discovered that in Canada, as well as in the states, sin abounded and the pure gospel was needed. W. F. Manley, then of the Illinois conference, was also an invited helper, and preached some able, soul-stirring sermons. I felt much at home with the Canada pilgrims and greatly enjoyed laboring with them. I readily discovered that mere nationality need not be a dividing factor between the children of God. I have ever since felt a strong attachment to the pilgrims in that Dominion. Brother Sage so ordered affairs on the ground as to give the Holy Spirit the best opportunity to work on the hearts of the people. The altar services were a marked feature of the meeting. No stereotyped order was observed, but when the call to prayer was given every one began to plead with God for victory. To one not accustomed to hearing all pray at once it would seem a little confusing, but as the Spirit came and souls were liberated the confused feeling disappeared. In addition to the souls saved at that meeting a deep-seated prejudice which had existed in the community against our people was removed, and the prospects for our work greatly brightened. James Craig and A. H. Norrington were also a part of the ministerial force.

After spending a few days with my family at

Mother Sanford's, near Albion, New York, we assisted Brother Worthington in a quarterly meeting at Niagara Falls, Ontario. Following that meeting came our first visit to the great waterfall. We visited nearly every point of interest about old Niagara, and could but exclaim as we viewed that wonder of nature, "How marvelous are Thy works, O God."

Before returning home we took occasion to stop over night at the home of Brother W. B. Pattridge, pastor at Tonawanda, New York. Brother P. did much to help me in my early Christian experience, and the few hours spent at his home were very enjoyable and profitable to me. He has since gone to his reward.

The quarterly meeting held at Pleasant Grove, Ohio, July 9-11, was of special interest. The weather was intensely hot and the farmers very busy in their harvest fields. But God took advantage of unfavorable conditions and displayed His marvelous power. The Saturday afternoon sermon was followed by an altar service at which one soul was graciously saved. The Holy Spirit continued with us during the Sunday services. The place was filled with the divine presence. At the afternoon service I read the General Rules and received several persons into the church. This was followed by a season of prayer during which the Holy Spirit was richly outpoured, convincing the spiritually minded that we were in divine order, and that God is pleased to have saved people join a saved church. There was so much conviction on the congregation that I felt led to extend an altar call. One man

responded and in a few minutes he was gloriously saved. Soon another man came reeling and groaning to the altar, crying for mercy. A few struggles, followed by a simple, child-like trust in God and he was made blessedly free. It was a glorious victory and the saints entered into it with full hearts. The clouds lifted and the prospects brightened. So long as the church keeps the anointing of the Spirit her influence for good will be felt and victories will be gained. But when she loses her enthusiasm and relapses into mere "conventional performances of religious acts" her soul-saving power is lost.

The second annual session of the Ohio conference, held at Summerfield, October 13-17, 1880, was a season of spiritual uplift to God's children. Soon after conference I responded to an urgent call from Chicago Junction. A few saved people had gotten their eyes open to the formality and death of the churches about them and longed for something better. They were suffering bitter persecution on account of the firm stand they had taken for truth and holiness. A schoolhouse had been engaged for our meeting, but on arriving at the place we found the house closed against us. We returned to Brother Cain's in good spirits and held our first service in his house. We had some blessed meetings, attended with encouraging results. At the close we organized a society of ten good, reliable members. In 1883 the annual conference was held there and a new church dedicated by Superintendent Hart.

On December 11, 1880, Mrs. J. and I arrived at

New Albany, Ohio, where S. F. Way had opened a new work. We were assigned headquarters at Brother Granger's, whose wife was identified with the new movement. The Congregational church had been opened to us, and we had a crowded house from the beginning. At the second service the altar was filled with seekers. Several were saved. One sister who had received light on separation from the world laid aside her jewelry and artificials while kneeling at the altar. The Spirit of God came upon her and she preached a powerful sermon on personal adornment. As the work moved with increasing power Satan marshalled his forces against us. Formalists and members of secret lodges waged bitter opposition to the work. An unsuccessful attempt was made to close the church against us. Our faith was unshaken. The mighty Conqueror was in full command and the battle went steadily on. As one after another came into the light they would exhort their unconverted friends to seek the Lord, and those exhortations were more effectual than any sermons we could preach. We had been earnestly praying for just such a revival. Some were saved or sanctified at nearly every meeting. We closed the year with a watch-night service, while the revival continued with steadily increasing interest and power.

A sudden death during the meeting created a deep impression on the community. A lady who was in her usual health in the morning was taken seriously ill at 11:00 a. m. She soon became unconscious and at 4:00 p. m. was dead. She died without hope. In conducting the funeral service

I urged the necessity of immediate preparation to meet God as suggested by Amos 4: 12. How sad to die alone!

We closed the meeting January 2, 1881. Twenty-five or thirty souls were saved and a Free Methodist society of fourteen members was organized. The principal of the public school and his wife, who was also a teacher, were converted and united with the new society. That was a great day for New Albany. To some the organization of a Free Methodist society seemed a misfortune, but to others it was regarded as the greatest blessing that had come to the town for many years. It was a stunning blow to the formality and worldliness of the popular churches, but a blessing to the cause of God.

A few weeks later I returned to the place and held an interesting quarterly meeting, at which time several more united with the society. The conflict continued. Every inch of ground was closely contested, but the truth triumphed and later I had the privilege of dedicating a new Free Methodist church at that place.

It was my aim when district chairman to open up one or more new points each year. When engaged in a special meeting I had my quarterly meetings supplied and remained at the new point until my work there was finished. For a district elder to give his time wholly to his quarterly meetings and spend no time in evangelistic work on his district was not the original idea of the traveling eldership.

July 2, 1881, the country was shocked by the at-

tempted assassination of President Garfield. For over two months the nation was held in feverish suspense. On September 20th the news of the President's death flashed over the wires. His home being near Cleveland, the fearful tragedy created intense excitement in that city. A profound sympathy for a sorrowing nation was aroused throughout the civilized world. That the head of a great nation should be shot down in the time of peace and prosperity is one of the mysteries of Providence that the human mind cannot solve.

It was our privilege to assist in entertaining the annual conference at Cleveland, September 1-5, 1881. At that session we were called upon to chronicle the death of Brother C. B. Schaefer, a promising young man who had been in the ministry but a few years. J. W. Headley and J. E. Williams were added to our ministerial force that year. They are still in the active work in the conference, having served a number of years as district elders.

On my thirty-seventh birthday, returning from a visit at my father's home in Michigan, I stepped into the courthouse at Hastings to witness the closing scene of a very exciting trial. I entered in time to hear the judge say to the prisoner, "You will please arise." A tall, emaciated form with haggard look, arose to his feet. The judge inquired, "Have you anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon you?" The prisoner replied, "I don't know that I have." After narrating a few incidents in the case the judge said, "It becomes my duty to pronounce sentence upon you. You shall be consigned to hard

labor in the Jackson penitentiary for the term of twelve years." The cold irons were clasped upon the prisoner's wrists, and he was hurried away to his long and weary confinement. Actuated by jealousy and crazed by liquor, he had brutally slaughtered his comrade. A few minutes later, as I entered the depot, my eyes fell upon a young man whose glaring eyes and haggard countenance bore witness against him. He swayed his head back and forth, uttering unintelligible words. "What is the trouble?" I inquired of a group of boys standing near. "He's drunk! he's drunk!" cried one after another. "It's Mr. G—, the druggist; he's drunk."

What a sad spectacle! A young man of rare abilities, of a wealthy family, wrecked by dissipation. The fiery serpent had slowly coiled itself around its unfortunate victim until he who was once a young man of promise had become an object of contempt and ridicule.

The social glass "occasionally" indulged is but a step toward a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup," is the voice of wisdom; and they who disregard that sacred injunction will find "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

A little later while driving through Northern Ohio, we passed a shabby looking farmhouse, with a weather-beaten frame of an upright attached. Some one remarked, "There is an unfinished house." "Yes," said Brother W., "and a drinking man lives there." The incident made a deep impression upon

my mind. An "unfinished house," the standing advertisement of a drunken husband and father!

How many husbands and fathers are squandering their hard-earned wages at the saloon and other haunts of iniquity, while their families are left hungry and destitute. Drunkenness is a prolific cause of poverty and crime. Many wasted fortunes, blasted hopes and wrecked characters lie strewn along its pathway.

At the time of this writing (1909) the war against the liquor traffic is being prosecuted with steadily increasing vigor. The best elements in the sects, parties and nationalities are uniting their forces against this brazen enemy of society and good government, and only a more thorough awakening of the public conscience is necessary to its complete overthrow. To insure the enforcement of wholesome laws rascally office-holders must be routed. Present conditions require men of lofty ideals of character, men capable of resisting the tremendous pressure of political rings and cliques; men who scorn to stultify their own conscience or offend the moral sensibilities of the people whom they would serve. The "irrepressible conflict" is raging, and all signs point to the ultimate overthrow of the liquor traffic.

CHAPTER XVII.

On arriving at ——, Ohio, I found serious difficulties had arisen in the society. The breach between the pastor and his members appeared quite irreparable under existing conditions. Under a "sense of duty" the good brethren closed the church against the pastor. He, unwilling to "compromise the truth," burst the door open with an ax, determined that the banner of "perfect love" should be kept floating over that sacred spot. Conditions were so serious that the removal of the pastor became necessary, after which the work took on a more encouraging aspect.

It is the work of Satan to create division in the church of God. To encourage "envying and strife" is to court "confusion and every evil work." Many a promising society has been hopelessly wrecked by internal strife and dissension. Such conditions indicate a loss of grace. The saying, "Sheep never quarrel unless they first draw back," is quite significant. When envy, railing, evil surmising, exist it is evident some one has "drawn back," and of such God says, "My soul shall have no pleasure in him." If every one would heed the counsel of Solomon and "leave off contention before it be meddled with," it would save the church many a serious wound.

At West Flint, Michigan, February 4, 5, 1882,

I assisted in the dedication of a new church, J. H. Joslyn, pastor. The indebtedness having been provided for on Saturday the Sabbath was devoted exclusively to prayer, praise, testimony and preaching. It was a blessed day. The attendance was large and the saints triumphed most gloriously. The salvation of two souls crowned the services of the day.

The work at Big Prairie, Ohio, had strengthened sufficiently to warrant the society in attempting to entertain the annual conference, which, by invitation, assembled there. August 24, 1882. The session was very harmonious and proved a spiritual uplift to the work. I was re-elected traveling chairman, but feeling it my duty to be more at home with my family, I resigned and was appointed pastor for Summerfield circuit and stationed chairman for the district. Brother C. F. Irish succeeded me on the Cleveland and Toledo districts.

The first work after conference was to "pack up" and prepare for a long move to our new field—a task for which, in those days, I had no special dislike.

En route to our circuit we stopped over a few days at Chicago Junction to assist in getting the new church enterprise on a good basis. We succeeded in enlarging the subscription materially and encouraging the saints. On reaching our circuit we were warmly received at the home of Brother and Sister E. H. Taylor, where we were entertained until we could get settled in the parsonage at Summerfield.

Our first service at Summerfield marked the closing scene of an interesting incident. While attending conference there in 1880, the Lord gave me special help in preaching. A good brother of a neighboring church was very favorably impressed and said to a friend, "If the Free Methodists will send that man to Summerfield I will help support him." I was sent, and the good brother was present to hear my first sermon. He took offense at some remark I made and decided at once that not a dollar of his should go to support a man that preached such doctrine as that.

After going twice around the circuit I took a two weeks' absence to attend general conference at Burlington, Iowa, to which I had been elected delegate. That session was noted for the number of changes made in the Discipline of the church, about forty amendments being adopted. A change was recommended, and afterward approved by the annual conferences, defining the general rule on "softness and needless self-indulgence" so as to prohibit the "habitual use of opiates," and adding a foot-note applying the rule to the "growing, manufacture and sale of tobacco." Thus the rules were gradually strengthened along the lines of forbidden self-indulgences. The chapter on "Temperance" was added, expressing strong Prohibition sentiment. The section on "Evangelists" was revised so as to give the general superintendents authority to appoint a general evangelist to travel through the country at large and open new fields and organize new societies. The salaries of the general superintendents were fixed at a

given amount and a plan adopted for raising the same. A hymn-book committee was appointed with instructions as to compiling and publishing a denominational hymn-book. Up to that time the Methodist Episcopal hymn-book was in general use among our people. Rev. J. Travis was elected editor of *The Free Methodist*, being the first editor elected by the church. On the last Sabbath of the conference Brother T. preached a remarkable sermon, creating a profound impression upon the large audience. It was clear, luminous, pithy, comprehensive and full of practical suggestions, taking hold alike on ministry and laity. He is still held in precious memory by the church.

The religious services were of a high spiritual order. A number were saved during the conference. My association with the brethren was an inspiration to me and I returned to my work with old "woes" and "worries" all buried and my soul renewed for the conflict, saying,

> "All my soul can wish forever,
> I do find in Christ complete;
> Ev'ry blessing and the Giver
> In my peaceful bosom meet."

On October 24, 1882, my brother William died of typhoid fever at his home in Detroit, Michigan. He was the first of a family of nine children to fall by the hand of death. William was converted in the fall of 1875, and soon after experienced the work of holiness. He was a living witness for Christ, and took special delight in the means of grace. His clear, ringing testimonies often ap-

peared in *The Free Methodist.* When death came it found him ready. His passage to the sky was peaceful and triumphant.

On the Summerfield circuit I found some men of sterling Christian character who, for several years, had been the pillars of the church in that region. Among them were Brothers Round, Trott, Taylor, Massey, Matheny, Barnes, Baker, Hamilton and others. They were men who could be relied upon to stand by the work of God, no matter what crisis might arise or what sacrifice might be involved. They were not of the class who enjoy getting up a "good feeling" in the church provided it costs neither labor nor sacrifice.

A three weeks' meeting at East Union, Ohio, in the fall of 1882, resulted in a general upbuilding of the work there. A number were clearly converted and many wholly sanctified. Among our faithful helpers was William Barnes, generally known as "Uncle Billy." He inspired our meetings with his fervent prayers and holy songs. When "Uncle Billy" passed to his home in the skies the society was in deep mourning; a great loss had been sustained.

In the society at East Union was a good brother A—, faithful in attending the means of grace, and regular in his contributions to the church, but somewhat given to severe criticism. He was a Zinzendorfian in belief, but in some way had succeeded in passing the doorway of the church without exposing his peculiar faith. Often in my preaching I referred to the experience of entire sanctification as taking place subsequently to justification, and

as a work wrought instantaneously on the consecrated, believing soul. To that doctrine our good brother A— took exceptions and offered public criticism. That was the first case I had ever met where a Free Methodist presumed to oppose the preaching of what is known as the "second work of grace." Knowing it to be the doctrine of the church, I continued to preach it and urge believers to seek it as a definite experience. Several sincere souls walked in the light and exultantly, like one who discovers hidden wealth, with inexpressible joy entered upon the possession of their purchased inheritance. Such instances served to arouse Brother A— and his conduct was conclusive evidence that he was "yet carnal." Discovering that he was out of harmony with the doctrine of the church, he did the consistent thing—withdrew from the society. That step proved to be a blessing to himself and to the church. He soon became concerned for his soul, returned to God, sought and experienced the "second work," reunited with the church, and about two years later died and went to heaven. Had we compromised with him the church would have suffered and his soul might have been lost.

We opened the year 1883 with a rousing "big meeting" at Perryopolis, Ohio, resulting in a goodly number of conversions and the general quickening of the church. At this point lived Brother and Sister Martin Matheny, tried and true, whose home was ever open to the pastor and his family. They still stand as unshaken pillars of the church.

At Summerfield I found the struggling society in a discouraged state. A four weeks' protracted

effort resulted in great good to the church and others. Superintendent Roberts had been engaged to conduct this series of meetings. He arrived on Saturday and on the following Wednesday took his departure on an early train. That made matters doubly embarrassing for me, but the Great Head of the church continued with us and the work went steadily on. At the close of these services I started a weekly "holiness meeting," which was something new to the people there, and proved to be interesting and profitable. I gave a series of Bible readings on such topics as, "Bible Description of Heart Purity," "Holiness Commanded," "The Two States of Experience," "Consecration," "Faith." A number entered into the experience of holiness.

It was in Southern Ohio that I had my first severe attack of rheumatism. The climate was most unfavorable for persons subject to such troubles. It appeared at that time as though my career as a gospel minister was nearing the close. My faith was severely tested. I felt that it would require more grace to become reconciled to being laid aside than to continue in the active work. The sanctified person, though without sin, is not without feeling. While full of faith and the Holy Ghost, he carries his treasure in an "earthen vessel." But the Lord showed me that in suffering patiently I could glorify Him. "They also serve who only stand and wait." Yet it required the passing of many years to enable me to read with any certainty what were the hidden purposes of an over-ruling Providence in my own case. I learned the lesson of

complete reliance upon the Infinite Father, and thus triumphed.

In the fall of 1883 we had the pleasure of meeting in annual conference session in the new church at Chicago Junction. Only those who knew of the struggles and sacrifices involved in establishing the work and erecting the new church at that point could fully appreciate the situation. But a few understood the conditions and were made glad.

An incident which now seems amusing to me occurred in connection with fixing the time for holding our annual conference session that year. The general superintendent who was to preside had given us October 10-14. As secretary of the conference I corresponded with him requesting an earlier date, and possibly stated the case quite as strongly as conditions would warrant. The good superintendent replied, coolly informing us that the Ohio conference would be held October 10-14. That was by no means satisfactory, but as there was no appeal from the decision I contented myself by simply writing in my diary, "The arbitrary conduct of some men holding official position in the church is far from pleasant to meet."

From this conference I returned to the Summerfield circuit for another year. For several years Brother Trott had furnished the pastor of the circuit with a comfortable parsonage, but held the property in his own name, intending to transfer the title to the church before his death. As he was an old man and liable soon to pass away, my first work after conference was to secure to the church a deed for the property and make needed repairs

on the buildings. That being completed I responded to a call for a few meetings at West Liberty, West Virginia, then within the bounds of the Ohio conference. There I met a few earnest Christians who were dissatisfied with the formality and death that prevailed in the churches around them. The meetings were held in a private room and were a means of strength and inspiration to the little band which was bravely struggling to plant the standard of holiness in that barren field. That was my first visit to West Virginia, and about the first introduction of our work in that state. There is now a West Virginia district, embracing several circuits, and is embraced in the territory of the Pittsburg conference.

At the close of 1883 I wrote in my journal: "We are engaged in an interesting revival service at Summerfield. One saved to-night. We continue in faith, trusting God for further victories. Farewell, Old Year. Many have been our conflicts and conquests since thou didst appear. Many bright days have we enjoyed during thy stay. But thou hast gone. The record is unalterably fixed. Many have died during thy reign, but many more have outlived thee. May the lessons we learned while thou wast passing be of great and lasting benefit to us who remain."

In January, 1884, we held a two weeks' meeting at Sarahsville, Ohio. There was no Free Methodist society in the place at that time, and Free Methodism was comparatively new in that locality. The pilgrims rallied from different points and the battle was set in array. Satan marshalled his forces

against us and the conflict became fierce. The line of battle was clearly defined and decided positions were taken. Tobacco victims, fashion devotees, lodge dupes, all united in one general charge on the little company of the Lord's "royal gunners" who were "set for the defense of the gospel." The God of battles was at the head of the new movement. The church was densely crowded, and at times the interest was intense. The pastor of an adjoining church began special services, evidently to keep his people from our meetings, but the experiment was a dismal failure, as the people continued to crowd our church. The truth triumphed. There were a number of clear conversions, a Free Methodist society organized and the work of holiness established. A few years later I had the pleasure of dedicating a new Free Methodist church in that place, and in that church had my first experience in presiding at an annual conference.

Little did I realize at the opening of the year 1884 what the coming months had in store for me. During our meeting at Sarahsville in January my companion contracted a severe cold which settled on her lungs, developing into quick consumption, of which she died on the 16th of March following. In her life she exemplified the grace of purity. She took pleasure in home duties as well as in public religious exercises. She triumphed gloriously throughout her last sickness. Though a great sufferer, she never complained. Death had no terrors for her. As we gathered at her bedside she gave us each a parting word, assuring us that the crossing was brighter than she had ever imagined it

could possibly be. As she lingered at the river's brink I said, "My dear, you are dying." With a beaming countenance she exclaimed, "And is this all there is of it?" Yes, death was a conquered foe. As the end drew near the Holy Spirit impressed upon her mind the blessed commendation, "She hath done what she could." That afforded her great comfort and satisfaction. She remained calm and peaceful, awaiting the final summons. As death approached, her pure spirit, in anticipation of soon being freed from the pains and restraints of mortality, burst forth in rapturous praises and exultations that made the room seem more like a place of rejoicing than a place of mourning. Later she became unconscious of her surroundings and soon her ransomed spirit passed into the realms of eternal day, there to gaze forever upon those enrapturing scenes that feast the vision of the glorified. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Soon after the death of my companion it became necessary to break up our home. Brother and Sister E. H. Taylor very kindly opened their home to us, and Sister T. took the oversight of my two motherless children until the close of the conference year. During the summer I suffered extremely with rheumatism, and at times it seemed as though my active labors must soon end. With two helpless children to care for, conditions looked forbidding. The sense of loneliness that came over me at times is simply indescribable. Every kindness was shown

me by my many friends, but no place was home to me.

In the early summer an additional sorrow came to me in the death of my brother Byron, of Detroit. My rheumatic troubles steadily increased, and the outlook for this life was not at all flattering. But my faith in God remained firm and I felt sure He would work all things out for my good.

On June 13th, while engaged in secret prayer in Brother Trott's parlor, I experienced a special divine visitation. Oh! hallowed spot. There I gained a glorious victory over every condition and circumstance. I saw clearly that the Lord's hand was upon me and that He would order my steps. That was the victory my heart had long yearned for. I rested in the divine will, assured that the God whom I loved and served is equal to developing needs and problems and can fill the largest life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On August 23d I took my leave of the Summerfield circuit, and, accompanied by a good delegation of pilgrims, started for New Albany, Ohio, the seat of the annual conference. On taking the parting hand we discovered that a strong attachment had been formed during our two years' association with that people.

Our conference session was harmonious and spiritual and an inspiration to both the ministry and the laity. I was re-elected district chairman, but my condition and circumstances rendered it impracticable for me to travel a district. My brethren very kindly accepted my resignation and gave me the relation of an evangelist in view of taking some time for rest, hoping thereby to recruit my health.

Having read of the famous mineral springs at Mt. Clemens, Michigan, I decided to test their medicinal qualities. After ten days' trial I found myself quite thoroughly impregnated with salt, iron, sulphur, etc., and my general health somewhat improved, but the seat of the disease was not reached. I continued to suffer by night and carry my cane by day.

On September 24, 1884, we reached Gerry, New York, where, by kindness of Brother and Sister W. A. Sellew, a place had been provided for my

children and myself in the new seminary. This was a providential opening, and, though a stranger to nearly every one, I felt very much at home. The building now known as the "Gerry Orphanage and Home," is located on a pleasant rise of ground, overlooking the village, and affording a delightful view of the surrounding landscape. I engaged to assist in the pastoral work of the circuit under the direction of Brother Sellew, and experienced a most enjoyable year. I found the position of assistant pastor a pleasant one to occupy.

Soon after the close of the school year in June, 1885, I started out to fill some engagements I had made to assist in special meetings. At Salamanca, New York, I assisted Elder J. B. Freeland in a very interesting tabernacle meeting. For ten days the preachers and pilgrims labored faithfully to establish the work of God on a firmer basis. Much good was done. A few souls were converted, others sanctified wholly. Brothers Levi Wood and J. H. Harmon assisted in administering the word of life.

At Union Corners, New York, we began operations July 11th, W. B. Pattridge, pastor. Twenty years before I had been privileged to attend a district quarterly meeting at that place with J. W. Reddy, chairman, in charge. That was a remarkable meeting, and it made a profound impression on my mind. But in 1885 I found conditions greatly changed. Nearly all of the fathers who had been at the helm had passed away and the spiritual atmosphere was thoroughly chilled. We labored the best we knew for a few days and retired with but little visible fruit aside from the encourage-

ment gained by the few who were still true to the divine call.

In August, by invitation of Elder R. W. Hawkins, I attended the Warren, Pennsylvania, camp-meeting. There was a strong ministerial force on the ground, consisting of Brothers Hawkins, Sellew, Terrill, McGeary, Gaines, Tobey, Sager. While the occasion was one of special inspiration to the saints and a few souls were saved there was not as general a victory as we had reason to expect.

The Ohio conference was held that year at Ridgeville. Immediately after conference I spent a few days at New Albany, Ohio, administering comfort and encouragement to the society which was almost crushed under the reproach occasioned by an unfaithful pastor. The Lord visited us in a special manner and the faithful ones triumphed over every discouragement.

At the home of Brother and Sister Newell J. Wilson, of Gerry, I always found an open door and a warm welcome. During my year's stay in Western New York, my health was fully recovered, my cane laid aside, and my powers of endurance greatly strengthened. On November sixth I bade adieu to the kind friends at Gerry, and, in company with my little Mabel, wended my way westward.

Having received some urgent invitations to take an appointment in the California conference, I left Gerry fully expecting that my next pastorate would be on the Pacific coast. But God ordered otherwise. On November 29th I began pastoral work at Spring Arbor. Exodus 3: 14—"I Am hath sent me

unto you"—seemed so appropriate for the occasion that I chose those words for my first text. I was warmly received by both church and community.

On January 25, 1886, our quiet little village was thrown into a whirl of excitement by the breaking out of fire in the old music hall. The cry of "Fire!" brought the students to their feet, and they rushed out of the main building without any regard for order. They were soon on the ground working heroically to extinguish the flames. The citizens soon appeared on the scene, and women as well as men could be seen removing articles of furniture and hurrying along the streets with buckets of water. The roaring flames at first threatened to consume the entire building, but by heroic efforts they were soon extinguished.

All felt one common interest when the destroying element was preying in our midst. Well would it be if a more general interest were felt in the spiritual welfare of society since Satan, the enemy of mankind, ever goeth about "seeking whom he may devour." The alarm is sounded, but how few hasten to the rescue. The great conflagration is approaching and multitudes of our fellow men are threatened with eternal destruction, yet what alarming indifference prevails! To "rescue the perishing" is the work of the Christian church, and to that work she should apply herself with untiring zeal.

During a protracted effort of about eight weeks a number were converted, several sanctified and the society more fully united. Among the newly converted were a number of students, and the voice

of prayer could often be heard ringing throughout the boarding hall. One whole family, consisting of father, mother, son and daughter, was blessedly saved. The protracted meeting closed, but the revival went steadily on. We held six regular services each week and seekers for pardon or purity were at the altar at nearly every service. Frequently one would get saved at home during the day. A series of meetings followed by such results is much more satisfactory than a great excitement of the sentimental order followed by a corresponding death.

During the summer of 1886 Professor Stilwell made me a proposition looking toward my taking a position in the seminary. That being out of my regular line of work I sought to know the will of God in the matter. It seemed like a providential opening and I waited only to hear the voice of God distinctly. In view of my responsibility to my children it seemed wise for me to settle in some place where I could give them needed attention and at the same time work for the Master.

In October I reunited with the Michigan conference and was returned to the Spring Arbor pastorate. Having been added to the seminary faculty I took up quarters in the boarding hall. Sister Mary E. Bailey, of precious memory, was then matron and proved to be a very efficient manager of the boarding department.

It was my privilege to represent the Michigan conference as one of its delegates in the general conference at Coopersville, Michigan, that year. It was a very interesting session. Several impor-

tant measures were inaugurated, involving corresponding disciplinary changes, each of which elicited warm discussion. The order of general evangelist, now so well understood by the church, was adopted, and W. B. M. Colt was elected to that office. The work of foreign missions was officially recognized, a new chapter on Missions formulated, a general missionary board elected, and the annual conferences grouped into mission districts. A Church Extension and Aid Society was formed, composed of the members of the general missionary board, and provision made for organizing an auxiliary society in each annual conference. The report of the committee on general superintendency, recommending the election of three general superintendents, was, after a spirited discussion, adopted by the conference. Revs. B. T. Roberts, E. P. Hart and G. W. Coleman were elected, the latter being the newly elected one. After a thorough canvass of the situation it was decided, with but few dissenting votes, that the interests of the church required that steps be taken toward founding a publishing house. Chicago was selected as the most suitable location. *The Free Methodist*, owned by T. B. Arnold, was purchased, and Rev. B. T. Roberts elected to edit the same. The subsequent growth of the publishing interests of the church ought to be sufficient to convince the most incredulous that the step taken by the general conference of 1886 was in divine order.

On returning from general conference I resumed my work in the seminary, which, together with my pastoral work, afforded ample opportunity for the

exercise of all my gifts and graces. My association with Professors Stilwell and Tiffany in the school work was most agreeable.

One evening while I was depressed by a lonely and discouraged feeling a poor heart-broken backslider came to my room desiring to be prayed for. We knelt before the Lord in prayer, and in a few minutes the burden rolled from the poor man's heart and he went forth rejoicing. At the same time my feeling of loneliness and discouragement disappeared and my heart was filled with delight. I mention this incident to show what a means of grace it often is to be occupied with the troubles and sorrows of others. To sympathize with one's self in the midst of ills and misfortunes often deepens the sorrow and increases the burden, while to be occupied in helping others results in self-forgetfulness and inspires with a hopeful and joyous spirit. Such a course is Christ-like, for even "Christ pleased not Himself." For others He lived, and toiled, and wept, and sacrificed, and died; for others He intercedes. A life of sacrifice for the good of others is the most noble life of which we can conceive.

By invitation of Pastor I. W. Bell I had the pleasure of dedicating the first Free Methodist church of Adrian, Michigan, in September, 1887. The building, though humble, represented much sacrifice on the part of those who were laboring amid strong opposition to maintain the Bible standard of religion in that city. It was not surprising that they should rejoice in the fact a place had been secured where the people of God could engage in

true spiritual worship without priestly restrictions.

In the fall of 1887 the annual conference was held at Spring Arbor. That was my first experience in providing entertainment for such a large gathering — over two hundred being present. Brother Roberts presided, exercising his usual fatherly care over the preachers. The Sabbath service was attended with a scene that was utterly indescribable. Such draughts of the heavenly! Brother Roberts had special help in preaching. My soul was filled with the unutterable. I was returned as pastor at Spring Arbor for the third year, and elected stationed elder for the district.

November 5, 6, 1887, was the occasion of the dedication of the new church at Sarahsville, Ohio. That was my first visit to the place after our great struggle there in 1884, resulting in the organization of the Free Methodist society. It was an exceedingly enjoyable occasion to me. God had honored the movement with an encouraging degree of prosperity. The dedication was a time of triumph to the faithful. Sunday was the crowning day, and those who had been bearing the burden of the work were amply repaid for all their sacrifices by the gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit and the financial success of the enterprise. Having the consciousness of the divine approval the saints had a right to rejoice and be exceeding glad. And after the lapse of a quarter of a century God's consecrated people are holding the ground and the banner of the Cross still waves over old Sarahsville.

CHAPTER XIX.

On September 7, 1887, I was called to the bedside of my father, who lay near death at his home in Carlton, Michigan. On the 8th he passed triumphantly to his eternal home, aged seventy-one years, eight months. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. C. S. Gitchell, who preached an appropriate sermon from Rev. 7:15, "Therefore are they before the throne of God."

JAMES JONES

Father was converted at Greigsville, New York, in 1855, during a meeting held by Rev. W. C. Kendall, and united with the Methodist Episcopal church. His conversion was thorough, and the great change wrought in him was apparent to all. From that time his house became a home for the saints, and many a weary itinerant found rest under his roof. He was among the first who identified themselves with the Free Methodist movement in Western New York, and he remained loyal to that church until transferred to the church triumphant.

Father was a firm believer in original Methodism and a fearless opponent of all worldly expediencies for supporting the church. His outspoken opposition to secret societies and to the pride and formality of the churches provoked opposition and persecution, but his integrity and upright Christian character could not be questioned. For ten years previous to his death he had been a great sufferer and during those years of weary confinement he enjoyed much of the divine presence and often became inexpressibly joyous. He was fully prepared when the final summons came. Oftentimes, when but a boy, during seasons of conviction, I would say to myself, "If I ever get religion I want my father's kind." Thank God for the example of a devoted Christian father.

On returning to Spring Arbor I buried myself in my school work again, assured that I was in divine order. I closed the labors of the year in connection with one of the smallest quarterly meetings I ever held. On Saturday night I preached to ten adults and the impression I made was so profound that on Sunday morning my congregation swelled to fifteen. But I did my best and was graciously blest. Amen.

It is possible that in some instances our own inconsistencies and extravagances turn the people from our public services. Although it must be expected that the real work of holiness will meet with a measure of opposition, yet every sincere Christian will guard against arousing unnecessary antagonism to the truth. The advocates of this doctrine and experience should act wisely. They should

guard against the least deviation from the Word of God. While the utmost liberty should be given to the Holy Spirit's operations, impressions and impulses that do not harmonize with the divine revelation should not be encouraged. They only tend to breed confusion, becloud God's truth and bring the doctrine and work of holiness into disrepute.

Of the dedication of the new church at Holloway, Michigan, February 12, 1888, I wrote as follows for publication in *The Free Methodist:*

"I reached the place on Saturday and was most hospitably entertained at the pleasant home of Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Begel. I found the meeting under full headway, with a good representation from the different circuits of the district. The pilgrims were full of faith and courage, and the battle was being waged with vigor. Sunday was a glorious day. The Holy Spirit was richly outpoured during the love-feast, accompanied with the usual variety of manifestations incident to such seasons. The divine presence continued with us through the preaching, after which the indebtedness on the church was easily provided for."

The dedication at Davison, Michigan, February 19, 1888, was reported by Mrs. C. A. Gordon, as follows:

"In the providence of God I was permitted to attend this means of grace. The pastor had been holding meetings for several weeks previous to the dedication. A few had been saved and the church built up in holiness. Such a work can be only a blessing to the community. The dedicatory services were conducted by Rev. Burton R. Jones, of

Spring Arbor, a man of spiritual understanding and fully competent for that kind of work. He gave us a bountiful supply of gospel truths. They were very palatable to those who love deep, searching truths, which call loudly for self-examination on the line of thorough consecration of one's powers and possessions to God. Such was the power that attended the truth that many were brought in humble submission before God. No appeal was made to the sympathies of the people in view of raising money for the church. The remaining indebtedness was raised without any unlawful coaxing, and none who gave were distressed by so doing. I have attended several dedications, but of them all this one seemed to me to be the most in harmony with the Bible idea of giving willingly as God has prospered. Brother Steer, the district chairman, was also present and enjoyed the precious occasion which will long be remembered by all who were present."

The day following the commencement exercises in June, Professor C. P. Tiffany and I went to Middlemiss, Ontario, to assist in a camp-meeting, Rev. A. Sims, chairman, in charge. As the ministerial force was small Brother T. and I had most of the preaching to do. The cold, rainy weather was exceedingly unfavorable for such a meeting, making the outside attendance very small. The work accomplished was mostly among believers, several experiencing the work of entire sanctification. The good people gave a practical demonstration of their consecration to God and to His cause by promptly and cheerfully providing for the expenses of the meeting. There is no discount on the Canada pil-

grims when it comes to their appreciation of the truth and loyalty to the principles and issues of the church.

Ubly, Michigan, lies within the bounds of the East Michigan conference. B. F. Doolittle was pastor there in 1888, and labored faithfully to build up the work. A few miles from Ubly a new church had been started during the pastorate of Hiram Bearse, and completed by Brother D. I reached the place on August 11th and found the meeting under good headway. There was a large attendance on Sunday, and both services were attended with a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The indebtedness was all met, and the house solemnly dedicated to God, much to the disappointment of some who had been prophesying failure. We often meet with some of that class who can "devour widows' houses and for a pretense make long prayers," but are ready to hoist the danger signal whenever a movement is inaugurated for the promotion of a good work, involving sacrifice and persecution.

At the camp-meeting at Spring Arbor, August 15-21, we had a strong ministerial force, E. P. Hart and T. B. Arnold being present from off the district. The meeting was profitable in many ways. A number were clearly saved and sanctified, and several leading citizens added to the society. Special importance should be attached to our meetings at Spring Arbor. The seminary being located there gives our labors a far-reaching influence. It is important that those who are converted at our

school-centers gain deep, thorough experiences and go out before the world strong for God.

On August 25, 1888, I reached the Milan, Michigan, camp-ground. Eighteen years before I had labored as pastor on that circuit and organized the first Free Methodist society in Milan village. I was privileged to meet a number who were converted during my pastorate there and who were still true to God and to the church. It is a great encouragement to the servant of God to be thus assured that his labor is not in vain in the Lord. While many received help at that meeting the interest was greatly injured by a factious element, headed by a few aspiring men in the church, who a few years later withdrew and organized a movement of their own.

The week following I helped in a camp-meeting at Logan, Ohio, Elder J. W. Headley in charge. It was a soul-refreshing season and a means of strength to the church in that region. I remained over one night after the meeting, and at the home of Brother and Sister Headley I had the pleasure of uniting their daughter Anna and Rev. G. M. Hunter in the bonds of holy matrimony. Brother Hunter has since crossed the line of worlds while Anna's probation is still extended.

CHAPTER XX.

At the annual conference of 1888, held at Hartford, I was elected traveling chairman and placed on the Spring Arbor and Detroit districts. I regreted having to sever my relations with the seminary, but held myself in readiness to respond to the divine call wherever it might lead. My three years' pastorate at Spring Arbor and my work in the seminary had been exceedingly pleasant and profitable to me, and my interest in that work still continues.

It seemed very natural for me to enter upon the duties of the traveling chairmanship again, especially so as I was assigned to the field in which I had previously labored for so many years. After spending a few days at home I went over my districts strengthening the church. The duties of my office required me to "continually travel." I have steadily maintained that the quarterly meetings should be made "seasons of refreshing" to the church, and unless an unusual interest be awakened on such occasions the visit of the elder involves unwarranted expense.

A few quotations from my diary will give the reader some idea of how I employed my time during the year 1889.

"January 1.—At home in Spring Arbor. The new year has dawned and with it comes added re-

sponsibilities, for which the Lord will give added strength. Brother Ellison, the pastor, is engaged in special meetings here. Good meeting to-night. Several seeking the Lord.

"January 2.—Have sunshine in my soul. The Lord favors me with His presence and grace. Mother arrived this afternoon and will remain for a few weeks at our home. Shall feel more reconciled to leaving the children while she is with them.

"January 3.—Preached in the chapel to-night from Isa. 45: 22. Good meeting. Several seekers received special help. The work is confined mostly to the students.

"January 4.—Started for Jasper quarterly meeting. Missed connection at Lenawee Junction and had to lay over one day. Received a hearty welcome at the home of Brother and Sister Nash. They are whole-souled and deeply interested in the real work of God. They are aiming to use their means for God's glory.

"January 5.—Came on the morning train to Jasper. Put up at Mr. Drake's. He is unsaved, but in sympathy with our work. Sister D. is a devoted Christian and a pillar in the church. Preached from Matt. 18: 20 at 2:00 p. m. Fair interest. The members are working up to the blessing point. They have their troubles here as well as elsewhere. It is a steady warfare. Preached at night from 'Draw nigh to God, and He will draw night to you.' The word seemed just adapted to existing conditions.

"January 6.—Love-feast closed well. The rejoicing Spirit came upon us. Had real freedom in

speaking from Matt 6: 10. Interest steadily increasing. The Infinite One was present at the night service. Deep solemnity rested on the congregation.

"January 7.—Had the help of the Holy Spirit to-night in speaking from, 'Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.' Profitable altar service. One soul was set at liberty after a hard struggle. The prospects are brightening.

"January 10.—At Hudson, Michigan. District quarterly meeting began here to-night. Am entertained at Sister Higgins'. Brother Frank Russell, the pastor, is in good spirits, but in poor health. Good spirit at first service. Had freedom in preaching. We hope to see the work of God revived on this occasion.

"January 11.—Preaching at 2:00 p. m. by Brother G. Short time given to testimony and the pilgrims were inspired for the conflict. Praise the Lord. Brother Cochran preached well at night. Two seekers at the altar were much helped.

"January 12.—Quarterly conference at 9:00 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 by Brother Schamehorn. Good spirit. Steady increase of interest at the afternoon service. Full house at night. Had freedom in speaking from, 'Submit yourselves, therefore, to God.' The Spirit came upon us and some were specially helped in testimony. We are encouraged, but hope to see the work go deeper and farther.

"Sunday, January 13.—Excellent love-feast. The ringing testimonies of the saints are wonderfully inspiring to the faithful pastors. Preached from

Psa. 29:2. The truth was well received by the large audience while the faithful took on new strength and devotion. Took dinner at Brother Webster's. He is laboring under discouragement, and is greatly in need of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Fine audience at night. Was somewhat pressed in spirit while preaching, but the brethren were helped in exhortation and the service ended well. The general verdict was that the quarterly meeting had been a real means of grace, and God's people returned to their homes greatly strengthened and encouraged. There is strong opposition to the real work of God and our people need the inspiration gained at these special gatherings.

"January 24.—Have a few days at home. Spent some time cutting wood. I am not an expert at the business, but I discover that 'patience and perseverance will conquer'—even a woodpile.

"February 2.—Quarterly meeting at Jackson. Found some of the members discouraged. Preached at 2:00 p. m. from, 'Lord, increase our faith.' I felt the crisis had been reached by some of them and they must be helped soon or suffer loss. The Lord helped me to speak words of encouragement, the tide turned in the right direction and a signal victory was gained. A Sister L. took occasion to publicly criticise my sermon, so far as it applied to the sanctified, taking the position that when one is sanctified wholly faith is made perfect, hence there is no scriptural warrant for praying for an increase of faith. In a brief statement I think it was made clear that, when the soul is wholly sanctified, faith, like the other Christian

graces, though perfected in the sense of its opposite being removed, may steadily increase in strength and volume indefinitely. Sermon at night by Brother Aura Showers, a promising young preacher from Pennsylvania, now a student at Spring Arbor Seminary. The Lord blest the word.

"Sunday, February 3.—Free spirit in love-feast. The Lord graciously helped me in speaking from 'Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.' Those who were in the will of God fully were specially helped and comforted. The Lord was graciously near during the service at the Michigan Central depot at 3:00 p. m. A blessed spirit prevailed and the saints put in some clear, strong testimonies. Large audiences assemble at the depot Sunday afternoons and much good seed is sown there. Altogether the quarterly meeting has been spiritual and profitable.

"February 6.—And it came to pass as I was passing through Toledo, en route for Burgoon, Ohio, I met a beloved brother who persuaded me to stop over and attend a meeting of the Christian Alliance in session at Memorial Hall. They give special attention to bodily healing, teaching that it is the privilege of every Christian to be healed; that the atonement covers the diseases of the body as well as of the soul. I regard their position as an extreme one, not fully warranted by the Scriptures. If their teaching be correct it must follow that to be sick is sin, and to die of disease would be to be lost. But there are many excellent people among them.

"February 7.—Am at Burgoon, Ohio, by invita-

tion of Dr. R. S. Shipley, who espoused the cause of Free Methodism under my labors in 1872. Am engaged to hold a few days' meeting here. Opened the siege to-night with a sermon on Exodus 32:26. There was quite a general endorsement of the truth.

"February 15.—My labors at Burgoon closed last night. Some good has been accomplished, but not as much as we expected. The true light now shineth and we hope to see greater developments in the future. Have been kindly entertained at the pleasant home of Dr. Shipley.

"February 16.—Quarterly meeting at Ridgeway, Michigan, began at 2:00 p. m. Brother Shoemaker, the pastor, has faith for the work. A number have been converted during their special meetings. The converts are prompt in testimony and give evidence of being thoroughly saved. The work is moving at different points on the district, for which we thank God. Preached twice to-day with much help.

"Sunday, the 17th.—Much freedom during love-feast. The young converts added greatly to the interest. The spiritual atmosphere was clear and pure, and the power of God was graciously displayed. It was a good atmosphere to preach in. Crowded house at night. Had divine help in preaching on repentance. Excellent order, close attention, deep conviction, but no new ones sought the Lord. The meetings will be continued. Entertained at Brother Palmer's, an excellent Christian home."

"February 20.—Stopped over at Holloway en route to the Adrian district quarterly meeting. At Dr. Begel's this evening. This is a good resting

place. I always find an open door here. The doctor has quite a large practise, and is one of those exceptional physicians who prays with his patients, thus rendering spiritual as well as physical relief. Brother and Sister Brainard called on me. They are good, devoted people."

"February 25.—Adrian, Michigan. The district quarterly meeting which closed last night was the best we have had this year. Several were cleared up in their experiences. The Sunday love-feast was a time of victory. The Holy Spirit came in wonderful power, and the saints triumphed most gloriously. Thank God for such displays of His power. Had special help in preaching from 'Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.' Showers of blessing came upon us. The old way of the cross is the way of blessing after all. The meeting left an excellent impression on all who were present.

"March 12.—I was called to Waltz to attend the funeral of Sister Joseph Lawrence, wife of the pastor here, who died quite suddenly. Brother L. feels very deeply the loss he has sustained in the death of his devoted wife. The funeral was held in the church at 8:00 p. m., and the remains were taken on the 9:00 o'clock train to Cleveland, Ohio. Am entertained at the home of Brother John Romine."

During the year 1889 the question of organized band work began to cause a division of sentiment in the church. From my diary of April 19th I quote as follows: "A movement has sprung up within the church under the name of 'Pentecost Bands,'

which is assuming proportions that threaten the peace of the church. The leaders of the movement assume that the officers and ministry of the church are largely backslidden, and that God has raised them up to effect a reformation. It is difficult to prophesy on the final outcome."

With a persistent, unteachable spirit, born of an ambition for leadership, those at the head of the movement continued their operations within the church, adopting measures at variance with its established rules and regulations, and indulging in harsh and un-Christian utterances against the church and many of its leading members. A few years later, despairing of ever being able to pose as martyrs by reason of being expelled from the church, they withdrew and organized themselves into a distinct sect, much to the relief of the church.

On May 6, 1889, I started out to meet some engagements in Ohio. Made my first stop at Holland, where I found Brother G. M. Hunter and his wife Anna applying themselves faithfully to the work. They were encouraged by seeing some souls saved during the year. I stopped over one night in Toledo and attended the weekly prayer-meeting. A comfortable place of worship had been provided and God was blessing the self-sacrificing efforts to promote His cause in that great city.

I was privileged to attend a quarterly meeting with the society at New Albany the 11th and 12th. The Lord greatly helped and encouraged the pilgrims at that meeting. On the evening of the 16th we had a very profitable gathering at the home of Brother and Sister C. E. Carroll, at which time

their new house was dedicated to God. The Lord accepted the offering and we felt it to be a place where the saints are welcomed.

On Saturday, the 18th, we met for the dedication of the Zion church near Athens. There being no money to raise we applied ourselves wholly to the spiritual interests of the work and the Holy Spirit made His presence felt in a remarkable manner. The few who had been bearing the burden of the work were encouraged.

On Sunday, the 19th, the good people gathered at Strond's Run to dedicate the new church at that point. The house was filled at an early hour and God honored the simplicity and faith of His people by blessing them in true primitive style. A blessed atmosphere was created for the preaching service, after which the remaining indebtedness was easily provided for and the house set apart to be held sacred to the worship of the living God. That was my first and only experience in dedicating a private residence and two churches within four days.

I spent the summer in district work, filling a few special engagements outside the conference. July 27-31 I was privileged to unite with the pilgrims in a camp-meeting at Brunersburg, Ohio. On the 31st I made the following entry in my diary: "A blessed spirit prevailed in the meetings to-day. One man seeking the Lord at the early morning service. The love-feast ran until twelve o'clock. Spoke for a few minutes from Isa. 55: 1. The Lord gave us victory. Deep interest at the afternoon service. Preached on entire sanctification from 1 Thess. 5: 23. It was the truth just adapted to the

needs of a number present. One man was gloriously saved. The work is moving forward. Praise the Lord. Spoke at night from John 8: 32. Brother Foulk exhorted with power. Some seeking but did not get through. The Holy Spirit is moving on the hearts of the people. What a blessed work this is. No such satisfaction can be found in any other calling. My soul is greatly blest. Amen."

The Sabbath services at the Ridgeway, Michigan, camp-meeting, August 11, 1889, were attended by a large crowd of interested people. The love-feast ran in such power that altar services took the place of preaching. One old man was graciously saved. We had a strong working force at that meeting. The ring meetings during the intervals of the regular services afforded good opportunity for seed-sowing. The altar services were attended with remarkable displays of divine power, and many were liberated from the dominion and pollution of sin.

Brother R. W. Hawkins, then of the Pittsburg conference, was with us during the last three days of our Spring Arbor camp-meeting in August, and preached three very interesting and profitable sermons. On the last day of the meeting I wrote: "Closing exercises to-night. Two or three professed conversion after the sermon. We then marched around the ground and closed amid shouts of victory. Thank God for this meeting. Some have been saved, others sanctified and the saints greatly encouraged."

Our annual conference was held at Kalamazoo, Michigan, September 4-8, Superintendent Coleman

presiding. The independent element referred to in a former paragraph asserted itself at this session, and sought to execute plans for aggressive operations within the bounds of the conference. The effort was defeated, however, by the refusal of the conference to give evangelist's relation to the leader of the movement, insisting that he should be given a regular appointment the same as the other preachers. Brother P. E. Vincent and I were elected district chairmen, Brother V.'s election being regarded as a victory for the loyal element of the conference, who were working in the interests of peace and harmony in the church. Later developments proved conclusively that the position taken by the conference was in divine order.

On November 24, 1889, I was called to Milan, Michigan, to attend the funeral of Brother Charles E. Farrington, whose death had cast a gloom over the old Raisinville circuit. Brother F. was converted among the Free Methodists in 1866, at once united with the church, and was true to its principles and faithful to God until the messenger called him home. Whenever a crisis arose in the operations of the church, Brother F. could be depended on to stand by its interests. He was a firm pillar in the church of God. His home was a resting-place for the weary itinerant. His end was peace. The funeral was held in the London church, and the immense crowd of people that was present gave unmistakable expression of the high esteem in which he was held by all classes. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

CHAPTER XXI.

While at Blissfield, Michigan, January 13, 1890, I received a telegram calling me to Spring Arbor to attend the funeral of Professor Charles P. Tiffany, who had suddenly passed away. At the time of his death he had been associate principal of Spring Arbor Seminary for five years. He rendered valuable services to the school and his death was deeply mourned. He was a devout man of God and an able defender of the principles and issues of the church. His preaching was clear, forceful and convincing. His end was triumphant. During his sickness he often expressed implicit confidence in the God whom he had served and trusted. At one time when filled with divine glory, he said, "If the Lord can make such a bed as this so glorious, I can trust Him for everything." Why a young man whose labors were apparently so much needed in the church should be suddenly stricken down in the midst of his usefulness, is one of the unsolved mysteries of providence. This we know, God doeth all things well.

September 10-14 was the date of the annual conference, held at Holloway, Michigan. Superintendent Roberts experienced a severe test of faith through the burning of Chesbrough Seminary, which occurred during that session. But his confidence in God remained firm and his faith caught a vision

of still brighter days for that important work in which he was so deeply interested.

The following named persons were elected delegates to the general conference: Ministerial—John Ellison, B. R. Jones. Lay—D. W. Abrams, J. B. Reed.

Soon after conference I entered upon my district work, planning the best I knew for the strengthening of the church and the salvation of souls.

The general conference of 1890 was held in Chicago, convening in the new Free Methodist church, 16 N. May St., October 8th. From the roll of that general conference the names of T. S. LaDue and E. Owen, names closely interwoven with the history of the Free Methodist church, were missing. Questions of vital importance to the church were considered and settled at that session. The question of ordaining women was discussed in all its phases. By a small majority vote a motion favoring such ordination was defeated and the final disposition of the question referred to the annual conferences.

The question of organizing and operating bands awakened much interest. There was a general feeling that something should be done to provide work for the young people of the church who felt called to render special service to the Master, and at the same time guard both them and the church against the evils that would naturally result from irresponsible parties engaging in that line of work in the name of the church. After a thorough discussion of all phases of the question provision was made authorizing chairmen of districts and evan-

gelists to organize bands for aggressive revival work.

At the afternoon sitting, October 21, 1890, the conference proceeded to elect an editor of *The Free Methodist*. B. T. Roberts, who had edited the paper so ably for four years, declined to be a candidate for re-election. An item in the *General Conference Daily* of the above date, read as follows: "On the sixth ballot B. R. Jones was elected editor of *The Free Methodist*."

No one could have been more surprised at my election than I was. While fully appreciating the unexpected expression of confidence and esteem, I felt most keenly the responsibility of the position to which I had been called. A quotation from my diary conveys a clear idea of my feelings at that time:

"To my great surprise I was elected editor of *The Free Methodist* at the afternoon sitting of general conference. I am undecided as to what course to take in the matter. The responsibility is great, but if this is the will of God for me I can safely accept it. My brethren speak words of encouragement to me, but I shall need special divine help. While feeling my own insufficiency I am confident that 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' I take to my heart the promise of the Master, 'Lo, I am with you alway.'"

The following kind words were penned by Rev. J. G. Terrill, editor of the *General Conference Daily*: "Rev. Burton Rensselaer Jones * * * understands what Free Methodism is. He has not figured before the church very much as a writer, but for years he has been known as one of our

clearest, deepest, strongest preachers. He is extremely modest and unassuming in his manner, of pure taste, and elevated tone of sentiment and feeling. He is a sound Methodist in doctrine, experience and life, and the church may trust him implicitly. He is deliberate in forming his opinions, careful and moderate in statement, and firm in upholding what he thinks is right. He uses terse, simple English in speaking and writing, and the editor of the *Daily* speaks for him a successful career as an editor. Let all give him their prayers, and wait patiently until he gets used to the editorial harness before forming opinions as to the quality of his work."

Having accepted the call of the church to the new field of labor, it became necessary to resign my district work. That was one of my great trials. Seventeen years of my ministerial life had been spent in the Michigan conference, and my attachment to the ministers and members of that conference had steadily increased with the passing years. That served to make the separation the more painful.

I hastened from the general conference to meet the pilgrims at the district quarterly meeting at Raisinville. There was a large attendance and the presence of the blessed Comforter made the occasion a memorable one. The Sunday service was one of unusual power and blessedness. The appointment of Brother John Ellison to the chairmanship of the district was unanimously approved by the quarterly conference and he entered upon the work with his old-time inspiration.

On November 13, 1890, the first issue of *The Free Methodist* bearing my name at the head of the editorial staff appeared. The following is an extract from my "Salutatory" to the patrons of the church paper:

"The action of the late general conference in electing me editor of the church paper was altogether unexpected to me. While it may well be regarded as a post of honor, yet, when we consider what is required of an editor, one can but feel that the honors are well-nigh eclipsed by its duties.

"Being inexperienced in editorial work we might well hesitate, but recognizing the voice of the church as the voice of God, we address ourselves to this work as an obedient servant. As such we have ever sought to serve the church in whatever position we have been placed.

"We shall study the highest interest of the work of God as represented by our church and labor to so conduct *The Free Methodist* that it will contribute to the support of those issues and principles which the church holds to be vital to Christianity, and discountenance those customs and practises which we regard as destructive to vital godliness. We shall aim to promote the peace and harmony of the church on the Bible platform. Our forces must not be divided. Our hopes, our aims, our interests are one. To encourage factious elements must sooner or later result disastrously. As the organ of the church, *The Free Methodist* will endeavor to voice the sentiments and principles of our people in a fearless and dignified manner, and with a spirit becoming a periodical ordained of God to spread

the work of 'true holiness.' We shall heed the apostolic injunction, 'Keep thyself pure.'

"*The Free Methodist* will be found at the forefront in support of every truly moral reform. Every thoughtful person must feel the importance of a candid and thorough treatment of all moral and religious questions. We are exceedingly desirous that *The Free Methodist* shall continue to be a pure and spiritual and fearless advocate of the Bible standard of experimental and practical piety, and that its weekly visits shall be a valuable aid to all its readers in working out their own salvation, and in their efforts to spread scriptural holiness throughout these lands.

"We lay no claim to infallibility. Any kindly criticisms that our patrons may offer, will be carefully considered; any friendly advice they may give, will be gladly received. While we may have occasion to grieve over our inability to bring this paper fully up to our ideal of a religious journal, we shall find satisfaction in a conscious purpose to promote the welfare of the church, and defend the eternal principles of right and truth."

December 11th found us cozily settled in our own hired house on Oakley avenue, Chicago, with my daughters Nellie and Mabel as housekeepers. It was a great pleasure for us to be settled once more in a place we could call home. The sudden change from traveling a large district to the confinement incident to the work of an editor occasioned some misgivings, but I was enabled soon to adjust myself to existing conditions and go on with my work.

CHAPTER XXII.

I had not occupied the editorial chair very long before I received a communication from a good brother expressing the hope that I would take up the "topics of the day" and discuss them editorially, and give less attention to the "dogmas and truisms so commonly taught among our people." I was cautioned against being "too narrow." This suggestion drew out the following editorial:

"'Of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you.' The supply of that type of journalism which is restricted to the discussion of the 'topics of the day' is, in our judgment, fully up to the needs of the age. There is need of more periodicals, as well as preachers, that hold to the line of pure gospel truth.

"Among our many worthy exchanges there is not one too many that devotes its columns to the spread of pure Bible doctrine; not one too many has courage to denounce popular sins, expose the pride and formality of the churches and raise the signal at every place of danger. Too many religious journals, like a 'time-serving ministry,' are given to scientific speculations, vain philosophizing and weakening sentimentality, instead of exposing the lust, pride, covetousness and rebellion of the human heart, and holding to the Word of God which is the true standard of Christian life and charac-

ter. There is a growing tendency to lower the standard of Christian duty.

"The self-indulgent worldly spirit of the age must be checked and popular journals cannot be relied upon to do this kind of work. They are more given to dealing out 'intellectual poisons that intoxicate the mind and corrupt the heart.' While they may wake up the imaginations, arouse the sympathies and play upon the passions of some, they are, at the same time, drawing their victims into the whirlpool of formality, worldliness and death.

"The world-spirit is fast paralyzing the pulpit and the press. There is need of religious periodicals that cannot be intimidated by opposition or persecution—periodicals that will not sacrifice their loyalty to Christ for any consideration."

The year 1891 was a busy one with me. While attending strictly to my editorial duties I endeavored not to bury my preaching talent. The opening of the year found me engaged in a watch-night service at Melrose Park, Chicago, Rev. J. W. Sharpe, pastor. The freedom of the Spirit was felt throughout the meeting and one soul was graciously saved.

An occasional visit to Wells street mission, Chicago, then in charge of Sister Bradley, was very refreshing to me. In one service a man seventy years old, who had never been converted, was gloriously saved, and continued to attend the mission, testifying to what God had done for him. Some remarkable deliverances from the tobacco and liquor habits were witnessed in those meetings. The "river of life" certainly flowed through that mis-

sion. Later the mission was removed to Des Plaines street, where it is now known as "Olive Branch Mission," in charge of Sister M. J. Everhart, and is doing a great work in rescuing perishing souls.

What grand possibilities of grace are within the reach of every accountable being. Though fallen low, they may be lifted high. There are immeasurable heights and depths of spiritual light and life to be experienced, boundless fields of wisdom and knowledge to be explored, and a straight path before us that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Not content with simply a "form of godliness," every Christian should press forward to those heights of spiritual life and enjoyment which will enable him to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

On January 4, 1891, I attended the reopening of the church at Sycamore, Illinois. The following report of the services appeared in *The Free Methodist*:

"Our church at Sycamore was reopened for divine worship on January 4th. Our beloved editor, Rev. B. R. Jones, was with us and preached both morning and night. We all felt grateful for the privilege of listening to the precious truths which he taught and trust they will be beneficial to all who listened. The indebtedness was quickly provided for and the church dedicated to God. Our faith for the prosperity of our Zion was greatly quickened and we went to our homes rejoicing. The Lord greatly helped us and we give Him all the glory. JOHN HARVEY, *Pastor.*"

A few months after I entered upon my work as editor, and while somewhat pressed with its cares and perplexities, the following encouraging words from our now sainted Brother J. G. Terrill, were received:

"My Dear Brother Jones:

"* * * I think you are doing well in your new position. I know something of what you have to undergo from the sense of responsibility and, to some extent, unappreciated efforts to advance the common cause. I think a glorious success awaits your faithful efforts, besides the consciousness of having done your duty in the fear of God. The rank and file of both the ministry and laity will crown you with their approval in a manner that will be sweet to remember in heaven.

"Your sincere brother,

"J. G. Terrill."

About the same time the following brotherly letter was received from Binghamton, New York:

"Dear Brother Jones:—Allow me to congratulate you on your success in your new field of Christian toil as editor. * * * Heaven continue to bless and encourage you in your work for the Master. In these days of shifting and drifting and mixing I feel and appreciate the solidity of the Rock of Ages more and more. Oh, how solid, how unchangeable, how satisfying, is Christianity! Christ is more to me than all creeds, all churches, all men, all friends, all this world. He is my nearest kin, my Redeemer, Elder Brother, abiding guest and everlasting rest.

"Yours in God forever,

"Moses N. Downing."

Such kind words of commendation could but inspire me with renewed courage and a firmer purpose to do my best to increase the value and usefulness of *The Free Methodist.*

On May 16, 1891, we were called upon to chronicle the death of Rev. Joseph Travis, one of the pioneer ministers of the church. He was a man of rare gifts, eminent piety and true devotion to God. He was a profound thinker, a clear reasoner and an impressive speaker. The theme and glory of his ministrations was Jesus Christ and Him crucified. For four years he performed faithfully the duties of editor of *The Free Methodist*. His removal from earth unfolds to him a vast enlargement of spiritual vision and admits him to the uninterrupted enjoyment of God and the vision of His glory through interminable years.

The following account of the reopening at South Oil City, Pennsylvania, June 13, 14, 1891, appeared in *The Free Methodist*: "Our reopening was a blessed success. Brother B. R. Jones was with us. He preached four times in the power of the Spirit. Brother Sellew, our newly appointed chairman, preached once to the glory of God. Brother Jones preached the dedicatory sermon on Sabbath at 11:00 a. m. The discourse was sublime and the congregation was enraptured. God was there. Two hundred thirty-two dollars was quickly raised to meet the remaining indebtedness. Praise God! The love-feast was glorious. The house now belongs to God, and His presence rests upon us all.

"A. C. Showers, *P. C.*"

The occasion was a memorable one. None whose hearts were open to God could remain unprofited and unblest. Brother Showers was a promising young man and an able preacher. A few years

later the Lord called him home. His works follow him.

On August 6, 1891, I assisted Elder C. A. Fleming in the dedication of a church at Hettick, Illinois. I was unusually impressed on that occasion with the similarity of the Spirit's operations on different classes of people. Just after the benediction at the close of the Sabbath afternoon service a cloud of glory burst over the audience and Free Methodists, Southern Methodists, Episcopal Methodists and Baptists joined in one grand chorus of praises and hallelujahs to God for the marvelous victory achieved. It was a glorious scene. Several were graciously saved at the night service. The precious seasons of grace experienced on that occasion awakened new interest in the work of God at Hettick. That was the first Free Methodist church built in Macoupin county. The society at that point was organized amid fierce opposition. Their tabernacle was cut down, attempts made to burn them out, and the rotten-egg argument used for all it was worth. Still the little company stood up bravely with their faces to the foe. A number were saved and a society organized in the schoolhouse just out of town. Soon the schoolhouse was closed against them and the meetings were continued in private houses. A church became a necessity, and it is not surprising that those who had been under the burden should give expression of thanksgiving to God for providing them such a comfortable house in which to worship Him without fear of being further molested. Strict integrity to God and the truth is sure to win.

August 27-30 I spent at my home conference, in session at Sherwood, Michigan. It was there I held my first revival after entering the ministry. A number were gloriously saved in that meeting, some of whom I expect to meet in heaven.

That session marked a crisis in the Michigan conference. Discordant elements under the guise of "independency" had made inroads on the conference. Independent missionary movements were appealing to the church for countenance and support; but at that session rival movements received no countenance whatever, and under the divine blessing the conference became fully united in support of its own institutions.

In the fall of 1891 I entered upon my pastorate at the Second church, Chicago, which then worshiped in a hall on Ogden avenue. Some of God's elect were numbered with that society. For three years I remained their pastor, and we enjoyed many precious seasons together. Brother Chesbro was our worthy Bible-class teacher, and his presence was always an inspiration to our meetings. Sister Dudman was in the vigor of strength those days and her earnest prayers and fiery testimonies created a hungering in many a heart after the experience of perfect love. Brother and Sister John Tyler and their two daughters were among the strong and faithful supporters of the church. The Cureton sisters were tried and true saints and have since died in peace. The society continued to prosper and is now located in a comfortable church on Lexington street.

CHAPTER XXIII.

At the dawn of the year 1892 I was engaged in a watch-night service at Omaha, Nebraska, Sister Newberry, pastor. A blessed spirit prevailed. Sister N. had been engaged in special meetings at that point for a few weeks and a number had been saved. A man ninety-six years old was converted during the meetings and testified to having a sure hope in Christ. What a trophy of grace!

In June, 1892, I made my first visit to South Dakota, attending the Mitchell district camp-meeting, held near Olivet, in charge of Chairman J. B. Freeland. The attendance was good, considering the scattered condition of the work, and the services were interesting. There was about the same amount of "digging down" and "clearing up" that is witnessed in older sections of the work. I met several pilgrims whom I had formerly known in Michigan. They had passed through severe struggles and experienced great privations in their efforts to secure homes in that new country. The work of the church was then in its formation period, and many sacrifices have been made to bring the conference to its present state.

On reaching the Grand Meadow camp-ground on the 17th, I found Chairman C. H. Sage busily engaged planning and working for the meeting. Some of the pilgrims drove over eighty miles to attend

that meeting, evidencing their appreciation of the means of grace. The same forms of iniquity abound as in older sections of the country, and the same divine power is needed to bring souls to Christ. Brother Sage wrote of the meeting: "It was a grand success. Several were converted, some sanctified and the saints wonderfully quickened. God came in power. It was one of the grandest meetings I ever attended."

It was my privilege to preach the annual sermon at the first commencement day of the Wessington Springs Seminary, June 22, 1892, Professor J. K. Freeland, principal. The maiden class of graduates were all maidens, and their maiden orations were of a character that gave credit both to themselves and to their instructors. The exercises in the various departments were interesting and gave evidence of the excellent work being done by that pioneer school. Professor C. W. Shay and Miss Emma Pretty, both graduates of Spring Arbor Seminary, were members of the faculty.

By invitation of the chairman, Rev. E. E. Hall, I attended the district camp-meeting at Birmingham, Iowa, in August, 1892. It was estimated that about 5,000 people were in attendance on the Sabbath. On Monday there was a perceptible increase in the melting, molding power of the Holy Spirit on the people. The saints settled into Christ more fully. Groups of praying ones, accompanied by yearning souls, could be seen retiring to the woods, and soon the forest rang with their fervent prayers. Notes of victory were struck and the interest steadily increased until the meeting closed. Some

were converted, a few reclaimed from a backslidden state, while others were sanctified wholly. The ground on which the meeting was held has since been purchased, a substantial tabernacle erected and a permant camp-ground established.

Duing the year 1892 the death of several persons who had been prominent in the work of the church was announced through *The Free Methodist*. Among them were Rev. R. W. Hawkins, a valued Christian minister, well known throughout the denomination; D. W. Abrams, a leading layman of Michigan. He was a member of the executive committee and took a deep interest in the home and foreign work; Dewey Teft, a charter member in Western New York, and several times a delegate to general conference; Joseph Jones, of Michigan, at whose home E. P. Hart made headquarters when opening the work in that state. He was one of the charter members at Ida; Rev. Joseph McCreery, that eccentric man of God, well known to early Free Methodists. He was driven from the Methodist Episcopal church in 1858, the same year that B. T. Roberts and other holy men were expelled. The following note from his pen appeared in *The Free Methodist* while I was editor: "The holiness that Methodists were raised up to spread was the kind that changed the feelings and lives of those who experienced it. It took the world, self and the devil out of them, clothed them in their right minds, and set them at the feet of Jesus. It took from their soul, and bodies, and spirits, all that God's Word prohibits, and gave them to possess all that God's Word promises."

The years 1891-92 marked a crisis in the foreign missionary work of the church. The general conference had appointed a general missionary board to take the oversight of the missionary interests of the church. A little later several independent missionary movements were inaugurated within the church, exercising the powers and functions of the general missionary board, and their leaders assuming prerogatives not given them by the church.

At the Wabash conference in 1890, Superintendent Hart rendered the following decision: "Out side the general missionary board there is no authority for appointing missionaries to foreign lands." The decision was sustained by the general conference. It was felt by those who were loyal to the church that her sacred interests required the utmost harmony in her missionary operations, and that her missionary work should be under the immediate supervision of the board, and the authority vested in the board recognized by the entire church. In different localities members of the church were being solicited to contribute to the support of missions under the management of self-appointed leaders who paid no regard to the authorities of the church. Their course tended to deplete the treasury of the church board and cripple the regular work. The course they took was disapproved by the leading men of the church, and the controversy, at times, became somewhat heated. Different quarterly conferences throughout the connection took official action, disapproving of the course pursued by the agitators of the independent movements.

As the guardian of the church it became the duty of *The Free Methodist* to enter an earnest protest against methods so unwarranted, and question the loyalty of those who disregarded the disciplinary provisions of the church. For this open stand the editor received his full share of criticism. Subsequent developments, however, proved the position of *The Free Methodist* to have been right, and at this time (1909) our foreign missionary work is in a prosperous state, having no rival interests calling for the support of the church. In India, Africa, Japan and China we have well-established mission stations from which the light of the glorious gospel is steadily shining out into the heathen darkness that surrounds them.

Where love and harmony prevail the best results may be expected. To insure this in any organized body there must be a proper recognition of properly constituted authority.

The following letter, dated January 16, 1893, announcing the organization of the first Free Methodist society in Africa was received from Fair View Mission station, Natal, South Africa:

"Dear Brother Jones:—Yesterday we organized a class of eight members, including Mrs. Noyes and myself. Others are getting ready to join. Pray for this little band of Zulu pilgrims with dusky faces and loving hearts. It affords me unspeakable joy to grasp them by the hand on behalf of the church and call them brother and sister. They were greatly affected and wept for joy as Brother Noyes talked to them about the duties and privileges of church members. It was a precious season. The 'God of Jacob is our refuge.' F. Grace Allen."

A sudden sadness settled over *The Free Methodist* office on February 27, 1893, on receipt of the following telegram from Cattaraugus, New York:

"Brother B. T. Roberts passed to his eternal rest just before one o'clock."

The death of this devoted man of God cast a shadow over the entire church. As the founder of the Free Methodist church and one whose energies were fully enlisted in the work of God, his death was deeply mourned. His deep devotion, singleness of purpose, Christ-like simplicity, and zeal for the promotion of the work of God endeared him to all with whom he was associated.

During the early part of his ministry Mr. Roberts experienced the blessing of holiness. True to his convictions he chose the unpopular way, and received such an enduement of power as he had never experienced before. Thorough revivals followed wherever he labored. Realizing the paralyzing effects of worldly innovations on the church, he lifted up his voice against them. This, together with the faithful advocacy of the doctrine of holiness, aroused bitter opposition and persecution, resulting in his separation from the mother church. That necessitated a new organization.

In 1860 the Free Methodist church was organized, of which Rev. B. T. Roberts was elected the first general superintendent, which honored position he occupied until his death. Being a thorough scholar and a devout Christian, he was eminently qualified for leadership in the church of God. With untiring energy, patient endurance and victorious

faith he stood at the forefront in the great moral conflict. With him the work of God was paramount to every other consideration. To the church the death of such a devoted and trusted leader was a great loss.

Memorial services were held at the First church, Chicago, April 11th, in charge of Superintendent Hart. By arrangement of the executive committee the following persons addressed the meeting: E. P. Hart, G. W. Coleman, B. Winget, J. B. Freeland, B. R. Jones. Voluntary addresses were made by others. About forty ministers were present, representing seven annual conferences. The occasion was one of deep solemnity and spiritual edification.

At the special meeting of the executive committee, held at 14 N. May Street, Chicago, April 4, 1893, Rev. Wilson T. Hogue was elected general superintendent to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Superintendent Roberts.

Following close upon the death of Superintendent Roberts came the death of Rev. John Ellison, one of the pioneers of the Michigan conference. At the request of the family I conducted the funeral services at Spring Arbor, Michigan, April 6, 1893.

Having been associated with Brother Ellison in the ministry for over twenty-five years, I feel competent to pronounce upon his true character and real worth. He was a faithful pastor, an efficient chairman and a successful revivalist. His work was thorough, and those who were converted under his labors usually made strong adherents to the principles of the church. He organized many new societies, and was ever ready to make the sacrifices

and endure the hardships incident to establishing the work in new fields.

John Ellison won that true merit which attaches to men by virtue of right character, and which can not be acquired by wealth, or position, or literary attainment. In him were blended those elements that produce a pure and strong character. A royal nobleness was in his step and truth and devotion shone in impressive characters in his face.

The providence that removes such holy men from the field of toil is mysterious. But it is the privilege of the church to see the hand of God in every event of providence, and by faith learn His benevolent design in every chastening. No doubt should be allowed to weaken the faith which God inspires. Could we see as God sees, and know as God knows, we would wish nothing in His plans or discipline changed.

On June 10, 1893, I was taken with an attack of fever and did not leave my house for six weeks. All my engagements for camp-meetings and dedications were canceled and I was relieved of all care of the paper. This threw added responsibilities upon our devoted and efficient office editor—Sister Mary L. Baker. Several of the corresponding editors and other contributors rallied to our help and there was no lack of material for the editorial department.

The Lord graciously sustained me during my sickness, and I enjoyed seasons of precious communion with Him. Never before during my ministry had I been so completely prostrated. But I was enabled by grace to patiently submit to the will of God, hav-

ing the assurance that all things work together for good to them that love Him.

On July 28th I took steamer for Bay View, Michigan. After my long, weary confinement the three-hundred-mile trip down Lake Michigan was very invigorating. On arriving at Bay View I received a cordial welcome by Brother and Sister Joseph Nash, at whose pleasant cottage I was warmly entertained during my stay there. They showed me every possible kindness, and provided me with everything they thought would contribute to my recovery. They shall not lose their reward.

After spending one month among the pleasant and healthful surroundings of Bay View I started homeward, arriving September 2, fully recovered in health and thanking God for His gracious care over me. The mental excitements produced by change of associations and conditions, while more or less salutary, soon gave place to those nobler and more inspiring visions which are produced by a revelation of God to the heart.

In 1893 I attended the famous parliament of religions assembled in Chicago. Distinguished delegates were present from all parts of the world. Judaism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Shintoism, Hinduism, Parseeism and Brahmanism were all represented by scholarly men.

The professed aim of the parliament was to "unite all religions against irreligion." It afforded a grand opportunity for the anti-Christian and unorthodox systems of religion to laud their principles and emphasize their virtues before the world. They sought to make it appear that America was

suffering for want of light from those apostles of the oriental religions.

The whole proceedings appeared like a gross perversion of the true principles of Christianity and a fruitless effort to unite what God has declared to be eternal opposites—Christ and Belial, light and darkness, righteousness and unrighteousness. The "religious unity" that aims at such a commingling of Protestantism with the Christ-rejecting religions of the world as to recognize all to be traveling toward the same end, though by "various paths," is far from the unity that is produced by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on mankind.

The immortal Joseph Cook appeared as the champion of orthodox Christianity. In unequivocal terms he declared that the religion that does not save its possessor from the guilt and love of sin is a base counterfeit, and that only through the atonement of Christ can mankind thus be saved.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Thirty-six hours out from Chicago brought me to Colorado Springs, Colorado, May 12, 1894, en route for the Pacific coast. I was cordially received at the home of Elder C. W. Stamp. Some time was spent in viewing the natural wonders of that mountain region. Wearied with the monotony of the plains the tourist enjoys the glens and canyons, lakes and waterfalls, caverns and peaks that abound there. Amid summer heat one can look out upon a region of perpetual snow. Pike's Peak, the most majestic peak of Colorado, towers above the clouds to an altitude of 14,174 feet.

A visit to the "Garden of the Gods" brought us in view of huge, upright forms of rocks of indescribable grandeur. Toward the western extremity of the Garden stands "Balanced Rock," a ponderous, upright boulder, balanced upon a narrow, pivotal base. As one stands in the shadow of those marvelous rock formations he is inspired with the deepest reverence for the God of infinite wisdom and power.

My normal and most healthful altitude, however, was reached when I entered upon the religious services of the occasion. I shared a most agreeable and profitable season with the pilgrims of Colorado Springs and adjoining circuits. Of this meeting Brother Stamp wrote for *The Free Methodist:*

"Colorado Springs has been blessed with a visit from Brother B. R. Jones, our editor. He preached three times to good congregations, with much divine help. The pilgrims from near-by circuits attended the services, and God was with us in power. This season of refreshing was a great blessing to the people of Colorado Springs. May Brother Jones be spared many years to preach and write the glorious gospel. C. W. Stamp."

We left Colorado Springs May 15th. The scenery through Southern Colorado is diversified and interesting. At a distance of ninety miles Pike's Peak is visible, and the beautiful Spanish Peaks come into view, alternately disappearing and recurring for a distance of about one hundred miles.

Passing into New Mexico we saw exhibitions of what is said to be the oldest civilization in the United States. Occasionally we passed a typical Mexican village. Those quaint communities are composed of adobe huts made of bricks of clay mixed with chopped straw and dried in the sun. The white cross seen on the humble sanctuaries indicates the religious belief of the inhabitants. The marks of ignorance and superstition are discernible on their countenances, and evidences of poverty, indolence and want of enterprise may be seen in all the wayside villages. The condition of those poor Mexicans is deplorable. Counting beads, wearing emblems, paying penance, and such like, afford no relief to those poor, ignorant, priest-ridden people. It seems to be a field for mission enterprise quite as needy as among the black skins of the "Dark Continent."

A fearful sand-storm swept over Northern Ari-

zona a few hours ahead of us, wrecking the train which I would have been on had I not been detained in Colorado one day longer than I had planned. In that protecting providence I recognize the hand of God.

At "The Needles" — mountain peaks towering high and tapering to very small points—we crossed the Colorado river into California. Our first greeting at this point was by a group of Indians of the Mojave tribe. Squaws with papooses on their backs crowd around incoming trains and stretch out their dirty hands for nickles.

For over 250 miles through the eastern part of California the country is as barren and desolate as any part of Arizona or New Mexico. But when within about one hundred miles from the coast the country opens up into one of the most beautiful and fertile fruit-growing regions I ever beheld. On arriving at Los Angeles I was most cordially welcomed at the home of Brother and Sister E. C. Shipley whom I had formerly known in Ohio.

On May 18th I made my first visit to the orange-groves and vineyards of Southern California. It was a rare treat to me, and had my commission read that way I should have been willing to occupy one of those cozy cottages—buried in rich profusion of flowers and surrounded by beautiful orchards laden with golden fruits. But my calling being of a higher order I felt perfectly satisfied to continue in the Master's work, treasuring my wealth in heaven.

It was my privilege to attend the fourth session of the Southern California conference, held at Santa

Ana, May 16-20, 1894. Superintendent Hogue presided. A good spirit was shown in all the business sittings, and the discussions which necessarily arose in deciding the various questions that came before the conference were conducted in a spirit of love.

Many difficulties are met in the work on the Pacific coast. In addition to the usual embarrassment incident to the promotion of thorough gospel work, the fearful craze for riches that has seized the masses in that region makes it extremely difficult to win them to Christ. Even pastors experience some difficulty at times in resisting the temptation to go into some form of speculation. There is a mighty warfare to be waged. Even in that "flower garden of the world" it has been proven that men are not "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease." I enjoyed one service with the church in Los Angeles and found a goodly number of God's elect earnestly contending for the "faith which was once delivered unto the saints."

Twenty-one hours out from Los Angeles brought me to Trestle Glen Park, East Oakland, the seat of the California conference. Superintendent Hart, being a member of that conference, took an active interest in its proceedings. Rev. W. D. Bishop, one of the early pioneers of the Michigan conference, united at that session and took an evangelist's relation. There was a large gathering of God's chosen ones at that conference, and the presence of the Master crowned the services. A few souls were converted, others sanctified wholly.

As elsewhere in California the work has ever moved slowly in that conference. Satan seems to

have the general management of affairs among the masses. The politicians are corrupt, business men are unscrupulous and the large churches are proud, formal and powerless. Yet in many places may be found a few saints who have not bowed the knee to Baal and are maintaining the standard of gospel simplicity and spirituality. A steady, aggressive movement, with full reliance upon God, is sure to result in strengthening and enlarging the borders of the church in that land of indifference and skepticism.

Through the kindness of Brother B. L. Knoll, a Michigan product, I was privileged to view the country for thirty miles around San Jose. That region is spoken of by some as the "Garden of the World." For a whole day we drove through one continuous fruit garden. As a rich beautiful fruit region Santa Clara valley surpasses anything of the kind I have seen elsewhere. We made short visits at the homes of Brothers Kibby and Collister, whom I had formerly known in Ohio.

I spent Sunday, May 10, 1894, with the church at Alameda, Rev. William Pearce, pastor. A few devoted saints were keeping the gospel banner unfurled and waiting for a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. During my stay in Alameda I was kindly entertained at the pleasant home of Superintendent Hart and family. A little rest was needed, and I could not easily have found a more congenial resting-place.

After spending three weeks most pleasantly within the bounds of the California conference, I re-

sumed my journey northward, leaving Alameda June 12, 1894.

The all-rail line between San Francisco and Portland is regarded as one of the most difficult and costly railway engineering achievements on the continent. Along the entire route the scenery is extremely picturesque, making the trip very interesting. Castle Crags, Mossbrae Falls, and the imposing grandeur of Mount Shasta are exceedingly fascinating. As our train threaded its way through beautifully wooded canyons, whirling around sudden curves along crests of dark chasms, intermingling expressions of alarm, delight and admiration might be heard among the passengers.

On arriving at Tacoma, Washington, I found Elder C. E. McReynolds and others engaged in a tent-meeting. The services were interesting and profitable. The saints were blest in labors and the Holy Spirit gave inspiration in preaching the Word of life. There as elsewhere the fearful pressure of formality and worldliness was felt, and it is only by the most diligent perseverance and watchfulness that the saints maintain their spirituality and the church its existence.

The trip down Puget Sound to Seattle was very pleasant. In company with Rev. A. Beers I visited the new and flourishing seminary in that city. From the beginning, Seattle Seminary has proven itself worthy the patronage and support of all who are interested in Christian education. Since that time its growth has been phenomenal, and hundreds of young people have gone out from its walls to bless the world.

At Spokane, Washington, I attended a camp-meeting in charge of Rev. J. C. Scott. The ministers present were in the Spirit, and labored faithfully and harmoniously. A good work was done. Souls were saved, and a strong sentiment created in favor of a thorough type of salvation. The spiritual tide ran deep and clear. The harvest-time had nicely set in as the closing day arrived. That was one of the many instances I had noted in which, as it seemed to me, a much greater harvest might have been gathered if the services had been prolonged.

In company with Brother A. Beers I resumed my journey eastward June 25, 1894. The next day as our train drew into the depot at Livingston, Montana, a crowd of railroad employes, cowboys, tramps and hoodlums surrounded the platform. Evidently trouble was brewing. A gigantic strike had been inaugurated through sympathy with the employes of the Pullman Car Company. The Northern Pacific Company refusing to allow its train to proceed without the Pullman coaches, we were side-tracked, and over two-hundred and fifty persons were suddenly added to the population of the city. Intense excitement prevailed, yet no violence was attempted.

After being shut in at Livingston for ten days, and despairing of immediate relief through government intervention, we planned a way of escape. Early on June 7th a company of eight mounted a stage-coach and began a journey of one hundred forty miles. Relieved from the long suspense under which we had been held, there was a general expres-

sion of satisfaction over the prospect of going somewhere. Our route lay along the line of a succession of typical mountain towns where butter and eggs were scarce but "mountain whisky" was plentiful. We passed through the region where years before hostile Indians made frequent raids on the white settlers, slaughtering them without mercy. It was a rare thing to see a church in any of the small towns. Mining interests were the leading topics of conversation, and beer and whisky the principal articles of merchandise. After a three-days' drive we reached Helena, Montana, where we found an outlet over the Great Northern whose operations had not been interrupted by the strike.

The following editorial note appeared in *The Free Methodist* of July 18, 1894: "*Home again.* In the order of a kind providence I am again permitted to occupy my place in *The Free Methodist* office. During an absence of over two months and a journey of nearly 7,000 miles the Lord has graciously sustained and protected me. Amid perils of flood and fire and riots which attended my trip no harm was permitted to befall me."

Altogether, my trip to the Pacific coast was most enjoyable and profitable. I was warmly received and kindly entertained at every point. I met a number with whom I had associated in former days, and formed many new acquaintances among the saints scattered abroad.

At Sarahsville, Ohio, September 5-9, 1894, by appointment of Superintendent Hart, I had my first experience in presiding over an annual conference. Of that session Rev. W. B. Olmstead wrote for

The Free Methodist: "The sixteenth annual session of the Ohio conference was the occasion of a great spiritual outpouring. Peace and harmony prevailed. Rev. B. R. Jones presided with great acceptability. It seemed as though the business of the conference could not have been conducted with greater dispatch and thoroughness. The religious services were all good, but the climax was reached on Sunday when the power of God came on preachers and people in a most remarkable manner. The vast audience was mightily moved and both saints and sinners felt the power of the Spirit and realized that Elijah's God was walking in our midst. It was one of those indescribable scenes when, for a short period, heaven and earth come together. Praise the Lord. We are encouraged, for we know that God is with us."

W. C. Muffitt, having been elected to elder's orders and S. C. Sherburn to deacon's orders, were ordained on the Sabbath. That was my first experience in ordaining men to the gospel ministry. It was there I made my first official address to a body of ministers. Among other suggestions as to the method and manner of effectual preaching was the following, which was somewhat impressive as well as amusing: "Begin low, go slow; rise higher, strike fire; wax warm, quit in a storm."

On October 9, 1894, I made the following entry in my diary: "Have spent my last day in *The Free Methodist* office as editor for this term and perhaps forever. The Lord only knows." As strange as it might appear to the uninitiated some well-meaning persons took occasion to criticise my work as

editor. Not knowing how general the dissatisfaction might be it made my future field of labor appear rather uncertain. Yet I was perfectly unconcerned, knowing that opportunities for usefulness were limitless.

On the above date, in company with other delegates, I reached Greenville, Illinois, the seat of the general conference. To my great pleasure I was assigned for entertainment to the pleasant home of Professor and Mrs. A. H. Stilwell.

On October 10th, Superintendent Hart called the conference to order in Moss Hall. The absence of Superintendent Roberts, who had died during the quadrennium, cast a shadow over the conference. His fervent prayers, earnest exhortations and wise counsels were greatly missed.

The many important questions that arose were settled on the basis of deliberate, intelligent, prayerful consideration, and not on that of mere sentiment. It was the general feeling that what was needed was not so much additional machinery as more skill to run what we already had.

The question of ordaining women came up for consideration at that session. The annual conferences had already decided against it by a large majority, and the general conference was confronted with the question, "Will it be expedient to adopt a measure involving such a radical change in our church polity since a majority of the representatives of all the annual conferences have pronounced against it?" The wisdom of legislation involving radical changes on any line, even against large minorities, may be seriously questioned. The more im-

portant the measure the greater should be the unanimity with which it is adopted. Two sittings were given to the discussion of this question, during which the spirit of brotherly love prevailed. The proposed measure was lost by a vote of sixty-five nays against thirty-five yeas. The most ardent advocates of the measure accepted the decision of the church in a Christian spirit and the work continued to move on harmoniously.

It was at this conference that the church decided to purchase permanent quarters in Chicago for its publishing house. The property then occupied by the First Church at 14-16 North May street, was selected for that purpose.

The order of business for October 20, at ten a. m., was the election of general superintendents. The hour proved to be one of special importance to me. On the first ballot E. P. Hart, G. W. Coleman and B. R. Jones were declared elected. It would be other than human not to appreciate such an honor. My feelings on the occasion are best expressed in the following remarks, made at the request of the conference, immediately after my election:

"Mr. President, Dear Brethren:—Should I consult my feelings I would not attempt to respond to your call for remarks. My election as editor of *The Free Methodist*, four years ago, came like an electric shock to me. I decided at that time that I would never again express surprise at anything a general conference might do, however mysterious it might appear. I have been before you for four years. I have received some kindly criticisms and many encouraging words. I greatly appreciate this

renewed expression of your confidence and esteem. From some rumors that were afloat I thought perhaps I might be invited to vacate the editorial chair, but I did not think it would come in this manner. I am a loyal Free Methodist. By experience I know little in the religious world outside the principles of Free Methodism. I am a Free Methodist by education and by grace. I was converted in this church and never belonged to any other. For over twenty-five years I have been engaged in the ministry of the church. During that time I have never dictated an appointment of my own. The voice of the church has ever been the voice of God to me. When I first entered the ministry I was a frail young man and my friends prophesied a short career for me. But my strength has increased with advancing years, and to-day I am stronger than ever I was. The additional responsibilities you place upon me by your action to-day seem very heavy; and the only way I can reconcile myself to this position of trust is in my established conviction that God appoints our work and ways and whatever He orders is best. I am fully committed to the divine will, and my best efforts shall be given to the work assigned to me. God asks no more, the church can exact no more. I am sure I shall have your sympathies, your encouragement, your co-operation and your prayers."

The following tribute appeared in the *General Conference Daily* soon after the election: "The church has become well acquainted with Burton R. Jones, the new general superintendent, during the past four years of his labor as editor. The

Daily predicts that he will be found to be a safe counselor and careful administrator. When young for the office he was elected traveling chairman, and during the most of his ministerial life, until four years ago, he held that office, his fields of labor lying in Michigan and Ohio. He has a good reputation as a presiding officer in quarterly conferences, and is a wise and careful administrator in that capacity, which is a guarantee of his safe administration in the higher office to which he is now called. He is mild in manner, deliberate in judgment, and will be found to be a safe leader of our people. Mild as he is, firmness is a strong feature of his character. The *Daily* knows this to be true, and can furnish the proof from the pigeonholes of his editorial desk. He can say 'NO,' so it will be the end of controversy, but he will do it with a smile that will leave pleasant remembrances. God bless him and make him a blessing to the church."

Rev. W. T. Hogue, a most worthy and capable brother, was elected my successor as editor of *The Free Methodist.*

The title of "chairman," used to designate the elder presiding over a district, was changed to "district elder." No change was made in the office, but a more appropriate name given to the officer. The elders soon took kindly to the new title, and have become so familiarized with it that they would not think of returning to the old secular title.

During the last hours of the session there were special manifestations of the divine presence and approval. The Lord most graciously anointed His

servants and, with few exceptions, the delegates returned to their homes feeling that there had been less friction and more of the Holy Spirit's presence than at any previous general conference of which they had any knowledge.

With the issue of November 7, 1894, I retired from the editorship of *The Free Methodist.* For four years I had sought through its columns to voice the sentiments and principles of the church in a fearless and dignified manner and in a spirit becoming a periodical ordained of God to spread the work of "true holiness." It had been my purpose to give hearty support to those issues which, as a people, we hold to be vital to Christian experience, and discountenance those customs and practises which are regarded as destructive to the life and power of godliness. I retired feeling under lasting obligations to the church for her patience and prayers, her sympathy and co-operation.

CHAPTER XXV.

The year 1895 held much that was pleasing in store for me. Evidently, the Lord was overruling the events of my life for His glory and my good. I continued my headquarters in Chicago, making my home at Brother John Tyler's.

I had the pleasure of spending the first Sabbath of the year with the good people of the Second Church. "Have salt in yourselves," was my morning text. I was conscious that a goodly number present had experimental knowledge of the purifying, preserving properties of the grace of God. The Lord graciously helped us, and it was a blessing to myself and to others to be present.

On January 11th, I arrived at Rochester, New York, where I had engaged to assist Rev. B. Winget, the pastor, in a few meetings. I was most comfortably entertained at the parsonage. The Lord honored us with His presence during the meetings and a few were specially helped and the church strengthened.

On January 26, 27, I assisted Brother A. E. Taylor in his quarterly meeting at Virginia street, Buffalo. The Lord was with us at all of the services and the pilgrims were encouraged and blessed. The day following I took my first oath and gave my first testimony in a civil court. A will bequeathing property to our general missionary board was being

contested in the circuit court in Buffalo, and I was summoned as a witness in the case.

On February 15, 1895, I made the following entry in my diary: "Chicago.—Received a letter from my daughter Mabel, who is attending Greenville College, giving an account of her recent conversion. Thank the Lord. Prayers are answered. May she persevere and become a strong Christian character. That is my highest ambition for my children."

On the evening of February 21, 1895, a little company gathered at the home of Rev. S. K. J. Chesbro, 598 Spaulding avenue, Chicago, it being the occasion of the marriage of my daughter, Nellie Edith, to William B. Philpot. My first desire and earnest prayer for them is that they may be saved and devote their lives to God.

The following was my first list of special appointments published after being elected general superintendent:

APRIL.—North Baltimore, Ohio, holiness convention, 2-9; Hamilton, Missouri, dedication, 13, 14; Pleasant Grove, Ohio, dedication, 27, 28. MAY.—Jamestown, New York, 4, 5; East Otto, New York, 11, 12; Greigsville, New York, 18, 19; Tonawanda, New York, 25, 26. JUNE.—Brantford, Ontario, camp-meeting, 6-10; Verona, Ontario, special, 16, 17; Havelock, Ontario, 18; Bracebridge, Ontario, camp-meeting, 19-24.

It was my privilege to share in the labors and blessings of an excellent holiness convention at North Baltimore, Ohio, April 2-8, 1895, W. B. Olmstead, district elder, in charge. W. G. Hanmer was also present besides about ten other preachers.

Three services were held each day. A number were sanctified wholly and the work given new inspiration. Sunday was a blessed day. Showers of glory came on the saints during the love-feast. A debt of $475 on the church property was wiped out. The victory of the Sabbath was a great encouragement to those who had the burden of the work on their hearts.

Of the dedication at Hannibal, Missouri, April 14th, I made the following note: "The occasion was one of blessing and encouragement to the saints. Every service was attended with the presence and power of God. There being no church debt to provide for, about $220 was subscribed toward erecting a parsonage. Rev. J. W. White, the pastor and district elder, was in poor health, but sufficiently recovered to attend the Sunday services. Quite a number of the saints gathered from abroad, and were blest in laboring and sacrificing to bless others. Missouri is honored with some of God's anointed ones, and they are praying for and expecting to see the advancement of His work.

On April 23, 1895, we were shocked by a telegram announcing the death of Rev. J. G. Terrill while in New York city, arranging for the departure of Sister Grace Allen to the mission field in Africa. His death brought sadness to the entire church. He was greatly beloved by all. His life was one of unselfish devotion to the interests of God's cause. Brother Terrill was a "good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." He identified himself with Free Methodism at its origin, and was one of its most influential leaders. His death

was triumphant and his influence will live on. At the time of his death Brother Terrill was general missionary secretary, having general supervision of the foreign missionary work of the church. At a meeting of the executive committee, July 2, 1895, B. Winget was selected to fill the vacancy caused by Brother T.'s death.

"Pleasant Grove, Ohio, April 28, 1895. For nearly twenty years our people had been permitted to worship in a union church at this place. Their expulsion from that building necessitated the erection of a new church. The more intelligent portion of the community, regarding the expulsion as unjust and uncalled for, extended their sympathies to our people and contributed liberally of their means, thus making possible the erection of a neat, substantial church, which I was privileged to dedicate to God free of debt. Pastor E. D. Crane had labored faithfully and was rewarded in witnessing the success of the enterprise. That was a striking instance of God making the 'wrath of men to praise Him.'"

During the months of May and June, 1895, I visited the Genesee conference, holding a quarterly meeting on each of the five districts. I was warmly received at every point and the Holy Spirit was graciously outpoured at the meetings. I found that the old pillars had not all been removed and primitive fire had not been entirely extinguished on that historic field. In some localities, however, I discovered that the church had yielded to a feeling of discouragement and a new inspiration of faith and courage was greatly needed. One thing will always give it — a Pentecostal baptism. Pentecostal re-

vivals are greatly needed. More culture and refinement, greater learning and eloquence, without a proportionate increase of spritual life and power, tend only to formality and death.

During that trip I visited the old Kendall homestead at Covington, New York, where W. C. Kendall was born and reared; also the cemetery where his remains were buried. As I stood beside the grave of that sainted man of God, I was inspired with renewed loyalty to the God-honored principles for which he so heroically contended. Through his influence I received my first impressions of moral responsibility. When but a youth the spirit of the fathers took a strong hold of me, and that hold has steadily strengthened with the passing years. And viewing the matter from my present standpoint, at the age of sixty-three, the wealth of the world would not induce me to wish it otherwise. May showers of grace continue to fall on that important field.

June 7-13 was spent at a camp-meeting in Brantford, Ontario, Elder J. Craig in charge. The attendance was large and the interest excellent. It was estimated that there were nearly 5,000 people present on Sunday, and a deep interest was shown in all the services. Such a meeting was entirely new to most of the people of that vicinity. Although quite a number were saved during the week, it was largely a time of seed-sowing. Since that time the work has been greatly strengthened and a commodious church erected. I have since been privileged to preside at two sessions of the West Ontario conference held at that place.

June 14th I took my first ride down Lake Ontario from Toronto to Kingston. It was a delightful trip. I spent one Sabbath at Verona, preaching twice to large and interested audiences. I was warmly entertained by Brother and Sister Burnham.

On arriving at Bracebridge, Ontario, June 19, I found the camp-meeting under way in charge of Elder Sims. I was entertained at the pleasant home of Brother J. D. Shire. The meeting was quite fruitful, many accepting the light and being made free. It was a means of strength to the church in that vicinity.

On the whole I greatly enjoyed my visit to the Canadian field, and was deeply impressed with the thorough type of Free Methodism I found there. A more devoted, self-sacrificing, God-fearing class of pilgrims it would be difficult to find.

On July 24, 1895, the following editorial note appeared in *The Free Methodist*:

"On Tuesday evening, July 16, at the home of Rev. E. P. Hart, 1117 Park avenue, Alameda, California, there was a very pleasant gathering of friends, and Rev. Burton R. Jones and Miss Helen M. Hart were united in holy matrimony by Rev. W. D. Bishop. All who know Brother and Sister Jones will wish them enduring happiness in their new relation, and will hope also that thereby their usefulness may be increased. They will remain on the coast until August 1, attend a tent-meeting at Ogden, August 3, 4, and reach Canon City, Colorado, where Brother Jones begins his tour of conferences, August 7."

The following was the first list of conferences over which I presided after being elected general superintendent:

Colorado, Canon City, Col.	Aug.	7
West Kansas, Alma, Neb.	"	14
Kansas, Clay Center, Kansas	"	21
Missouri, Albany, Mo.	"	28
Arkansas and Southern Missouri, Fair Play, Mo.	Sept.	4
Central Illinois, Litchfield, Ill.	"	11
Wabash, Vincennes, Ind.	"	18
Illinois, St. Charles, Ill.	"	25
Indiana, North, Fort Wayne, Ind.	Oct.	2
Texas, Dallas, Texas	"	23
Louisiana, Hazelhurst, Miss.	"	30

During this round of conferences I had my first experience in organizing a new conference. Of that conference I made the following brief note: "The Arkansas and Southern Missouri conference was organized at Fair Play, Missouri, September 1st. This new conference starts out full of faith and courage, with fair prospects of steadily increasing prosperity. Eleven conference preachers were given appointments and four local preachers employed as supplies. Many of our people in that locality had never before attended an annual conference, and the proceedings were watched with deep interest. The religious services were attended with much of the presence of God, and the occasion was one of special profit to the young ministers. On Sunday I preached twice, ordained one elder and three deacons, and baptized five children and one adult. The pilgrims are humble and teachable, and with wise leadership there is a promising future for the work in the new conference."

BURTON R. JONES
1895

The following report which appeared in *The Free Methodist* will be of interest to the reader: "Sunday, October 20, 1895, was a memorable day for the Second church of Chicago. On that day they reached what had long been the object of their hopes, their struggles and their prayers. Their new church was dedicated free of debt. The society was organized about eight years ago and for several years held their meetings in a hall, gathering and saving money each year for the purchase of a church lot. The new church is located on Lexington street and is a neat, substantial brick structure.

"The day of dedication was favorable in every way. W. G. Hanmer, general conference evangelist, preached in the morning. General Superintendent B. R. Jones preached the dedicatory sermon at 2:30. B. Winget, the missionary secretary, occupied the evening hour. The house was filled in the afternoon. Brother Jones' sermon from 'Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,' was able, eloquent and spiritual. In fifteen minutes $775 was pledged to clear the property of indebtedness. The entire cost was about $6,500. The Sisters Cureton and their brother John have contributed bountifully. S. K. J. Chesbro planned and managed for them most skillfully, besides preaching for the church for several years. The blessing of God came at all the services. A blessed service, at which the altar was filled with seekers, marked the closing scene. With the blessing of God, this church will be as a light in a dark place in the city of Chicago, so much given over to formality and wickedness.

"W. A. Sellew."

Accompanied by Mrs. J., October 20, 1895, I took train for my conferences in Texas and Mississippi. This was our first trip to the Southland, and a few way-side jottings may be interesting to the reader:

"October 23.—We awoke on Texas soil this morning. Reached Ft. Worth at 7:50 a. m. Made close connection for Dallas, arriving at 9:50 a. m. Met by pastor H. V. Haslam. Conference opened at two p. m. Good spirit. To-night I spoke from 1 John 2:3. Several seeking."

Of this session of the Texas conference the secretary wrote as follows: "The sixteenth annual session was held at Dallas, Texas, October 23-26, Superintendent Jones presiding. The sittings of the conference were harmonious and profitable. The president gave us three able and spiritual addresses on our work as ministers, in reference to both the temporal and spiritual interests of the church, in a way that we will not soon forget; and, carried into practise, will be of inestimable value to the church. A number were converted and others sanctified during the conference."

"Ashley, Mississippi, October 31.—I am having a blessed time with the pilgrims in Mississippi. God has some chosen ones here. Prospects are encouraging for this part of the Louisiana conference. Am entertained at the home of Elder Day."

"November 4.—Only four short sittings were required to complete the business. The conference being small and the business light, gave more time for religious services. The congregations and interest steadily increased. Earnest seekers were at the altar at every opportunity and several were

brought into the light—some of pardon, others of purity. A number united with the church. Sunday was a day of victory. The people came for miles on horses and mules and with ox teams. I had the pleasure of baptizing nineteen children. Considering the strong Baptist sentiment that exists in this region the baptism of so many children is regarded as a great victory for our Methodism. The people here have large families, and if our people succeed in training their children for God it is thought they will soon be able to 'grow a church.'"

"November 5.—Am spending a few days in the vicinity of Beasley Chapel, where the conference was held. God is honoring our people here in their uncompromising position on the distinctive issue of Bible holiness. Multiplied influences have combined to obstruct the work. The Masonic fraternity has been thoroughly aroused. Seven prominent Masons, besides a number of members of the minor orders, have renounced the lodge and united with the Free Methodist church. This, of course, brought against the church a tremendous tide of opposition and persecution, in which the popular church, including many who profess and preach holiness, united with an evident determination to crush out the Free Methodist movement. Prominent church members headed mobs, which by insults and threats and flourishing revolvers at public meetings, sought to intimidate the servants of God. One building in which our people worshiped and a tabernacle, were burned, and the property and lives of the preachers were threatened, but to no avail.

God's hosts were not to be repulsed by a show of fire-arms, nor by the smell of powder. They felt the undergirding of Omnipotence and realized that their weapons were mighty and their defense impenetrable. As a result of their devotion and fidelity public sentiment is undergoing a radical change, prejudice is giving way, and the people are coming to look upon the Free Methodist church as the most consistent representative of true holiness that has ever operated in this field."

"Sunday, November 10.—Dedicated New Hope chapel in Simpson county, Mississippi. The erection of a church on this hotly contested battle-ground is a remarkable token of divine favor. The introduction of our work here has improved the community at least a hundred per cent., civilly, intellectually, socially, morally, and in every good way. Still great improvement is needed. The people of this country are in fearful darkness. They must be enlightened and brought to Christ. This Southland offers one of the most promising missionary fields we have yet entered."

On November 17, 1895, we began a ten days' meeting at Ennis, Texas, H. V. Haslam, pastor. Much of the time during the meeting we labored under a heavy pressure. Occasionally the clouds would break and our faith claim a victory.

On the 26th I wrote: "This is one of the delightful days of the Southland—clear, sunny and warm. Yesterday we had a regular 'norther'—windy and cold, with a few snowflakes, the first of the season, and something rarely ever seen here in November. Water froze an eighth of an inch last

night. But nature has rallied from the sudden assault of the Northland, and to-day one would hardly think it had ever stormed here or even been cold. The cold snap and rain broke up our meeting entirely. To-night we start in anew. With the mercury down to thirty-five degrees above zero the people think it entirely out of question to go to church, and they just will not go, that is all there is about it. We expect to remain here over next Sunday. I am to speak at a union Thanksgiving service at the Methodist Episcopal Church South."

After a few weeks labor in Texas we returned to the North, making headquarters at Greenville, Illinois, the greater part of the winter. The following is my first annual report as general superintendent:

"To the ministers and members of the Free Methodist Church, greeting: In the fear of God I entered upon my duties as general superintendent immediately after adjournment of the last general conference; not, however, without serious apprehensions as to my ability to render acceptable service to the church in the responsible position to which I had been called. During the year I have labored within the bounds of nineteen annual conferences, as follows:

"Arkansas and Southern Missouri, one week; California, three weeks; Canada, three weeks; Central Illinois, one week; Colorado, two weeks; Genesee, eight weeks; Illinois, ten weeks; Iowa, two weeks; Kansas, one week; Louisiana, one week; Michigan, two weeks; Missouri, two weeks; North Indiana, one week; North Michigan, two weeks; Ohio, three weeks; Pittsburg, two weeks; Texas, one week; Wa-

bash, two weeks; West Kansas, one week. Miles traveled, 14,695.

"These labors include regular Sunday appointments filled for pastors, special Sunday services, funerals, protracted meetings, ten quarterly meetings, four camp-meetings, five dedications and eleven annual conferences. A large per cent. of our people are holding closely to the old lines and maintaining with unceasing vigilance the sacred principles which gave rise to our denominational existence. God has committed a sacred trust to the Free Methodist church. The standard of Bible holiness must be maintained. If the Free Methodist church keeps consecrated to God, humble and devoted, and lives where the stream of divine life perpetually rises from her sacred altars and flows through the hearts of her ministry and membership, we shall show far more aggressiveness, record greater victories and witness the salvation of many more souls during the next thirty-five years than we have during her past history."

CHAPTER XXVI.

New-year's day of 1896 I spent at our temporary quarters in Greenville, Illinois. After my round of conferences and several weeks of evangelistic labors in the South I felt the need of a short "lay off." And rest we did in that pleasant college town with its hallowed associations.

In February I made a trip to South Dakota to assist in the dedication of the new church at Beresford, W. A. Meacham, pastor. The society there had labored under many seeming discouragements, but their faith remained steady and they were permitted to reap the fruits of their labors. The services were characterized by the presence of the Holy Spirit and the seal of divine approbation was set upon the efforts of God's people to provide a place where the gospel could be preached. As is almost invariably the case on such occasions, when the financial burden was lifted the saints rejoiced.

A telegram from Topeka, Kansas, announcing the death of Darius Tinkham, was received May 10, 1896. Brother Tinkham was well known throughout the church and his death was deeply mourned. He was a true man of God and no sacrifice was too great for him to make in support of the cause of Christ, which was so dear to him. His remarkable kindness during my early ministry greatly endeared him to me.

The holiness convention at Mt. Carmel, Illinois, May 21-24, in charge of Elder D. S. Moore, which I was permitted to attend, was a very profitable occasion. There was a good attendance of ministers and members from the district and many expressed themselves as being greatly benefited. Several backsliders were reclaimed, others were sanctified and the church greatly strengthened and encouraged. The Sabbath was a glorious day. Three services were held in the church and one from the court-house steps.

So far as my observation and experience have gone such gatherings have been a great blessing to our work. They are sure to be of lasting benefit to the local societies where they are held, and those who gather from other points almost invariably catch new fire and return with an increased inspiration for the work of God.

A startling visitation brought great confusion into our camp at Quincy, Michigan, August 6, 1896. Of that meeting District Elder P. E. Vincent wrote for *The Free Methodist:* "Our camp-meeting began August 5th, and was to close the 12th. On the second day of the meeting a tornado visited that section of the country, blowing down several large trees together with our tabernacle. One sister was struck by a falling tree and instantly killed. The district elder was caught under the same tree but not seriously injured. A few others were bruised by falling limbs and broken poles. Early the next morning the neighbors came and helped us set up the tabernacle. The meeting started off with much depression of spirit, occa-

sioned by the sad occurrence of the previous day. Brother B. R. Jones arrived the day after the storm and was much helped of the Lord in preaching the Word to us over the Sabbath. But we little knew what further awaited us. About three p. m. on Monday another terrible storm swept over the camp, tearing down trees and causing general dismay. Four tents were struck but no person was injured. By this time everything was in such a state of confusion that we concluded it would be useless to try to continue, so we closed the meeting. To us this seems a strange providence, but God's plans and purposes are past finding out."

By invitation of Elder Barnhart, I attended the Bradford district camp-meeting held at Port Allegany, Pennsylvania, July 1-8, 1896. Of that gathering, A. D. Zahnizer wrote: "The meeting was decidedly a success. A goodly number were saved, many sanctified wholly and some were healed of bodily disease. Rev. B. R. Jones and wife were with us and under God were a great blessing. The sermon Sabbath morning was inspired of God. Brother Jones had to stop and allow us to shout."

Accompanied by Mrs. J., I began my round of conferences in 1896 with the North Michigan, held at Clarksville, August 12-16. It was a large and enthusiastic gathering, there being over one hundred well-filled tents on the ground. The vast throng that gathered on the Sabbath was very orderly and attentive. The following named young men were ordained elders: W. H. Bodine, F. O. Wyman, J. E. Sanders, D. D. Hall, F. E. Stowell, F. D. Palmer, W. Sherman. These were promising young men,

three of whom have since been district elders in the conference.

I had the pleasure of presiding at my home conference that year, held at Jackson, Michigan. Although some dissensions had arisen, resulting in the withdrawal of several preachers, the Lord brought in others to take their places and the work went steadily on. None of the charter members of the conference remained at that time.

Out of the original Canada conference two new conferences were organized—the West Ontario, at Brantford, and the East Ontario, at Armadale. The new conferences started out full of faith and courage. In the former, W. C. Walls and J. M. Eagle were the district elders, and A. Sims and James Craig of the latter. Of the East Ontario conference the secretary, W. H. Wilson, wrote: "The session passed off pleasantly. The Lord was present and preachers and people were greatly blessed. We predict a year of salvation for the new conference. Much credit is due to our superintendent, B. R. Jones, for the able manner in which the business of the conference was conducted and we shall profit by his fatherly advice. Our Canada pilgrims feel quite at home with Brother and Sister Jones, and will look forward with pleasure to their return."

It was with considerable misgiving that I entered upon my round of conferences in the East, knowing that there I would meet many among the ministry who were older and more experienced in the work than myself, and I was apprehensive of meeting more or less criticism. But my fears were soon dis-

pelled by the cordial greetings I received from such good brethren as Henry Hornsby, Levi Wood, W. Manning, A. H. Bennett and others of the Genesee conference, and A. F. Curry, W. H. Clark, H. W. Fish, T. Whiffin and others of the Susquehanna conference.

The latter conference convened at Rome, New York, September 16th. The work of the conference moved off harmoniously and the religious services were excellent. The stationing committee was composed of seventeen members, it being larger than some whole conferences. Yet the appointments were made with average ease and satisfaction. Of that session good father Zenas Osborne wrote: "The session of the Susquehanna conference just closed was the best we have had in a number of years. It began heavenly and closed with a mighty wave of glory. I think every preacher was blessed of the Lord and greatly encouraged to enter upon the new year, feeling that it would be a year of glorious results. Brother Jones presided with dignity, courtesy and in love. On Sunday he was specially helped and blessed, which was a grand lesson for us preachers. Some preachers never get blessed out of the old ruts. In some places our work does not go because the preachers and people are in a rut. What is needed in such cases is a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. It can be had."

Of that conference I made the following note September 22d: "All hail, old Susquehanna! One of the oldest conferences in the connection is still a thing of life. A glorious spirit prevailed throughout the entire session, but the climax came on Sun-

day when the Holy Spirit was graciously outpoured. From early dawn until late at night a pure, heavenly atmosphere pervaded the place where the saints were assembled. The large audiences were deeply impressed with the manifestations of the divine presence. This conference has a goodly number of promising, devoted young men who are consecrated to hold to the old landmarks and push the work along the uncompromising line of the gospel. We shall hail with pleasure the opportunity of meeting this people again. The Lord be with them evermore."

I will quote further from my journal:

"Albion, New York, September 27, 1896.—Have enjoyed our association with the brethren of the Genesee conference assembled at this historic place. The preachers appeared to go to their fields of labor with renewed courage.

"September 28.—Mrs. J. and I came to North Chili, New York, to-day. We are spending a few hours very pleasantly at the home of Professor and Mrs. B. H. Roberts, who have the faculty of making their guests feel perfectly at home in their family. This is our first visit to the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary, and we are very favorably impressed with the school and its surroundings. The advantages and associations of this institution are of a character that recommend it to all who desire to place their sons and daughters where they can acquire a thorough education under the most wholesome Christian influences.

"September 29.—We met the students at chapel exercises this morning where Mrs. J. and I made

short addresses. It was deeply impressive to look into the bright faces of so many promising young men and young women. A thorough spiritual tone characterized the services, which fact promises most favorably for the future of our church work. For students to get blest at chapel exercises and shout aloud the praises of God would seem entirely out of order at most educational institutions, but it is perfectly in order at Chesbrough Seminary. The entire faculty is in line with the Spirit, and none need fear to place their children under the care of such devoted teachers. Long live Chesbrough Seminary, and may it ever hold closely to the godly ideals of its now sainted founder."

On October 27, 1896, Mrs. J. and I started for Los Angeles, California, arriving on the 31st. We were met by Brother E. C. Shipley and conveyed to his restful home.

While at Los Angeles the sad news of the death of Rev. O. O. Bacon reached us. Brother B. was one among the few who took a decided stand in defense of original Methodism in Western New York in the early sixties. He was pastor on Greigsville circuit soon after my conversion, and his faithful, earnest preaching did much to strengthen and establish me in the true faith.

The Southern California conference was held at Santa Ana, beginning November 4th. Present among the ministers were Brothers Ebey, Leonardson, McLeod, Shepard, Roberts and others. The conference was small but a good spirit prevailed. Of the conference session Brother McLeod, the secretary, wrote: "The conference has given encouragement

to the work, and it is our prayer that we may have many more of the same kind. A number sought the Lord, many of whom obtained the experience they sought. The preachers start out full of courage and the outlook is glorious. We were delighted with Brother Jones' preaching and excellent talks to the preachers."

At San Jose we met with the California conference, November 11th. We were kindly entertained at the parsonage, Rev. G. W. Griffith, pastor. The conference passed off pleasantly and the appointments were quite satisfactory. From the seat of conference Brother H. L. Kibby brought us to his home where we enjoyed a quiet rest. November 17 Brother K. gave us a seventeen-mile ride through a delightful country to Palo Alto, where we spent a few days at the home of our brother-in-law, Charles W. Jones.

"Alameda, California, November 21, 1896.—Came here to-day. We have had a refreshing season with the California conferences. The ministers are renewed in faith and courage for the work of the Lord. We have been graciously sustained during our round of conferences, but we welcome a few weeks' needed rest. We are now at Father Hart's and expect to spend the winter months on the Pacific coast."

I will add a few thoughts taken from my annual report: "The conferences which I attended this year were seasons of blessed harmony and rich in the varied manifestations of the Holy Spirit. I discovered no disposition among the ministry to proscribe the liberties of the saints or restrict the

Spirit's operations. This is a hopeful indication. Free Methodism can never be worked in a strait-jacket. She wasn't born that way. Put on the straps, tone the church down to the level of the nations around her and the death knell will soon be heard."

The holiness conventions which I was privileged to attend were productive of much visible good. While not involving as great expense as camp-meetings the results were even greater than at the average camp-meeting. In my judgment it would be a great inspiration to the church if more services were held for the special promotion of the work of holiness. Such occasions bring together many who, amid unfavorable surroundings and under the pressure of the worldliness and formality of the popular churches, have become well-nigh discouraged, and are in need of the encouragement which is sure to come at such gatherings. The fact that the Free Methodist church is a holiness church and aims to make every meeting practically a holiness meeting is no reason for not holding services in which special attention is given to the doctrine of experimental and practical holiness. Our people need to keep their experiences bright and their testimonies clear and keen on this line. God has called us to make a specialty of the work of holiness, and to slacken our pace is perilous to our every interest.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The first record in my journal for 1897 was made at Palo Alto, California, the seat of Stanford University:

"January 1.—The new year dawns most delightfully. This is one of California's most lovely mornings. Since in God's good providence my life is still prolonged, I conclude my work is not yet finished. May I have grace and wisdom for greater efficiency in my calling the coming year than during any year of my past life."

"Sunday, January 3.—By invitation of the pastor I preached in the Methodist Episcopal church this morning. Had some liberty and I trust the Holy Spirit accompanied the word to some open hearts. Heard a good orthodox sermon at the —— church to-night. Not much of the Holy Spirit discernible. The popular pulpit seems so void of spiritual life and power. Religion is made a matter of the intellect almost entirely while the heart remains unmoved and unsatisfied."

We held several meetings within the California conference. Ten days were spent profitably with the church at Oakdale, fifteen days at San Jose, four days at Corralitos, and several days at Alameda with F. H. Horton, pastor. The church at each point received strength and encouragement. There is fearful indifference among the people on

that coast respecting anything like thorough gospel work. The masses are not favorably disposed toward a religion that interferes with worldly fashions, secret societies, card-playing, theater-going, dancing, and such-like worldly amusements. Very rarely does a pastor of any of the popular churches raise his voice against any of these worldly innovations.

The Free Methodist church there, as elsewhere, maintains a consistent position against those multiplied forms of worldliness, and her influence is deeply felt.

On March 18, 1897, I bade Mrs. J. good-by at Oakland Pier and started on my round of appointments in the great Pacific Northwest. What a wonderful country! On the 21st I arrived at Eugene, Oregon, where I had engaged to assist Elder B. F. Smalley in a district quarterly meeting. Although never having met the Oregon pilgrims before, I felt perfectly at home with them at the first service. It was evident that God dwelt with His people there. Sunday was a blessed day to the saints. The Holy Ghost wrought graciously through His people. The Word was received with a relish and evident appreciation that made it a pleasure to preach. Many outside the church were free to acknowledge that God honors the Free Methodist people for their uncompromising position on all moral issues.

Continuing my journey for 645 miles brought me to Colville, Washington, about twenty miles from the British Columbia line, March 27th. At Colville I found a small society with their faithful pastor,

S. P. Hale, struggling to establish the work of God amid many unfavorable surroundings. By persevering effort a neat church had been erected and nearly paid for. Elder J. C. Scott was on hand to contribute his part toward the success of the occasion. Unfavorable weather and the near approach of the annual conference served to reduce the attendance from abroad. But the Lord Jehovah met with us, and a good spirit prevailed in the services. A great burden of anxiety was lifted from the hearts of the pilgrims on Sunday when the last dollar of indebtedness was provided for and the church dedicated to God.

The last of March I made my first official visit to the Columbia River conference, held at Colfax, Washington. Colfax was then a city of about 2,500 inhabitants, and lies in a narrow canyon between the foot-hills of the Blue Mountains. The city was over a mile long and about two squares wide. A main street extended up and down the canyon, on either side of which were business blocks, while the residences extended up on the hillsides, thus affording some delightful views to the residents.

I found that conference to be a body of life—healthy, vigorous, aggressive.

The Washington and Oregon conferences were seasons of inspiration to those present. One year before the Oregon and Washington conference was dissolved to form three new conferences. The salvation tide ran high at those gatherings, and at times did not subside until long after the congregations were dismissed. The fog and mist of doubt

and uncertainty were swept away by the illumination of the divine presence. Those northwest conferences are feeling the godly influence of Seattle Seminary. The young people who have been and are being educated there give promise of becoming bright lights in the church.

On June 28, 1897, we took our leave of the Pacific coast. A journey of 820 miles over the mountains and across the Great American Desert brought us to Ogden, Utah, where we had engaged to assist in a camp-meeting.

On our arrival we found the camp-meeting fully under way with nearly every Free Methodist in Utah in attendance. G. W. Wheelon, the faithful, self-sacrificing district elder, was in charge. W. W. Jellison, conference evangelist, and H. Bondurant, pastor at Salt Lake City, were present as laborers. I spent five days at this meeting, preaching from two to three times a day. God was with us and a most excellent spirit prevailed. The meeting was located in the midst of Mormons who are an exceedingly difficult people to reach with the gospel. While the meeting did not appear to get a very strong hold upon many outside the church a good and much-needed work was done among our people. A number were sanctified wholly, while the tried and true ones were confirmed in their convictions that God has called the Free Methodists to maintain the Bible standard of holiness in opposition to the formalism and pride and idolatry of the worldly churches.

Our people in Utah have difficulties to encounter peculiar to that field alone. Mormonism is the

prevailing religion and has a very debasing effect on the morals of society. Profound ignorance regarding vital godliness prevails and the pure gospel seems to produce little effect upon the prejudices and superstitions of those who are educated under this corrupt system.

Before leaving Ogden, by kindness of Brother Wheelon, we were treated to an eight-mile ride up the Ogden canyon, the "Royal Gorge" of Utah. Through this canyon flows the Ogden river in its course toward the Great Salt Lake. Along that delightful drive we were awed by the marvelous exhibitions of the handiwork of the Great Architect of the universe. The beauteous grandeur of the cloud-tipped cliffs, the little rivulet falling from the top of an almost perpendicular mountain over a thousand feet high, the rushing, turbulent waters of the river and the wonderful scenic views interest the visitor beyond description.

July 9-14, 1897, we spent at a camp-meeting in a beautiful grove on the bank of the Arkansas river, among the foothills of the Rocky Mountain range, near Howard, Colorado. We were at an altitude of 7,000 feet, making it necessary for those who were not accustomed to living so near the skies to control their exercises somewhat. The ground was difficult to reach even by the few families who were settled among the hills. About three hundred people were in attendance on Sunday, which, it was said, comprised nearly the whole population within a radius of eight or ten miles. The twelve or fourteen preachers present composed the larger part of some of the week-day congregations. In

the absence of the district elder the management of the meeting fell upon the pastor, J. W. Marshall. A few were reclaimed, some wholly sanctified and the class in that vicinity for whose benefit, largely, the meeting was held, was greatly encouraged. Some who came on the ground under heavy pressure went away shouting the victory.

On July 16th we reached the camp-ground at Denver where we found Elder J. F. Garrett in charge and the meeting starting out in the Spirit. That was the largest camp-meeting ever held by our people in Colorado up to that time. The services were all interesting, spiritual and profitable. Our short visit at that meeting was very pleasant to us.

The West Iowa conference, held at Danbury, Iowa, August 25-29, was a refreshing season. An aggressive spirit characterized every movement. That was my first official visit to the conference and the new acquaintances formed were very agreeable. The new church was dedicated at the Sunday morning service amid shouts of holy triumph. F. H. Smith, pastor at Danbury, had taken the work two and one-half years before, and from a very small beginning he had raised up a prosperous circuit and built a church and parsonage. T. H. Allen and F. H. Wilson were elected district elders, and all started out to their new fields full of faith for a year of salvation.

The following report of the South Dakota conference, given by the town paper, shows the high esteem in which the church at Wessington Springs was held by the leading citizens of the community:

"The South Dakota conference of the Free Meth-

odist church closed its fifteenth annual session at this place last Sunday evening, October 10th. The session convened last Wednesday with General Superintendent B. R. Jones in the chair. Six business sittings were held. Religious services were conducted in the Seminary chapel and were attended by large congregations. The sermons of the superintendent were on the old-fashioned Methodist line and the meetings were characterized by Pentecostal power. Some were converted and others entirely sanctified. The Sunday evening service closed at midnight after three hours of altar service and general rejoicing—walking the floor, leaping and praising God. The people of the country around testified to their appreciation of the school, the conference session and the religious services by turning out *en masse*.

"This conference although yet young, seems to be of healthy growth. It is manned by spiritual, well-informed, consecrated and thoroughly aggressive men. Their report on reforms indicates the purest intentions for the moral and religious welfare of the state."

November 20th, the re-dedication of the church at Birmingham, Iowa, took place. Of that occasion I made the following note in my diary: "About twenty-five years ago the original house was dedicated by Rev. Joseph Travis. Brother J. G. Terrill and others now in heaven were present at that time. The true standard has been maintained, and my prayer is that there may be no departure from the old landmarks for all time to come."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On May 4, 1897, the editor of *The Free Methodist*, Rev. W. T. Hogue, issued a special historical number which was ably prepared and proved to be very interesting and valuable. It was highly appreciated by the church. Able and interesting articles were contributed by several who had been connected with the paper in various stages of its history, and by others who were prominent in building up our denominational interests. Having served one term as editor of the paper I was kindly invited to furnish an article for the special number, which I gladly did, writing by request of the editor on the subject, "Editorial Reminiscences," as follows:

In the events of one's life the unexpected often occurs. My life has been attended with a succession of surprises. My conversion was a wonder to many, but to none more so than to myself. My call to the ministry was as startling as a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. After twenty-three years of active labor in the itineracy of the Free Methodist church, the year 1890 held in reserve for me another of the surprises of my life.

The embarrassment occasioned by my election to the editorship of *The Free Methodist*, together with a conscious unfitness for such an important work, rendered me decidedly uncomfortable for some time. The first night after my election was spent in tossing upon my bed, alternating between a decision to offer my resignation and earnest wrestling in prayer for divine help in that my time of special need. When I thought of the position to which I was

called, I felt honored; when I thought of my inability, I felt humbled. With serious apprehensions I decided to enter upon the work to which the church through its chosen representatives had called me. I was conscious of having committed all my ways and interests to God, would not knowingly depart from His counsel, and felt confident that He would strengthen me for my added responsibilities.

At the adjournment of the sitting of conference at which my election took place I received warm congratulations from many of the good brethren. This was a source of encouragement to me. I soon discovered, however, that congratulations were not to greet me at every turn. Before leaving the building I was assured that national politics must be taken into consideration while adopting my policy for the future. A self-appointed delegation approached me with deep solemnity, and inquired:

"Are you a Republican?"

"Why do you ask that question?" I replied.

"Because we desire to know what position you intend to take toward the Prohibition party people in the church," was the answer.

I said in substance, "Their rights and views shall be duly respected. While I do not understand that I have been elected to edit a political paper yet I shall be glad to have the Temperance department of the paper well supplied with good articles on Prohibition. Send on your best and strongest."

The delegation turned away with the sad lamentation, "Well, we are doomed to another four years of Republican administration." For a few weeks articles poured in warmly advocating the Prohibition party and denouncing the old political parties in the strongest terms. In due time the articles appeared in *The Free Methodist*. Soon the supply was exhausted, and it was with difficulty that I could get original matter enough to supply that department of the paper. Human nature is true to itself. When one is opposed in any given thing how badly he wants to do it, but when opposition ceases he is not nearly so anxious about it.

The well-known ability of my eminent predecessor, Rev. B. T. Roberts, as an author and editor served to increase my embarrassment. But he kindly consented to furnish editorials for a few weeks after general conference adjourned, and thus give me an opportunity to prepare a "Salutatory," adjust myself to the editorial chair the best I could, and settle down to my new duties.

Only a few issues were required to arouse some of the able critics who evidently were in waiting for a victim. In my "'Salutatory" I had said, "All kindly criticism will be carefully considered," and that of course opened the way. Be it known the criticisms poured in, but how "kindly" they were I will not presume to state.

One of my first and greatest embarrassments after being fully inducted into office grew out of the necessity which I felt of declining to publish certain articles furnished by leading men in the church—articles which I was satisfied the parties themselves would not have published at that time had they been in my position. I soon discovered that in the management of a church paper the editor must often render decisions contrary to the judgment of many of his good brethren, inasmuch as there is always such a variety of opinions on all important questions that arise. To give universal satisfaction is quite as difficult for an editor as for a minister. I soon despaired of that, and, becoming familiar with the road to the waste basket, learned the art of depositing critical, fault-finding documents where they would cause me no further trouble.

It was my aim to furnish a purely Free Methodistic paper—a paper adapted to the needs of the church it was expected to represent. Occasionally some good brother would warn me against what he regarded as a departure from the "old landmarks," urging me to keep the paper clean and spiritual. Another would give expression to the feeling that the paper was "so religious" that he was losing interest in it. He thought more space should be given to the consideration of the "topics of the times." Thus it came and went, and I continued in my purpose to make a live, salvation paper.

At the time I assumed the editorship of *The Free Methodist* certain factious elements within the bounds of the church were at the height of their influence. This added greatly to my embarrassment. To conduct affairs with "charity for all and malice toward none" required special divine guidance. While defending the church against what I regarded as unrighteous assaults from insubordinate factions within her folds I was severely censured by the leaders of those factions, and warned that if I did not change my course the Lord would take me out of the way. But I did my duty in the fear of God, and am still on the field.

The discussion of the ordination of women during the last two years of my term subjected me to considerable criticism. One would complain that I was unfair in publishing too much on a certain side of the question, and another would charge that too great a proportion of the articles published bore on the other side of the question; while still another brought up the rear by declaring that such was my unfairness in the matter that if the ordination question should be defeated at the general conference I would be held responsible for it.

Such instances, however, were the exceptions rather than the rule. I was the recipient of many warm letters of encouragement and assurances of appreciation. My associations during the four years of my editorial work were of the most pleasant character. My relations to our faithful office editor, our genial publisher, clerks, compositors, and all connected with the publishing house, were not disturbed by a single jar. "Brotherly love" continued. Reflections on those four important years of my life and labors will ever be attended with the most pleasant memories.

In 1897 I was privileged to preside at the organization of the North Dakota conference. Eight preachers in full connection were enrolled. Some who were identified with the work at that time have since fallen out by the way, while others have remained true and faithful and are still contending

for the faith amid somewhat discouraging conditions. God honors true faith and loyalty. Obstacles must disappear before the man who has a fixed purpose, a mission, a calling to do that which he feels a throbbing conviction within him to do.

Near the close of 1897 I dedicated a little chapel near my mother's home in Michigan. Pastor Hartle and Brother Cappy and son had labored faithfully for the success of the enterprise and were richly rewarded.

With the following note from my journal I will close the record of the year:

"Chicago, December 31, 1897. — With this day closes the record of another year. It is easy to see where wiser plans more faithfully executed would have produced greater and more satisfactory results, but having done the best I knew all matters should be left with Him who overrules all things to His own glory. I rest in the Infinite will, knowing that the past is under the blood and my future is at His control. Amen. Farewell Old Year, you have been kind to me."

CHAPTER XXIX.

By invitation of Elder J. D. Marsh, of the Illinois conference, I spent twelve days on his districts, of which I made the following notes:

"February 11-13, 1898, I spent with the church at Kempton, F. M. Campbell, pastor. Here I found the work much revived as a result of six weeks' protracted effort by the pastor. A number had been saved and added to the church. Sunday was a profitable day to us all. Three young ladies gave evidence of being soundly converted at the morning service, one of them having been a church member for eight years, but never before having experienced a change of heart. That, of course, created some commotion among her associates in the worldly church. Five souls were converted and two wholly sanctified during our stay at Kempton.

"Monday, the 14th, I visited the church at Fairbury. Here I found the revival spirit at high tide. The church, quite as large as Free Methodist churches average, was literally packed with interested people, many more being unable to get in. This was said to be a nightly occurrence. Long before the hour for service the people would fall in line on the sidewalk awaiting the opening of the church. The worldly churches taxed their ingenuity in providing a variety of entertainments, evidently to divert attention from those "out-of-date

Free Methodists," but to no purpose. The crowds continued to throng the place where God met with His people. Over fifty had professed conversion and twenty-five had united with the church. Those who had been standing by the work of God in Fairbury for years were greatly encouraged.

"Thursday, the 17th, I visited the church at Peoria, B. D. Fay, pastor. The night was rainy, but the commodious audience room was well-nigh filled with attentive listeners. A number were at the altar seeking entire sanctification. For several weeks Brother Fay had been engaged in special meetings. A few had professed conversion, and the workers were looking for a more general breaking up.

"At Kewanee, on the afternoon and evening of the 18th, I found interested congregations to speak to, and I trust those two services resulted in renewed inspiration to the revival services then in progress under the management of the pastor, D. W. Rose. Several had been converted and sanctified wholly, and added to the church, up to that date. A blessed spirit prevailed.

"On February 19 and 20 services in connection with the dedication of the new church at Sherrard took place. Having no settled pastor the work was in charge of the district elder, J. D. Marsh. Many hearts were gladdened by the presence of J. L. McGiffin, of the Central Illinois conference. We awoke Saturday and found ourselves in the midst of a severe snow-storm, which continued with increasing severity until after the benediction was pronounced on Sunday night. The storm made our

financial prospects look somewhat forbidding, but God was with us, and at the hour appointed for the dedication a sufficient amount of money was subscribed to cover the indebtedness, and the church was dedicated to the Lord.

"Elder Marsh and the pastors on the Peoria and Kewanee districts had reason for thanksgiving to God for His gracious visitations. If a reasonable proportion of the converts were led into the experience of holiness, thus becoming established in the spiritual life, they will prove to be valuable accessions to the church and powerful agencies for good in the world."

March 9-15, 1898, was spent in a holiness convention at Evansville, Indiana. Memories of the past crowded upon my mind as I entered the church where a quarter of a century before I was settled as pastor. I spent two years very pleasantly there. But what changes time had wrought! A goodly number who then stood at the front of the battle for pure Christianity are numbered among the crowned hosts above. Others, sad to report, had compromised the truth and given up their profession or fallen into the tide of worldliness and formality that has submerged the popular churches. A few of the original ones, however, remained at their posts, while others had been raised up to take the places of those who had fallen. Brother J. W. Vickery, then past his three-score years and ten, was still on duty. He died triumphantly in 1907.

The convention was a decided success, as evi denced by immediate results. Large congregations were in attendance and much good was accom-

plished. A number of souls came into the experience of entire sanctification and a deep interest was awakened among the people.

The tenth general conference of the Free Methodist church convened in Chicago, Illinois, October 12, 1898. Much important business came before the conference, some questions exciting spirited discussion, yet a spirit of brotherly love prevailed throughout. There was a general desire shown to conserve the best interests of the church. Any measure proposed that appeared to compromise the issues of the church was quickly defeated by large majorities. The religious services were attended with a marked degree of the divine presence.

The time limit of the pastorate was changed from two years to three years by an almost unanimous vote. The change proved to be very satisfactory to the church. A new order in the ministry to be known as "supernumerary preacher" was created and a section defining such relation placed in the Discipline. The present disciplinary provision for the support of superannuated preachers and widows and orphans of deceased preachers was made at that session. The conference made quite a striking departure from its former customs in changing the time of its quadrennial sessions from October to June. But the change has worked so satisfactorily that it is likely to remain permanent.

The report of the committee on "general superintendency," recommending the election of four general superintendents (an addition of one), elicited a warm discussion. After considering the question from every conceivable standpoint the report of the

committee was adopted by a large majority. On October 22d the election took place. E. P. Hart, G. W. Coleman, B. R. Jones, W. A. Sellew were elected, Brother Sellew being the newly elected one.

Being called upon for a few remarks I gave expression to my feelings as follows:

"I wish thus publicly to express my appreciation of your renewed expression of confidence and esteem. Four years ago I entered upon the duties of general superintendent of the church with serious apprehension, but determined by the help of grace to do the best I could for God and the church. This I have done. The warm reception which I have received from the church wherever I have gone has been, and still is, a source of satisfaction to me. My time and energy have all been devoted to the work assigned me by the last general conference. I have been engaged in protracted meetings, camp-meetings, dedications, annual conferences and such-like, and have labored to promote the interests of the church of God that we represent. I am becoming more and more in love with the principles of the Free Methodist church. I believe God has raised us up as a people and thrust us out to spread that type of holiness which knows no compromise with sin."

CHAPTER XXX.

Early in January, 1889, by invitation of Elder J. E. Coleman of the Wisconsin conference, Mrs. Jones and I assisted in special meetings at Beaver Dam and Oshkosh, points on his district. We found the temperature at twenty-five degrees below zero, and the reader may be assured it kept us busy to keep anywhere near comfortable. The spiritual temperature, however, was much higher, and during the four days we spent at Oshkosh several were clearly saved and a number wholly sanctified. The pastor, E. J. Roberts, was much encouraged. Brother Coleman was fully in the spirit of the meeting and labored faithfully for its success. His death, which occurred in 1906, seemed premature, and he is still remembered as an humble, devoted man of God.

On January 15, 1899, occurred the death of Rev. W. B. M. Colt, a true gospel minister. He united with the Free Methodist church in 1879 and was largely instrumental in raising up the Central Illinois conference. He was a man of pronounced convictions, deep spirituality, firm faith and unbending integrity — a man of the old prophetic type. Brother C. served God and the church well and died triumphantly.

February 10-20, we spent with the church at Attica, Indiana, Rev. R. H. Clark, pastor. That

circuit originally belonged to the Michigan conference and a number of our ablest ministers have labored there. It has been the birthplace of many souls. I had special freedom in preaching the Word during that meeting. A good spirit prevailed throughout, and several persons were blessedly saved. As a result God's people were exultant.

En route to an engagement in Kansas in March, I stopped over Sabbath at Vinland and had a pleasant visit at the home of Brother and Sister John Nichols. Their former home in Michigan was one of my stopping places on my first circuit in 1867-8. Much old-time experience was talked over in a few hours. Brother and Sister N. are still (1909) living for God.

In June, on the Enterprise camp-ground, I spent a few days very pleasantly with the good pilgrims of Canada. Elder A. H. Norrington was in charge and Rev. H. W. Fish, of Susquehanna, was one of the helpers. He was greatly helped in administering the Word. Forty or fifty seekers bowed at the altar during the meeting, most of whom found the Lord. One distinctive feature of the meeting, and that which contributed in a large measure to its success, was the remarkable spirit of prayer that prevailed in the camp. It was not uncommon to hear the voice of souls pleading with God from a dozen different parts of the ground. One brother who had never attended a Free Methodist camp-meeting before, remarked, "Why, I never in all my life heard so much praying at a camp-meeting."

While at the Genessee conference, held at West Kendall, New York, September 9-13, 1899, we re

ceived a telegram announcing the death of Rev. A. F. Curry. A feeling of sadness came over the conference at the thought of another pioneer of the church having passed from the scene of action. Brother C. identified himself with the Free Methodist church during that great upheaval of "old-time Methodism" in Western New York in the early sixties that brought persecution and expulsion to so many of the most devoted members of the mother church. For many years he served as an efficient pastor and district elder in both the Genesee and Susquehanna conferences.

While at that conference I made my first and last visit at the home of Rev. Henry Hornsby, so well known throughout the church. Brother H. was quite active at that time and took a deep interest in the work of the conference. His counsel on all judicial questions that arose was highly valued. He has since responded to the summons, "Come up higher."

It was my privilege to preside at the organization of the Oil City conference at Oil City, October 4, 1899. The new conference was composed of some of the tried and true men of the church, having previously belonged to the Pittsburg conference. M. B. Miller, W. B. Roupe, S. Sager, F. E. Glass were the first district elders in the new conference. The religious services were most excellent, the needs of inquiring souls being in nowise neglected. The young conference started out full of courage and inspiration, and its subsequent growth and development is satisfactory proof of its organization having been in divine order.

In 1899 I had my first experience in holding two conferences in one week. The thirtieth annual session of the Kansas conference held at Emporia, Kansas, October 18-20, was reported as one of the best of its history. A spirit of brotherly love prevailed. The business had to be rushed with unusual dispatch, yet it seemed satisfactory to all. The business was finished and the appointments read on Friday, the 20th.

On Saturday, the 21st, the Oklahoma conference was organized at the same place, composed of the following preachers in full connection: C. E. Harroun, Sr., C. E. Harroun, Jr., J. L. Brown, A. J. Donaldson, with three preachers on trial. At this time (1908) the conference has twenty-six preachers in full connection and seven on trial. Thus God honors the labors of His true and trusted servants. The Kansas and Oklahoma conferences united in the Sabbath services and we had a blessed day. Several were thoroughly saved. I hope to know them in heaven.

On February 11, 1900, I re-dedicated a church at Temperance, Michigan. At that point I was privileged to meet with Brothers Osgood, Anstead and others who for years have been identified with the Free Methodist work. The services were specially interesting and the small indebtedness easily raised.

During the winter I held special services at the following places: Lawrence, South Quincy, Sherwood, Ransom, in Michigan, and at Knox, Indiana. Of the meeting at Holland, Ohio, March 11th, I quote from my diary: "Victory all day. Love-feast began, continued and ended in the Spirit. Had spe-

RESIDENCE OF B. R. JONES, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

cial help in preaching, and the power of God came on the saints. One soul sanctified."

On March 31, 1900, I accompanied a band of outgoing missionaries as far as New York. On arriving at Buffalo Brother O'Regan very kindly assisted us in transferring across the city. At New York we were met by Rev. M. B. Myer, who gave us a warm welcome. We all spent the Sabbath with Brother M. at his church in Brooklyn, greatly enjoying the fellowship of the saints there. One day was spent in viewing the wonders of New York city. On April 4th the missionaries set sail for their far-away field in the Dark Continent, attended by the prayers of the faithful.

At Richland, Michigan, May 21st, I had my first experience in dedicating a log church, O. F. De Foe, pastor. A good spirit prevailed and the indebtedness provided for, the pilgrims taking hold with as great interest as if they had been wrestling with a $5,000 proposition.

On May 23, 1900, we moved into our own home at 918 Francis street, Jackson, Michigan. At first it was difficult to realize that it was our own. For over thirty years I had been engaged in the work of the Lord, having "no certain dwelling place." But God in His goodness provided us with a comfortable residence which we greatly appreciate.

On June 15th I started out to fill a round of engagements in the Pittsburg and Oil City conferences. My first stop was at Butler, Pennsylvania, where I assisted C. W. Stamp in a few days' special services. It was a season of refreshing and encouragement to the church. My next engage-

ment was the dedication of a new church in Pittsburg, J. Barnhart, district elder, A. Wilson, pastor. Sunday, the 24th, was a busy day, three services being held. The presence of the Holy Spirit in a marked degree made everything move satisfactorily. The $1,500 needed to provide for the indebtedness was pledged and the church was dedicated to God amid the triumphant shouts of the saints.

Continuing my journey on the 27th I reached Bradford, Pennsylvania, where I enjoyed the hospitality of Rev. Levi Wood and family. It was an inspiration to me to spend a few hours in the home of that venerable man of God under whose ministry I had sat in my boyhood days. He has since joined the triumphant hosts above.

On June 28th I reached the Coudersport campground, Elder Roupe in charge. Rev. C. M. Damon was present and rendered efficient aid in the services. The spiritual interest of the meeting was good and a few were saved and others greatly helped. From this meeting I went to Vandergrift where I had engaged to dedicate a new church July 8th. Elder Barnhart was in charge of the services and, together with the pastor, labored faithfully for the success of the enterprise. Large crowds attended the services who responded liberally to appeals for help and the fine church was dedicated to the worship of the living God.

Of the dedication at Owosso, Michigan, July 20-22, Rev. A. V. Leonardson wrote: "A sufficient amount of money and subscription having been secured to meet the requirements of the Discipline the society arranged to dedicate their church. Rev.

B. R. Jones was engaged and on the evening of July 20th the services began. The grand theme presented in all of the discourses was holiness, the "central idea" of the gospel. The Sabbath morning service was sublimely grand, as only a spiritual service can be. Without clog or hindrance the financial wave rolled on and on, until the church debt of $225 was all canceled. While the building was being presented to God in the dedicatory prayer, we all seemed to feel a mighty moving, a sacred nearness to God. Many were strengthened, encouraged and blessed."

By invitation of Elder O'Regan I attended the Buffalo district camp-meeting held on the old ground at Suspension Bridge, August 8-16, 1900. The Lord gave me special inspiration in presenting the truth. A blessed spirit of unity prevailed among the saints during the entire meeting. The love-feasts were seasons of special refreshing. An encouraging feature of the meeting was the good attendance at the special holiness service held every morning at six o'clock. Those services were especially helpful to those who were hungering for full salvation. Frequently during the meetings the altar was filled with seeking souls, many of whom gave evidence by their shining faces and definite testimonies that they had obtained their heart's desire. The meeting closed in the old-fashioned way with marching around the ground, hand-shaking and the benediction by each of the preachers present.

In November, 1900, I attended two dedications which are worthy of special mention. After sev-

eral years of faithful and persevering effort in the flourishing city of Detroit, Michigan, the pastor, F. L. Baker, had succeeded in building up a society of nearly one hundred members and erecting a fine brick church and a parsonage. On my arrival on the tenth, I found the meeting under full headway, several having already been saved. The tide continued to rise, and the vast crowd on Sunday was deeply impressed with the manifest presence of God. The saints were greatly blessed during the love-feast. The Lord greatly helped in preaching from "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." The Spirit wrought mightily on the audience and the presentation of the financial obligations involved in the enterprise in no wise dampened the spirits of the faithful. In a few minutes the indebtedness was provided for and the church dedicated to God amid a volley of shouts and praises to the Almighty Giver of all good.

The following is a clipping from the *Detroit Free Press,* taken from a whole column headed, "With Great Enthusiasm:" "Yesterday was a time of jubilee for the members of the Free Methodist church, who for the past two years have beeen holding services in a store on the southeast corner of Chene street and Trombley avenue. It was the occasion of the dedication of their new church building. The Free Methodists are an honest, demonstrative, whole-souled people, simple and natural in their ways, paying little attention to the higher critics. But when it comes to the practical exposition of their faith and genuine enjoyment of their religion they are second to none. The church

which was dedicated was well worthy of their demonstrations."

Of the Sabbath services of the dedication at Toledo, Ohio, I made the following note, November 25, 1900: "Large attendance. Good love-feast. Spoke from Psalm 84: 1. Four hundred fifty-five dollars raised in forty minutes, and the house was presented to God amid the tears and praises of the faithful. The glory of God filled the sanctuary. Two souls saved at the night service. Much credit is due to the faithful pastor, J. H. Hayden, for the success of the enterprise." For many years our people had labored within the bounds of that city without securing a permanent place of worship, and it was a great comfort to the society to get a home of its own.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The dawn of the twentieth century in Christian history, found me at Niagara Falls, Ontario, where, on the previous Sabbath, I had dedicated a new church, just before bidding adieu to the dying century. Aware that only a few years of the new century could possibly be allotted to me I girded on the armor of righteousness anew, determined to go forth with renewed diligence to work out the purposes of the Most High.

Exercised by a keen sense of the responsibility devolving upon the church with which I am identified, I could but feel the importance of those principles which she had been raised up to defend and propagate. To her is committed the responsibility of maintaining the Bible standard of religion. It is hers to exemplify the power of the gospel in experience, in precept, in life. To her holy calling she must be true or be forsaken of the Holy Spirit. Every development of worldliness, every desire for popularity, every bent toward formalism, every departure from holiness of character and life that is discovered in the church should be deeply deplored and suddenly checked. The Free Methodist church might better by far become utterly extinct than to be added to the list of churches which have departed from the simplicity and purity of the gospel.

The sudden death of Dr. Begel, February 4, 1901, at his home in Jackson, Michigan, was a surprise to his many friends throughout the church. In his death the church and the cause of Christ lost an earnest, devoted and courageous defender. He never hesitated to confess Christ among all classes with whom he associated. Among the saints or mingling with professional men he was the same humble, unassuming man of God.

On March 13, 1901, I received the following very comforting note from S. K. Wheatlake, then pastor at Greenville, Illinois: "Your daughter Mabel is doing finely in her experience. In fact she is one of the most devoted young ladies we have in the college. She keeps plain and blessed." Only Christian parents, thoroughly interested in the spiritual well-being of their children, can fully realize the comfort which that note brought to me. At this time (1909) she is director of music in the college and is walking humbly before God.

The following note will be of interest to a number who will read this life story:

"The dedicatory service of the Free Methodist church of Zanesville, Ohio, was conducted Sunday, March 19, 1901, by Superintendent B. R. Jones. Over $500 was pledged by the congregation. We organized here in October. Thirty have united with us. Four were wonderfully saved last night. To see so many young people come through with shouts of victory is encouraging. We are contending for the old paths. The *Zanesville Times Recorder* says of us: 'The cardinal points with the Free Methodists are simplicity in dress, speech and

manner, and holiness of living. There are no societies in the church, and social amusements are tabooed. Their pleasure consists in serving the Lord and leading holy lives.'

"L. GLENN LEWIS, *Pastor.*"

The general conference of 1898 made the general superintendents a committee to prepare a book to guide in the administration of the law of the church. For certain reasons the work of preparing that treatise fell to me. Its preparation necessitated my acquiring a thorough knowledge of church law. As a result of my effort the work entitled "Digest of Free Methodist Law" came from the press in August, 1901, and was received with comparatively little criticism from those most thoroughly versed in ecclesiastical law. In 1908 a revised edition was issued to make it conform fully to the changes in the Discipline made by the general conference of 1907. Since 1903 it has been recognized by the general conference as the standard authority on the law of the church.

My round of conferences for 1901 began with the Minnesota and Northern Iowa, at Plymouth, Iowa, August 21st, and ended with the South Dakota at Sioux Falls, October 6th. At the latter conference there was but one candidate for ordination, and that one was Eldon G. Burritt, now (1909) president of Greenville College.

While at Platte River conference, September 16th, we were shocked by the news of the attempted assassination of President McKinley. His death followed a few days later. He was the third president assassinated during my generation.

The West Iowa conference met at Polk City that year, and the harmonious spirit shown in the business proceedings, together with the unmistakable manifestations of the divine presence, produced a very favorable impression on the people. A scene which quickened every human emotion of the saints was the climax of the dedicatory service Sunday morning. A volley of "amens," "glorys" and "hallelujahs" poured forth from hearts overflowing with holy emotion. What an inspiration it is to the man of God, as he unfolds the gospel, to receive such hearty responses from his audience!

Rev. J. H. Wilson, the secretary, wrote of the conference and dedication:

"The session was the best we have had for years. There was a marked outpouring of the Holy Spirit at different times, especially at the Sabbath morning service. General Superintendent Jones presided with acceptability. His preaching was in power. The close of his Sabbath morning sermon, with its powerful peroration, amid the weeping and shouts of the saints, will not soon be forgotten. Quite a number were saved. At this service the new church was dedicated. Nearly $500 was quickly raised. If the spirit of this conference session shall prove to be an index of the year to come, better times are in store for the West Iowa conference."

The following summary report of my labors during the year 1901 was published in *The Free Methodist*, according to the disciplinary requirement:

"During the year I have labored within the bounds of fifteen annual conferences, involving over

ten thousand miles' travel. I have presided at seven annual conference sessions, dedicated ten churches, held seven holiness conventions, attended four camp-meetings, assisted in eight quarterly meetings, spent one Sabbath at the commencement exercises of Spring Arbor Seminary, preaching the annual sermon, conducted special services in many different localities, and occasionally spent a week at home for needed rest, usually preaching on the Sabbath."

As a people keep holy and unworldly God honors them with His presence and help. No people were ever celebrated for worldliness and holiness at one and the same time. The one is destructive to the other. The former fills the mind with vanity, destroys the spirit of true devotion, alienates the heart from God and the God-like, and paralyzes the church; while the latter begets humility, creates an affinity for the pure and heavenly-minded, increases one's devotion to God and His truth, promotes growth in grace and gives health and vitality to the church. Satan and sinners love the former; God and the saints love the latter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

At 8:45 a. m. New-year's day, 1902, Mrs. Jones, Ruth and I boarded a train at Chicago, en route for the Pacific coast. Passing through Memphis, Tennessee, and Jackson, Mississippi, we reached New Orleans, Louisiana, early the next day and spent a few hours viewing some of the principal parts of that great city. Reaching San Antonio, Texas, we were met by Elder Thompson and assigned quarters at Sister Wetherlie's where we were very kindly entertained during our stay in that city. According to previous engagement we assisted in a two-days' meeting in San Antonio, resulting in special encouragement to the little society then struggling for an existence. We greatly enjoyed our short stop-over with the pilgrims and were much helped in our sincere effort to help others.

On arriving at the coast we could not avoid contrasting the mild climate, green foliage and blooming flowers of that region with the cold, snow-bound country we had left only eight days before. A ten-days' meeting in Los Angeles, David McLeod, pastor, gave opportunity for "bodily exercise," fervent prayer, victorious faith and steady growth in grace. Brother E. C. Shipley was actively interested in that meeting, but before I visited the coast again he had passed to his eternal home.

Arriving at Alameda on the 21st we settled down

for a few days' rest. We arrived in the midst of the "rainy season," which is awaited with much anxiety as the rainfall during the early months is absolutely necessary to insure crops for the ensuing season.

A holiness convention in connection with a general quarterly meeting began at Alameda, March 4, 1902, in charge of Elder Griffith and pastor Horton. Under a steadily increasing interest the meeting continued over the 24th. Several were saved, a number wholly sanctified and the work greatly strengthened. Thank God for such refreshing seasons.

I finished my round of the Pacific Coast conferences for 1902 on June 29th. They all were seasons of profit and refreshing. The Washington conference held at Tacoma was regarded by many present as one of the most harmonious and blessed sessions in its history. The ministry as a body are humble, devoted, spiritual and self-sacrificing. I did not detect a single jar during the whole proceedings. Both ministers and laymen appeared to hold the interests of the work of God as paramount to every other interest. With such a condition of things it is not surprising that the Holy Spirit was richly outpoured during the conference session. Seekers were at the altar at every invitation and gracious deliverances were wrought out. The Sabbath was a blessed day. At the night service about twenty souls sought the Lord, several of whom were saved. Glorious victory.

Within the bounds of the Washington conference one of our most promising schools is located.

The interest taken in Seattle Seminary by the conference speaks well both for its present and its future. It was my privilege to attend a district quarterly meeting at the seminary and gain some personal knowledge of its workings. While the school maintains a good literary standing the spiritual interests of the students are carefully guarded. The utmost spiritual freedom is tolerated, and many young people already date their conversion back to the time of their attendance at Seattle Seminary. During my stay at the seminary I was most cordially entertained at the home of Professor and Mrs. Shay. It was not difficult to discover the deep solicitude they felt for the interests of the students.

After conference I spent two weeks with District Elder Smalley, visiting Everett, Mt. Vernon, Green Lake and Cle Elum in the order named. The services at each place were largely attended and favored with an encouraging degree of the divine presence. During my stay at Green Lake I was entertained by Brother and Sister D. H. Simons, formerly of Mason City, Iowa. They manifested their usual interest in the work of the church.

The general quarterly meeting and dedication at Cle Elum, May 10, 11, was a season of special refreshing to the saints. To secure a house free from debt in which to worship God in the spirit was an achievement of no small significance to the little society in that city. Brother and Sister Green, upon whom the principal financial responsibility had rested, were especially encouraged.

May 14th the Columbia River conference opened its annual session at Spokane, Washington. The

session was very harmonious throughout. The severe testings through which the conference had passed served to draw both the ministers and laymen nearer to God and to one another. God met with us and the pilgrims were strengthened and encouraged. The altar services were seasons of victory.

The Oregon conference was held at Portland, May 21-25, 1902, and was a blessed season. The business sittings, as well as the public religious services, were characterized by the Master's presence. Brotherly love prevailed. Every plan adopted seemed to be for the sole purpose of advancing the work of God. Brother William Pearce was reelected district elder, receiving every vote of the conference but one. Such an occurrence is very rare. A number of souls were blessedly saved and others wholly sanctified. The Sabbath was the crowning day of the occasion. Evidently all the tithes had been brought in, for at the morning service God opened the windows of heaven and poured out the uncontainable blessing upon the congregation. Such a scene no pen can describe. The unsaved looked on in breathless silence, while the saints were enraptured with visions of divine glory. Wave after wave swept over the audience and the inhabitants of Zion wept and shouted and leaped for joy. Glory to God in the highest! The remaining services of the day were attended with the utmost freedom, and at night the altar was filled with seekers, a number of whom were graciously saved. Such seasons are of untold benefit to the work. Preachers and people are inspired with new

courage and faith, which will invariably be followed by important victories. The conference was a great blessing to the church at Portland. Brother and Sister H. V. Haslam were returned to that work for the third year.

On June 5, 1902, there were evidences of life in Beulah Park, East Oakland, as the pilgrims began to gather for a camp-meeting to precede the annual session of the California conference. The spiritual tide rose steadily and when the time for the first sitting of the conference arrived all were in a condition of mind to push the business rapidly. No friction arose. The work of the stationing committee was easy, and by Saturday noon the business of the conference was finished and the appointments read. At the head of the list of ministers composing this conference stands the name of E. P. Hart, who took an active part in the business and religious exercises. He seemed to take special pleasure in attending a conference where he was not required to preside.

One great hindrance to the work of true holiness on that coast is the numerous so-called holiness organizations that are operating there. However fastidious one may be there is little difficulty in finding a type of holiness suited to his notions. There are those who operate along worldly lines, fellowshiping secret societies, indulging in fashionable attire, frequenting the opera and theater, sharing in worldly festivities in general, and at the same time using "holiness unto the Lord" as a trade-mark. This compromise type of holiness is in much greater demand than the true type which involves entire

separation from everything that is unscriptural and un-Christ-like. God has a few chosen ones there who are faithful and uncompromising in their efforts to promote the work of Bible holiness.

The Southern California camp-meeting and conference was held in Sycamore Grove, Los Angeles, June 18-29, 1902. About eighty families were tented on the ground. The congregations were large and the interest was excellent. Seekers were at the altar at nearly every service, and a goodly number found the experience they sought. Many of the ministers and members of that conference were Free Methodists before removing to the coast, and they have given decided character to the work there. The last Sabbath was an excellent day. Four regular services, children's meeting, young people's meeting, a rousing ring-meeting, kept the workers occupied from early dawn until late at night. D. G. Shepard, the newly elected elder of Los Angeles district, started in on his new field with commendable zeal and faith. David McLeod, for two years a successful pastor at Los Angeles, and, by the way, a former student of Spring Arbor Seminary, was selected for the eldership of the Arizona work. Although the field is a difficult one, he accepted the situation cheerfully and went forth with a glad heart to proclaim a full gospel to a needy people.

Brother W. B. Olmstead attended the last four conferences named, and besides preaching often, labored faithfully in representing our Sunday-school and publishing house interests. A great interest was awakened in both the normal lessons and the home department work.

On returning from the coast I passed over the Colorado Midland route. The scenery was most delightful, exceeding anything I had ever seen before. In crossing the mountains above Colorado Springs we were carried above the clouds. Above us the sun shone brightly, while below us rolled the dense volume of clouds like the waves of the sea amid a raging storm. The scene was beyond description.

I had the middle-west conferences on my list that year, beginning with the Colorado, at Colorado Springs. I made the round in good condition, having no serious differences to adjust. The blessing of the Most High was upon His people, inspiring them with faith and courage.

In my visits to the different fields I am impressed with the urgent need of a diligent ministry. The call for faithful laborers is pressing. Well directed, faithful efforts for the salvation of souls will not be fruitless. Success must attend the labors of a sanctified ministry. To succeed in the gospel ministry there must be an untiring effort *"to seek and to save that which is lost."* The perishing and the dying are to be rescued and cared for. Indolence and lack of interest in real gospel work is sure to burden the ministry with a class of "dignified gentry" who care for little else than salary and personal popularity. Such preachers are not likely to take any chances on presenting unpopular truths to the people. Only preachers who are armed with the panoply of heaven have the courage to declare the whole counsel of God.

Ministers, as a rule, would be healthier and stronger if they took more physical exercise in-

volved in practical gospel work. By preaching often and doing more pastoral work they would have a better appetite, a more active mind and a clearer conscience.

One of my most pleasant visits to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, was on the occasion of the dedication of the East End church, December 11-14, 1902. Sister Laura Lamb, the faithful pastor, with comparatively few members, had succeeded in erecting a very substantial church and parsonage. There was no money in the treasury when the enterprise was launched, but steady faith, accompanied with corresponding works, brought the needed supplies. Of the dedication District Elder Stamp wrote in part: "General Superintendent Jones was engaged for the dedication services. He was present for the first service and it seemed to us that he was unusually filled with the Holy Ghost. The weather was bad. Heavy rains continued until Sunday, which was a test of faith. The cost of the entire building was $4,700, $2,800 of which had to be raised to clear the indebtedness. It seemed a large amount; but one man prayed till four o'clock in the morning and got the evidence of God's help, and after an inspiring sermon by Brother Jones the financial statement was made and the $2,800 provided for in less than one hour. The spiritual part of the services equaled the financial and a goodly number were saved. Five were received into the church on probation."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Early in 1903 I was asked to write an "Introduction" to "Reminiscences of Early Free Methodism," by General Superintendent Hart, a work that has a wide circulation in the church, and is of special interest to those who are interested in the rise and progress of Free Methodism. Those who were identified with the church in her early struggles feel a thrill of holy emotion as they read of the thrilling experiences of those exciting times. The mission of the book is to call the attention of its readers to the important lessons taught by the past history of the church, to note the warnings it conveys for the future, and thus safely fortify against the perils that threaten the life of the church.

Early in 1901 there were but two Free Methodists in the city of Howard, Michigan. Rev. J. A. Humphries entered the place and opened revival services in an old cheese factory. He visited nearly every family in the town irrespective of profession or creed. God honored his labors, souls were saved and a Free Methodist society organized. A little later the Lord commanded Brother H. to "arise and build." He obeyed and the Lord who commanded helped him through. The success of the enterprise was a marvel to many and should serve to inspire faith and perseverance in any society needing a church. I was privileged to be present at the dedi-

cation and was specially helped in preaching the Word. Several were blessedly saved during the services, and amid tears and shouts of praise and thanksgiving the church was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, March 18, 1903.

Greenville, Illinois, was selected as the place of holding the general conference of 1903, and it proved to be a delightful spot for such an assembly. That was the fearful flood-year in the central west and many of us will long remember the difficulties and dangers encountered in reaching the seat of conference. But when once upon the ground everything was delightful. Greenville being the location of our only denominational college it formed a strong attraction for our people.

A pathetic scene occurred at the close of the second sitting when Superintendent Coleman arose and in a few words expressed his desire, in consideration of advanced age and declining health, not to be considered a candidate for re-election to the superintendency. For over sixteen years he had served the church faithfully and efficiently in the eminent position to which he had been called, and many regrets were expressed as the time for his retiring approached.

On June 19th the conference proceeded to ballot for general superintendents. Edward P. Hart, Burton R. Jones, Walter A. Sellew, Wilson T. Hogue were elected. Brother Hogue was the newly elected one. C. B. Ebey was elected editor of the church paper.

The question of the attitude of the church toward "labor unions" and some of the minor secret orders

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was brought before the conference at the request of a few sincere persons who thought the Discipline should be changed so that membership in such orders would not be a bar to membership in the church. The house was crowded with interested and anxious listeners, and intense interest was shown in the consideration of the question. Those engaged in the discussion spoke with deep earnestness, yet with the utmost candor. After a thorough consideration of every phase of the subject, the final vote gave an overwhelming majority in favor of making no change in the Discipline touching the relation of the church to secret societies. Action was taken, however, recognizing the right of laboring men to organize in the interests of self-protection and self-improvement.

Each officer elect being asked for a few remarks, I addressed the conference as follows:

"A little over eight years ago, in this city, I was first called to the office which I now hold, and this renewed expression of confidence, emphasized by such a large vote, affords me inexpressible satisfaction. During the two terms I have served the church in this honored relation it has been my aim to discharge the duties incumbent upon me conscientiously and in the fear of God.

"I am in full sympathy with the church in all her operations, and since the hour of my conversion I have been ready to share with her in the persecutions, sacrifices and struggles involved in the propagation of the gospel of Christ. You are aware that the office to which you have called me is not without its embarrassments, but by the united ef-

fort of the ministry and laity I believe God will honor us with still greater success in the future.

"I think the general feeling is that this has been the most harmonious, most blessed general conference yet held in the history of the church. Let our prayers continue to ascend for one another and for the success of the interests and principles we represent."

The congregation then sang, "Work till Jesus comes," and the place seemed filled with the presence of God.

The general conference of 1903 passed into history as one of marked spirituality. The business sittings, as well as the religious services, were characterized by an almost continuous outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The prevailing sentiment of the conference was in favor of uncompromising loyalty to original principles. Not one amendment was made to the Discipline calculated to weaken the position of the church on any of her fundamental principles.

Only as the church keeps pure and humble can she maintain her spiritual life and power. The standard of spirituality in the church lowers as its members become proud and worldly-conformed. Then persecution and opposition cease, distinctive issues are lost sight of and the church becomes distinguished for formality and worldliness. As intellectual rivalry and interest in the social gatherings are allowed to supplant zeal for the real work of God, true piety is crushed out. There may remain a profession of religion, but little, if any, of the real power of godliness will be exhibited.

September 9, 1903, I had my first experience in a train wreck. As we were moving out of the city of Schenectady, New York, the engine of our train collided with the engine of a freight train and turned over into a ditch. The train was terribly shaken, creating great excitement among the passengers, but no one was seriously injured. It seemed remarkable that no lives were lost. A short delay, another engine was attached to our train and we soon reached Glens Falls, the seat of the Susquehanna conference.

A few days with the good brethren of "old Susquehanna," proved to be very refreshing, after which I made my first visit to Saratoga Springs, being kindly entertained at the pleasant home of Brother and Sister W. H. Clark. A short visit at the famous springs of that city served to satisfy my curiosity, as well as my relish for mineral waters.

On September 15, 1903, in company with Brothers Clark and Olmstead, I took my first trip by steamer down the Hudson river, en route to the New York conference. It was a restful trip. Along the entire distance from Albany to New York city the shores present an unfolding panorama as varied as the imagination can picture.

A few hours out from New York brought us to Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, where we were royally entertained at the home of Brother W. B. Bertels during the conference. A good spirit prevailed in the conference, and the appointments were quite satisfactory, with Brothers Eakins and Miller as district elders.

The Genesee, Oil City and Pittsburg conferences followed in my list, after which I returned to Chicago to attend the annual board meetings.

Sunday, November 22, 1903, the date of the dedication of the new church at Hillsdale, Michigan, was a day of victory. Until that time our people had been unable to secure a permanent place of worship in that city. The occasion was especially enjoyable to me, being privileged to meet a number of the pilgrims with whom I had been associated in the work of the church in other years. Some were present who for over forty years had been witnessing to the power of God to sanctify wholly. They had not wearied in well-doing, but are determined to persevere until the crowning day comes. To Brother Abbott, a layman, much credit is due for the success of the church enterprise.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

At the opening of the year 1904, I made the following entry in my diary: "Mournful day for Chicago. Thousands of her citizens are mourning for their dead, caused by the fearful calamity that came upon the great audience assembled at the Iroquois theater in that city on December 30, 1903. About six hundred unfortunate persons were swept into eternity by the rushing flames. Husbands and wives, mothers and children were found amid the heaps of the suffocated victims. Teachers of the city schools and ministers of orthodox churches were among the victims of that awful tragedy."

What a warning to all "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Genuine Bible experience will remove all desire for the ball-room, theater, opera, circus, horse-race, church entertainments, and such like, and will beget a love for the prayer and class-meeting, the public worship of God, His Word and His ordinances.

The year 1904 was the banner year for the introduction of get-rich-quick schemes, and they were a "temptation and a snare" to many of our ministers and people. In some localities our church work suffered very seriously because of those money-making and money-*losing* schemes. Thousands of dollars were lost through speculative investments. Even ministers of the gospel were known to turn

from their sacred calling to engage in questionable speculations, only to suffer for their folly. For a man called of God to minister in holy things to turn from his high and holy calling and engage in worldly speculations of a questionable character is fraught with serious consequences.

God has ordained that they who preach the gospel shall live of the gospel. Jesus says, "The workman is worthy of his meat" [maintenance]. The true minister of Jesus Christ is a "workman," a "laborer," not a "drone," not a "hireling." While he goes forth without "purse or scrip," giving all diligence to pluck souls out of the jaws of the destroyer, and to build up the church in righteousness and holiness, those whom he serves are under obligation to supply his temporal needs. Being thus kept from financial embarrassment he will have no excuse for turning aside to engage in secular pursuits.

In July, 1904, I had the pleasure of attending a double dedication in Ohio. Under the labors of Rev. D. W. Wesley a revival broke out in Kent, Ohio, resulting in the organization of a good society and the purchase of a church and parsonage. The dedication was a time of temporal and spiritual encouragement to the society. The power of God came on the congregation and a number professed to receive their Pentecost. Elder F. C. Calkins was untiring in his effort for the success of the enterprise.

At Cleveland we found pastor L. G. Lewis loaded with the responsibility of an important church enterprise.

In 1869 Dr. A. F. Curry, then of Buffalo, New

York, organized the first Free Methodist church of Cleveland, consisting of five members. Their first place of worship was a small church on Pear street, dedicated by Rev. E. P. Hart. Later the church was exchanged for property on the corner of Bridge and Taylor streets. Under the labors of Brother L. the society had been greatly built up, the old church thoroughly over-hauled, modern improvements provided, thus making the property commodious and attractive. The indebtedness was all provided for at the dedication and the people of God were inspired anew to press the battle in that great city.

My first visit to Glen Ellyn, Illinois, campground was in July, 1904, by invitation of the district elder, H. O. Hubbard. The meeting began in the Spirit and continued with increasing power until the close. Seekers were at the altar at nearly every service, a number of whom were reclaimed or sanctified wholly. Brother C. B. Ebey, then editor of *The Free Methodist*, was present several days and rendered efficient service. His son, Clyde R., having been previously elected to elder's orders by his home conference, was ordained during that meeting. There were about seventy well-filled tents in the encampment, and the pleasant associations, together with the lovely grounds, made it a delightful place for such a gathering.

The meeting was both interesting and profitable. The love-feasts were seasons of special refreshing. Waves of glory broke over the audiences at times, and some would shout aloud for joy, while others went leaping and shouting and praising the Lord

as in the early days. No one had reason to say that "the former days were better than these," for God was very near to His people.

While it seems exceedingly difficult for a growing church to keep humble and spiritual and hold steadily to first principles, many went from that camp-ground feeling that God is enabling the Free Methodists to preserve the ancient landmarks, and furnish the world an example of piety that is deep, whole-souled, thorough and consistent.

On September 3, 1904, the church was called upon to record the death of Rev. Levi Wood, one of her devoted and faithful ministers. Brother W. was identified with the church in Western New York during her early struggles, and for over forty years was a member of the Genesee conference, serving as pastor, district elder and evangelist. He was the first editor of *The Free Methodist*, and in that relation was brought prominently before the church. He was a masterly preacher, and when fully in the Spirit his sermons were most soul-inspiring.

At Danville, Illinois, October 16, 1904, a large company of the elect assembled to share in the dedicatory services of the new church. It was a blessed day. The power of God was displayed in every service. My soul was refreshed while breaking the bread of life to others, and with but little effort $975 was provided to cover the remaining indebtedness. The success of the enterprise was a glorious victory for the cause of Free Methodism in that city. Brother S. H. Lewis, the pastor, had labored untiringly for the cause, loyally assisted by the

district elder, J. A. Watson, and they shared richly in the blessedness of the occasion. On Monday I returned to the executive committee meeting in Chicago, from which I had been excused to attend the dedication.

"Since my last annual report I have labored within the bounds of nineteen annual conferences, presided at fifteen annual conference sessions, dedicated twelve churches, attended seven camp-meetings, held a number of holiness conventions and special evangelistic services, involving over 16,800 miles travel. Those gatherings resulted in the conversion and entire sanctification of a goodly number of souls, as well as the gracious quickening and strengthening of the church. The conferences at which I presided this year were, in spirituality and the exercise of brotherly love, in advance of any I ever attended. There was no use for even a committee on ministerial relations. Every conference except one reported an increase in membership over last year. In some localities existing conditions retard the work of God. For such conditions the church is, in some instances, responsible. The remedy lies in deep humiliation before God. Whims, notions, strifes, contentions and bickerings are all swept away by the incoming tide of divine power. God is with us as a people, and honors our efforts to promote pure and undefiled religion. The 'mighty to save' is our dependence.

"On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes."

CHAPTER XXXV.

The year 1905 opened on the Sabbath and found me engaged in a holiness convention at Atlanta, Georgia, that being my first visit to that part of our work. The services were enjoyable and fruitful, a goodly number being saved and sanctified. Rev. E. E. Shelhamer and his co-workers were sparing no toil or sacrifice to establish the gospel type of religion in that needy field. A few Free Methodist societies have been organized in the state and it is hoped that by steady perseverance the work may be sufficiently enlarged to warrant the organization of an annual conference in Georgia.

Having held the meeting that resulted in the organization of the first Free Methodist society in Battle Creek, Michigan, it was a pleasure for me to be present at the dedication of the new church in that city, March 7, 1905. It was a time of the gracious manifestation of the Infinite Presence. The Lord had greatly blest the labors of Brother and Sister D. J. VanAntwerp in building up the spiritual and temporal interests of the work during the three years of their pastorate. On December 6, 1876, we "struck the first blow" in that city, and now there is a thriving society and a fine church. Brother Albert Benton was the only charter member that was present at the dedication.

I was deeply impressed with the singing on that

occasion. Young and old entered into it most heartily. The hymns and songs used were not of the light, sentimental order, but expressive of deep Christian sentiment and attended with the unction of the Holy Spirit. It was such singing as arouses deep soul emotion. I am fully convinced that while our *singing* in most societies may be greatly improved, our salvation *hymns* and *songs* far excel in depth, purity of sentiment and wearing qualities any and all of the so-called "up-to-date" songs. Such standard hymns as "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "Zion Stands with Hills Surrounded," "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," and others in the church hymn-book, are in my judgment, unexcelled by anything yet produced. Many of the songs of recent production are so light and sentimental that their use tends to dampen rather than kindle the true devotional spirit. Some songs which express fairly good sentiment are set to rag-time music, and sound so light and flippant as to render them entirely inappropriate for religious gatherings. People who shout and run and waltz in cold blood, simply to create excitement and "draw a crowd," must have music adapted to that line of things; but where the Holy Ghost is expected to inspire the demonstrations, salvation songs and hymns are always suited to the purpose.

On the fortieth anniversary of my conversion I made the following entry in my diary:

"March 10, 1905.—Forty years ago to-night I received Christ as my Savior. How much real happiness has been crowded into those forty years. Sad

would have been my life without the Savior. I owe my all to him. He is graciously near to me now."

A few days later I made my last visit to the home of Brother and Sister C. S. Gitchell at Hobart, Michigan. Though aging rapidly, they were enjoying much of the Master's presence. Their labors have been greatly blessed and many have been won to Christ through their instrumentality.

In company with Elder D. G. Briggs I made my first visit to Sault Ste. Marie, April 25th. The pastor, J. E. Sanders, had planned for a successful meeeting and he was not disappointed. The services were largely attended and brought special encouragement to the church. That city is the key to our work in the north peninsula of Michigan and the field is a promising one.

June 9-13, 1905, was an important occasion for Spring Arbor, it being the date of the annual commencement exercises and the dedication of the new administration building. It was a time of special intellectual and spiritual uplift to both students and visitors. The exercises of the different departments were exceptionally entertaining and the spiritual tide ran high. Sunday was a memorable day. In the morning the new building was dedicated with appropriate exercises. Its erection, made possible by the untiring efforts of Rev. H. D. F. Gaffin, adds greatly to the educational facilities of the school. The annual sermon Sunday evening by Rev. C. W. Stamp was able, eloquent and inspiring. Professor Warner's address to the graduating class was full of wise and timely suggestions.

There seemed to be no lack of loyalty and enthusiasm among the friends of the institution and its influence is far-reaching. It has since been blessed with steadily increasing prosperity under the management of Professor Burton Jones Vincent, while the standard of simplicity and spirituality as held by the church is fully maintained.

Amid such a spiritual atmosphere as accompanied those exercises it would be exceedingly difficult to conceive of true devotion as merely intellectual—"a dispassionate exercise of the understanding"—without any warm emotions or vehement affections of the heart. True devotion, though rational, is often fervent and enraptured.

The most blessed session of the Platte River conference at which I was ever privileged to preside up to that time was held at Orleans, Nebraska, August 16-20, 1905. An unusual spirit of devotion to the church and its mission was manifested throughout the entire session. The religious services were excellent, many souls receiving help. The climax was reached Sunday night, when about twenty seekers responded to the altar call, nearly all of whom were set free some time during the night. The seminary, under the management of Professor Ghormley, had enjoyed a prosperous year, and there was a general inspiration of courage and faith for both church and school work.

An affecting scene attended the baptismal service at Mason City, Iowa, during the session of the Minnesota and Northern Iowa conference, September 10, 1905. Three children were presented for baptism. The parents of one of them were unsaved.

But so manifest was the presence of God at that service that those unsaved parents began at once to cry for mercy and were saved before leaving the altar. A few minutes later they united with the church. The scene was most inspiring, and quite significant as indicating God's approval of the baptism of infants. At night another soul was saved and the conference session ended most gloriously.

My annual report for 1905 will give some idea of the general condition of the work within the bounds of the conferences in which I labored during the year:

"The conference year has been a busy one to me, but attended with much of the presence and blessing of the Lord. The meetings and conferences I have been privileged to attend have been interesting and profitable. I have labored within the bounds of seventeen conferences, attending four camp-meetings, several holiness conventions, ten dedications, a number of special services, and presided at nine annual conference sessions, all involving about 9,000 miles of travel.

"The camp-meetings and conferences were nearly all exceptionally harmonious and spiritual, being an inspiration to both the ministry and the laity. And what is most encouraging and satisfactory to the gospel minister, I have been privileged to witness the conversion and entire sanctification of precious souls.

"With rare exceptions the societies I have visited are holding close to original principles, faithfully resisting the encroachments of the world, and striving to maintain the spiritual life. Any other

course must prove fatal to Free Methodism and the highest interests of the church. We must hold firmly to the Bible standard of inward and outward holiness."

While presiding at annual conferences I have often been impressed with the thought of the responsibility of the Christian ministry. If the church is to remain humble, spiritual and aggressive the ministry must stand out in the forefront. To a great extent the minister molds the character of the church and gives to it its moral tone. The Lord holds him largely responsible for the care and welfare of His people. He is to feed the flock of God, and cry out against the encroachments of Satan. God's word to the Christian ministry is, "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at My mouth, and give them warning from Me." The duty of the minister—the watchman—is to look to the safety of those under his care, to labor to edify them and promote their eternal salvation.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

For eight years as president of the general missionary board I had noted with interest the steady growth of our foreign missionary work. In 1895 Rev. W. W. Kelley and wife and Rev. G. H. Agnew began labor at Inhambane on the east coast of Africa. We now have well established mission stations in Africa, India, Japan and China. Of the toil and hardship endured in establishing our work in those foreign fields much remains unwritten.

At the annual session of the executive committee held in 1904, Superintendent Sellew was appointed to visit the foreign fields, study their needs and plan for still more aggressive work. His visit to Africa resulted in the organization of the South Africa Mission conference, October 11, 1905, with the following named preachers in full connection: J. P. Brodhead, A. E. Haley, Jules Ryff, J. W. Haley, Carroll Smith. W. A. Backenstoe was received on trial. The following were admitted as acting missionary members: F. Grace Allen, Lucy A. Hartman, Margaret A. Nickel.

This event marked an epoch in the history of our missionary work in which every member of the church should feel a deep interest. We have reason to hope that our foreign work will experience a steady growth; and the church is praying and sacrificing that Africa, India, Japan and China may

witness the deliverance of many souls from the deep degradation and superstition of heathenism.

During the early part of 1906 I assisted in special meetings at different places throughout the church. At every point I visited there was a felt need of a genuine Pentecostal revival. Such revivals, however, are not mere happenings, but the result of well-directed effort. It is quite as reasonable and philosophical to use means to promote the work of God as it is to plow and sow to secure harvest. In the use of appropriate means, no work can be undertaken with greater certainty of success than that of soul-saving. The prayer of faith, the preaching of the Word, the outpoured Spirit are essential factors in revival work. The power to pray and preach and labor so as to awaken souls and draw them to Christ lies in the possession of the Holy Spirit. That is the pressing need of the twentieth century church. All the available resources of the church will prove ineffectual in the work of soul-saving unless fired by the Holy Spirit. The ministry and the laity, the young and the old, all should wait before the Lord until they receive the anointing from on high. Then, and only then, can the church look with any degree of assurance for a general revival of "pure and undefiled religion."

In April, by invitation of Elder J. A. Manning, I spent three weeks on his district in the Kansas conference, dedicating a church at Iola, at Climax and at Pittsburg, all in the state of Kansas. The visit was both pleasant and profitable. God set His seal on the enterprises by saving and sanctify-

ing a number of souls. Waves of glory swept over the audiences at different times, filling our hearts with joy unspeakable. The spirits of the saints were lifted heavenward and we felt that the world was growing smaller and heaven becoming brighter.

On the morning of April 18th, the whole civilized world was startled by the sad news that a terrible earthquake, without parallel in the history of the United States, had struck the Pacific coast, wrecking the cities of San Francisco and Santa Rosa and seriously damaging other California cities and towns. In San Francisco the ruin wrought was beyond description. The city suddenly became a vast sea of fire, raging for several days until nearly the whole city was destroyed. Those grand, palatial buildings were reduced to smouldering ruins. Hundreds of lives were lost and millions of dollars in property destroyed. Perilous times followed. Multitudes left homeless and destitute thronged the streets of adjoining cities, begging for food and shelter. Tents were set up, houses thrown open and the suffering cared for as fully as possible. The excitement was intense. A marvelous feeling of sympathy and human-kindness was aroused throughout the world. Train-loads of supplies were shipped to the stricken cities and millions of dollars were contributed by all classes and conditions of people.

As a denomination we had reason to thank God that none of our church property was destroyed and none of our people seriously injured. But every one should learn the lesson of the uncertainty of all things earthly and make due preparation for

the more momentous crisis that is approaching. God says, "Yet once more I shake not the earth only but also heaven."

At Spring Arbor, June 10, 1906, I preached my fourth annual sermon at the seminary. Subject: Character Building. Text: Matt. 7:24, 25. The graduating class was composed of fourteen promising young people, several of whom are now doing efficient gospel work in the church. It was the largest class ever graduated by the seminary up to that time.

En route to the great Northwest in June, I attended an interesting camp-meeting at Huron, South Dakota, in charge of Elder Whiteside, and another at Fairmont, Minnesota. Passing over the "Soo Line" I reached Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, July 4, 1906.

In 1898, Rev. W. H. Wilson was appointed by the West Ontario conference as "missionary to Manitoba and the Northwest." Brother W. found a large, uncultivated field before him. He entered upon his mission with firm faith in God, sought divine guidance in his plans and labors, and after eight years of toil and sacrifice saw the desire of his heart in the formation of a new conference in that western field.

July 17, 1906, the following note appeared in *The Free Methodist*: "General Superintendent B. R. Jones writes from Moosejaw, under date of July 5th, as follows: 'The Western Canada conference was duly organized at two p. m. to-day, with six preachers in full connection. A blessed spirit prevails. The pilgrims are being inspired for increased

aggressiveness in this great Northwest. The field is immense. Some are present from a distance of over 600 miles. A goodly number of God's elect are scattered over this broad field and a gracious ingathering may be expected.' "

The new conference, duly organized and equipped, entered upon its mission full of faith and courage. A deep interest was shown in the business of the conference, and the stationing committee demonstrated rare efficiency in completing its work in about one hour, and did it well. I received a royal welcome from all in attendance, and was blessed in my ministrations. I shared the warm hospitality of Brother and Sister Steer, formerly of the East Michigan conference.

In company with my daughter Mabel it was my privilege to spend a few days at the Pittsburg camp-meeting, which was held in a beautiful grove on Glenwood avenue, closing July 22, 1906. It was an unusually large gathering, there being over one hundred family tents on the ground. It was estimated that from 2,500 to 3,500 people gathered at the night services, manifesting a deep interest in the exercises. The meeting was in charge of Elder A. D. Zahniser, ably assisted by Pastor J. N. McKim. These brethren showed marked skill in the management of all the details connected with such a large encampment. Brothers J. F. Silver, Albert Wilson, Oliver Gornall, E. E. Shelhamer and H. A. Baldwin, the other district elders of the conference, were present and labored faithfully in the meeting. The pastors and evangelists present entered into the spirit of the occasion and helped

push the battle along. The services were interesting and spiritual, a large number responding to nearly every altar call. The work of regeneration and entire sanctification ran parallel at the altar services, and a goodly number were converted or reclaimed, while a still greater number were wholly sanctified. A better type of Free Methodism than was seen on that ground would be difficult to find.

In August, 1906, Mrs. Jones and our daughter Ruth accompanied me to the dedication of the "First Free Methodist Church of China," located about five miles out from St. Clair, Michigan. The church is built of cement blocks, neat and substantial, and represents much labor and sacrifice on the part of the lovers of the pure gospel in that locality. The spiritual interests were "just tolerable only," yet the occasion was one of encouragement to many who were present. The pastor, E. A. Thomas, and Israel Mudge were in the Spirit and rendered valuable assistance in raising the remaining indebtedness. We had a very agreeable time and were warmly entertained at the home of Brother and Sister Robertson, who were faithful supporters of the work there. Our trips about the neighborhood on a hay-rack were rather unique and somewhat taxing, but afforded an interesting variety to the program. Our return trip of about sixty miles down St. Clair River on the steamer Owana was decidedly refreshing.

One of the most blessed sessions of the West Kansas conference at which I had been privileged to preside was held at Osborne, Kansas, August 22-26, 1906. The interest was remarkable. The

Lord gave me special help in addressing the conference. On one occasion while considering the fundamental principles of the church and urging loyalty to those principles the glory of the Highest came upon us. Such a scene as followed is seldom witnessed. Nearly the whole audience surged toward the altar weeping and shouting, running and leaping and praising the Lord. It was a genuine Pentecostal scene. Vows were confirmed, consecrations renewed, and the saints pledged uncompromising loyalty to God and His cause. Thank God for such a sweeping victory! There were many clear conversions at the public services and all felt that the conference had been most successful and profitable.

Memories of the Sabbath services at the Central Illinois conference held at Greenville, Illinois, September 19-23, 1906, will not soon be effaced. Of those services I made the following record: "Glorious day. Love-feast excellent. Morning text, Matt. 5: 8. Had divine help in preaching. When about half through with my sermon the glory cloud broke over the vast audience and for about ten minutes the sound of the praises and hallelujahs of the saints filled the place. What a scene! Souls were saved at the night service."

At the request of President Whitcomb the conference went in a body to the college auditorium where I was privileged to address a fine body of students. The general expression of the conference was, "God is doing a great work through Greenville College." Character is being formed and a type of manhood and womanhood developed that is destined to bless the world.

In the providence of God a good church building was donated to the Free Methodists of Columbus, Ohio, by a sister church, and re-dedicated December 16, 1906. The services were held in connection with a district quarterly meeting, in charge of Elder Wesley. It seemed as though those who stood under the work in that city had been confronted with problems of more than ordinary perplexity, but a brighter day had dawned and the pilgrims had reason to rejoice and be glad. I was pleased to be entertained at the home of Brother and Sister Easton who were saved and united with the church in a meeting we held near Columbus in 1880.

During the year 1906 I was more "abundant in labors" than I had been during any previous year of my superintendency. I labored within the bounds of twenty-two annual conferences. It was my banner year for dedications, being privileged to assist in nineteen dedicatory services. Many of our gatherings were seasons of special refreshing. At nearly every conference session a spirit of encouragement and brotherly love prevailed. But few gave evidence of having become "weary in well doing." The effect of such gatherings has been and must ever be to inspire both the ministry and the laity to pursue with ever increasing intensity the course originally outlined for the church. The work in some localities has suffered for the want of wise, energetic, devoted pastors. Some otherwise efficient men impair their usefulness by unwise methods. There is great need of more efficient workers. God alone can raise them up and send them forth.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Our visit to the Pacific Coast conferences in the spring of 1907 was exceedingly interesting and profitable. Each session was attended with the signal manifestations of the presence and power of God. The reports of the preachers showed an encouraging gain in membership over former years and a general feeling of encouragement was manifest among both ministry and laity. Many of the business sittings as well as the religious services were most soul-refreshing seasons. The reports at the Washington conference showed that it had been a banner year for Seattle Seminary, and those connected with the institution were full of faith and courage for its future prosperity.

En route to the Oregon conference I was privileged to attend one service at Portland Mission, then in charge of Brother A. Wells. It was a precious season. One soul was saved, one sanctified. Such definite results are soul-inspiring to those who are under the burden of the work. The Oregon conference was held at Ashland. Much of the divine blessing was experienced. Brother John Glenn was full of faith and courage at that session, and a few months later crossed the line of worlds. The new church was dedicated during the Sunday services. Those present will not soon forget the excitement created by the fearful storm that swept

over the place, leveling the tabernacle to the ground. While some were bruised by the falling timbers, no one was seriously injured.

The Southern California conference was held in June in connection with a camp-meeting in Mineral Park, Los Angeles. On Sunday the large pavilion was crowded to its utmost capacity. The greatest liberty attended the services. The modern "tongue" movement with its erroneous teachings seemed to afford a strange fascination for a few of our people, but the delusion was clearly and fearlessly exposed at the conference, and God set His seal on the truth so unmistakably that all who were enquiring for the true light were greatly encouraged. At the Sunday morning service the tide of glory swept over the vast audience and the shouts of the saints rolled on and on, while our hearts were thrilled with hallowed melody. Such music does not fall upon the ears of mortal beings every day. Professor N. J. Davis took a deep interest in the work of the conference, and we little thought his end was so near. David McLeod, the newly elected district elder, felt very keenly the responsibilities attaching to his office.

During my short stay in Los Angeles I called at the home of Brother and Sister Ulrich who were sanctified and brought into the Free Methodist church under my labors at Three Rivers, Michigan, in 1875. They are still true to God and the church. The rehearsal of the scenes of those early years was interesting and refreshing.

In company with Brothers Cochran, Edwards and Smith, I took train June 4, 1907, en route for

the East, passing through Salt Lake City, reaching Orleans, Nebraska, on the 8th. By invitation of Professor A. J. Damon I enjoyed the commencement exercises at the seminary and preached the annual sermon. A prosperous school year was reported.

Our company reached Greenville, Illinois, in time for the first sitting of the twelfth general conference of the Free Methodist church, which was held in that city, June 12-28, 1907. Of the one hundred twenty-seven delegates composing that body over sixty had never been members of a general conference before. It was evident from the first that those present as representatives of the church were deeply impressed with the importance of the work before them, and felt keenly the need of the most careful consideration, devout prayerfulness and conservative action in all their deliberations and conclusions. While there were honest differences of opinion, no serious division of sentiment was created by the discussions of that body. The problems considered and the decisions reached were of vital importance to the church.

For the first time in the history of the church representatives from the foreign field were admitted to seats in the general conference. When J. P. Brodhead and F. Grace Allen were introduced as delegates from the South Africa Mission conference, they were warmly received amid the shouts and tears of the great audience.

Several hours were given to the consideration of a proposed amendment to the Discipline providing for the introduction of instrumental music in our

public worship. The discussion was the most thorough and spirited I had ever heard on the subject at a general conference, yet it was characterized throughout by kindness and fairness. Amid the voluminous discussions there was a note of conservatism and good sense, born of a clear recognition of the responsibilities to be assumed in such a radical departure from the original polity of the church. The final vote was almost unanimous in favor of maintaining the established position of the church on the question. It looks as though the organ will not be admitted to membership in the Free Methodist church for several generations to come.

The election of general church officers awakened the usual degree of interest. The hour for such election having been previously fixed insured a full house of interested people. On the first ballot E. P. Hart, B. R. Jones, W. A. Sellew and W. T. Hogue were re-elected general superintendents, and at a later sitting it was decided to change the official title to "bishop." J. T. Logan was elected editor of *The Free Methodist;* D. S. Warner, editor of the Sunday-school literature; W. B. Rose, publishing agent; B. Winget, general missionary secretary; W. B. Olmstead, general Sunday-school secretary; C. W. Stamp, S. K. Wheatlake and J. H. Flower, general conference evangelists.

An amendment was made to the Discipline involving quite a radical change in the polity of the church, providing that women evangelists who have been licensed by an annual conference, and have served two successive years as pastor may, upon recommendation of the quarterly conference, have

a voice and vote in the annual conference; such relation to continue only while acting as pastor.

The consideration of this amendment involved a lengthy and spirited discussion, but it was finally adopted by a good majority. Thus far it has operated very satisfactorily in the annual conferences.

It was at this session that our first order of deaconesses was authorized, the details of which were afterward planned by the general missionary board and approved by the executive committee. During the two years that have elapsed since the order was adopted but few have been elected to the office.

Although a number of disciplinary changes were made by that conference, there was no pronounced disposition to depart in anywise from original principles. The religious services were deeply spiritual, and the one aim seemed to be to glorify God and advance His cause. The general conference of 1907 will go down in history as one of the most harmonious and spiritual of the general gatherings of the church, thus rendering the outlook for the future of the Free Methodist church very encouraging. That the church is not departing from original principles was fully demonstrated by the spirit and enactments of that general conference. The strictest measures, affecting the doctrines, principles and practises of the church, were supported by large majorities. All honor is due to a people who dare maintain their position against the time-serving tendencies of the age. We may safely challenge the world to duplicate such a host of God fearing, humble, holy, self-sacrificing men and women as assembled at that general conference.

Personally, I regard it an honor to be identified with such a people.

A number of friends gathered at our home in Jackson, Michigan, August 1, 1907, it being the occasion of the marriage of our daughter, Ella Mabel, to Jacob Moyer. They were both converted early in life and their lives are consecrated to God. At this time (1909) they are members of the faculty of our denominational college at Greenville, Illinois. What a comfort to Christian parents to have their children saved and to know that they are living to honor God and make the world better. "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth."

On October 27th I was privileged to assist in the dedication of the new church at Ypsilanti, Michigan. For many years our people had labored to establish the work in that city, with alternate success and failure. Under the labors of Rev. J. G. Anderson a goodly number were saved, a good class organized, and a commodious church built. The dedication was a season of special interest. The indebtedness was provided for, the saints refreshed, and several saved and united with the church. Among the pillars of the church there is Walter Haynes, whose father was among the early ministers of the Michigan conference. It is inspiring to see the young people rising up to fill the places of those who have fallen on the field.

Nineteen hundred seven furnished an unusual record of deaths among prominent men of the church.

On July 3d that honored man of God, Rev. G. W.

Coleman, passed to his eternal reward. For many years he served the church faithfully and efficiently in the different offices to which he was called. At the general conference at Coopersville, Michigan, in 1886, he was elected general superintendent, which honored office he filled with general acceptability until declining health necessitated his retirement. His true devotion, deep piety and clear scriptural preaching won the confidence and esteem of the church. His life and labors contributed much to the strength, purity, spirituality and success of the Free Methodist church. He is now a "pillar in the temple of God," and he will go no more out forever.

Rev. C. S. Gitchell, who was prominent in the early history of the church, and who did much to establish our work in Michigan, was called to his reward on June 26th. Brother G. was one of the pioneers of the church who set aside worldly ambitions and was ready to make any sacrifice involved in the spread of scriptural holiness. Of him it may well be said, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people was added unto the Lord" through his instrumentality.

Rev. H. Hornsby, of the Genesee conference; Professor N. J. Davis, of Los Angeles Seminary; E. C. Shipley, a prominent laymen of the Southern California conference; John Romine, for many years a pillar in the church in Southern Michigan, among others, were called home that year.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Early in January, 1908, a revival broke out at Danville, Michigan, under the labors of Rev. A. E. Warren. That was a new field for our work, there being no Free Methodist society within ten miles. From the beginning Satan's forces were arrayed against the work; but God honored the efforts of His faithful servant and a goodly number were saved, the majority of whom were men and women in middle life. A society of thirty members was organized, with others looking toward the Free Methodist church for a home. A fine brick church was purchased and our work thoroughly established in that place. I was privileged to spend a few days with the new society in connection with the dedication of the church. Sunday, January 12th, was one of the most stormy days of the season. But a fine audience assembled. God was with us, and the house was dedicated with the indebtedness all provided for. The victory of the Sabbath was an inspiration to the saints and an unanswerable argument against the enemies of vital godliness in that vicinity.

On March 17, 1908, I made the following entry in my diary: "Took 10:45 a. m. train for Spring Arbor, arriving before noon. Am entertained at Father Olmstead's. His son, W. B., is here. Seminary board of trustees held annual meeting this after-

noon and evening. Prosperous year reported with good spiritual interest among the students. Professor Vincent and nearly all of the faculty were engaged for another year. I was re-elected president of the board. The school is doing a great work in molding the character of the young people of the church."

As the result of the faithful labors of Rev. C. H. Sage and wife, the first Free Methodist church of Port Huron, Michigan, was dedicated May 24, 1908. The completion of that enterprise marked the closing scene of an active ministerial career. Many had hoped that Brother S. would live to enjoy the dedicatory services, but God ordered otherwise and he passed triumphantly to his reward a few weeks in advance of that occasion, having devoted thirty-seven years to the work of the gospel ministry. The weather was delightful, congregations large, and the presence of the Master made the services blessed and soul-inspiring. Elder S. H. Porterfield was in charge and the pastors of the district were present and rendered efficient service. Sister Sage succeeded her husband as pastor at the new church, and God continues to bless and strengthen the work. The Lord opened the way for our people in that city in a remarkable manner, and there is ground for hope that Port Huron will yet become the hub of the district.

The sad news of the death of Rev. C. B. Ebey on June 17, 1908, brought sorrow to the entire church. The summons came without warning, but it found the man of God with the whole armor on, ready to depart and be with Christ. Brother E.

had been identified with the Free Methodist church for thirty-five years, and contributed much to the spread of pure Methodism.

One by one the noble men who were identified with the church in its early struggles are passing away. But few of them remain on the field. Human life is short and eventful, full of mingling sunshine and shadows. We are often reminded of its frailty and brevity. It is like the "weaver's shuttle" which swiftly flies onward, but soon completes its mission. As to the Christian, the thought that his heart will soon cease its pulsations fires his soul with visions of immortality, and inspires him with increased devotion to God.

On July 29, 1908, I reached the Chittenango, New York, camp-ground. The meeting was in charge of Elder J. S. Bradbrook, who seemed anxious that everything should move in the Spirit. At the first love-feast on the ground I received a real melting, comforting, inspiring blessing. The meeting was decidedly successful throughout. A goodly number responded to every altar call. Of the Saturday afternoon service I made the following note: "Unusually victorious service. Had special help in preaching. Twelve or fourteen seekers at the altar. A man ninety-nine years old was converted, while near him knelt a little girl of ten years, seeking the Lord. Several young ladies were blessedly saved. Such rejoicing is seldom witnessed." Sunday was a victorious day. A goodly number of seekers reported victory. I greatly appreciated the privilege of worshiping for a few days with the pilgrims of the Susquehanna conference. Although many of

the original Free Methodists of Western and Central New York have gone to their reward, others have joined the ranks who are pressing the battle along gospel lines.

Among my list of conferences for 1908 were the Michigan and the Ohio—the former my home conference, and the latter one of which I formed a part at its organization. Both sessions were exceedingly interesting. The reports of the preachers indicated a steady growth throughout both conferences and a firm determination to press the battle along original lines. The great need to qualify the ministry and laity for a united charge on the entrenchments of Satan is, not more wealth, not more logic, not more culture, but *more power from on high.* Human agencies alone are insufficient. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Rev. H. Montgomery, having been transferred to the Michigan conference, was appointed to Jackson, my home charge.

A busy place was 14-16 North May street, Chicago, October 13-22, 1908, it being the occasion of the annual meetings of the different church boards. Thirty-seven ministers and laymen were present, representing the various departments of church work. At that annual meeting the executive committee ordered the purchase of a lot on the corner of Washington boulevard and May street, Chicago, on which to erect a new publishing house. The location is ideal and the new building now erected thereon is an honor to the denomination.

A change of official relations of a nature to create deep interest took place at that time, and a

feeling of sadness settled over the entire church when it was learned that Bishop Edward P. Hart, on account of advancing age, had decided to retire from active service. Thirty-four years of faithful service in the general superintendency had greatly endeared him to the church. In his retirement the church loses from its executive ranks one of its most loyal, godly and successful ministers. Ably assisted by his devoted wife, he has led on the hosts of the Lord and been instrumental in turning many to righteousness who will one day shine as stars in the celestial firmament.

On October 15th, Rev. William Pearce, a district elder in the Genesee conference, was elected bishop by the executive committee, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Bishop Hart. For over twenty-two years Brother P. has been actively engaged in the Free Methodist ministry, and his election to the bishopric will no doubt meet the general approval of the church.

Of a short visit at Greenville, Illinois, in November, 1908, I made the following note: "Put in full day at G—. Preached in the church at 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m., and in the college auditorium at 3 p. m. Had a good day all around. Large audiences. Good spirit. The word appeared to be an inspiration to the saints. Fine class of young people at the college. This is a great field for doing work for the Master. The college is prospering under the management of President Burritt. My daughter Mabel, and her husband are doing well in their respective departments. Entertained at Brother Graham's."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

In *The Free Methodist* of February 5, 1907, my mother's last printed testimony appeared as follows:

"ELEANOR S. JONES, Jackson, Michigan.—I am nearly eighty-eight years of age and have been a reader of THE FREE METHODIST ever since its first issue by Rev. Levi Wood. I was a member of the first Free Methodist society organized by Rev. Asa Abel at Greigsville, New York, in 1864. Brother William McBurney and I are the only surviving members of the original society. I have been identified with the church ever since.

ELEANOR S. JONES

"We came to Michigan in 1870, soon after my son Burton took his first appointment in the Michigan conference. My husband was taken to his eternal reward in 1887, and for some wise purpose, I trust, I am permitted to remain on earth. The conflict has been long and fierce, but the Lord has graciously sustained me. I am still trusting in Him and expect in due time to meet my Savior and loved ones in the land of eternal sunshine. Amen."

Our dear mother departed this life at Carlton, Michigan, September 17, 1908, being in the 90th year

of her age. Seven children, sixteen grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren, together with many friends shared in the general sorrow. She was respected and loved by all. Mother was converted at Greigsville, New York, in 1855, in a meeting held by the now sainted Rev. William C. Kendall, and united with the Methodist Episcopal church. Together with her husband she took a decided stand amid the great moral conflict that was raging in Western New York in the middle of the nineteenth century between the advocates of pure Methodism and the allied forces of formalism and worldliness. They were in full sympathy with the principles and purposes of the Free Methodist movement and were ready to make the sacrifice and suffer the reproach involved in a life of devotion to a pure Christianity.

On removing to Michigan in 1870 they continued their relations with the Free Methodist church, becoming identified with the society near Burr Oak, and later near Hastings, remaining loyal and true members of the latter society until transferred to the church triumphant. The death of her husband cast a dark shadow over the life of our dear mother, but God graciously sustained her. She was a faithful and affectionate wife and mother, a kind friend and neighbor. She was ready for the final summons. She had fought the good fight, kept the faith and finished her course in peace. Mother is forever at rest.

CHAPTER XL.

The opening of the new year affords opportunity for taking retrospective and prospective views of life. We look back and see many reasons to praise God for His merciful dealings. All the true joy we have experienced has been in Him. Of time illy spent and opportunities unimproved there is occasion for regret. The ideal life has been marred for want of foresight and prayerful consideration. But important lessons may be learned from the mistakes of the past. Where we failed once we should guard against repeated failure. The incoming year will afford many opportunities for self-improvement and for doing good to others. The life filled with acts of kindness, deeds of charity, and works for the Master, is relieved of much of its sorrow and bitterness. All mysteries should be left with God to solve in His own time.

During the first week in January, 1909, I entered upon my evangelistic labors for the year, beginning with a holiness convention at Yale, Michigan, Elder S. H. Porterfield in charge, followed by a four days' meeting at Henning, Illinois, U. S. Ferguson, pastor; and a holiness convention at Saginaw, Michigan, in charge of Elder F. J. Calkins. At each of these gatherings the Lord was pleased to pour out His Spirit, some being more productive of immediate results than others.

February 19-21 found me very pleasantly associated with an earnest company of God's elect at Hites, Pennsylvania. Elder J. F. Silver had general charge of affairs, aided by Pastor C. I. Schroder. Under the direction of the pastor a neat, commodious church had been erected and the time for dedication had arrived. All the pastors of the district and quite a number of the laymen were present. The Holy Spirit came on the saints at the first service, and the tide of salvation continued to rise at each succeeding service. A number responded to every altar call, several of whom were saved and sanctified. At times the audience was so affected as to be unable to restrain their feelings and found relief in tears and shouts of praise. The suggestion of an indebtedness of $1,200 did not stagger the faith of the people and in a short time it was all provided for and the church presented to God, ever to be known as a "house of prayer."

On arriving at Durand, Michigan, February 26th, I found the pastor, W. H. Iles, wearied with the labors and cares of a seven weeks' meeting. The struggle had been severe at times, and conditions were such as required the most skilful management to avoid the rocks that threatened the safe passage of the gospel ship. Different ones, apparently ambitious for leadership, under the pretense of superior piety, had sought to disrupt the society, hoping on the ruins thereof to establish a new order of things. But under divine guidance Brother Iles had led the little company of faithful ones on to steadily increasing victories. The special services closed with a most excellent holiness con-

vention. Elder DeVoist was to have had charge of the convention, but sickness prevented his attendance.

The divine presence attended every service, and several waiting hearts received their pentecost. Sunday was a victorious day. Two married women were blessedly reclaimed. A man eight-one years old, formerly a minister of the gospel, having been backslidden for twenty-five years, was graciously restored. Several persons who were present and prayed for him had been converted under his labors years before. The scene was very affecting, and the saints could but rejoice. Several persons will have reason to thank God in eternity that they were privileged to attend the convention. The work at Durand was never in a more encouraging state than at the time of this writing.

Early in March, 1909, I stepped off the train at Coldwater, Michigan. Forty-one and one-half years had elapsed since I first landed in that city and began my career as a Free Methodist minister. Memories of the past crowded in upon my mind. I thought of the early days when I was commonly spoken of as "Burtie Jones, the boy preacher," and of the good pilgrims whose patient forbearance and victorious faith contributed so much to my success in the work of God. Those shining faces and hearty responses were inspiring to me.

Remarkable changes have taken place since those early days. The city has greatly enlarged its borders. The old Tinkham residence, which was my first circuit home, has wasted almost beyond recognition. Of the original members of the church in

that vicinity John Palmatier, Harriet Zellar (mother of Peter and Stephen), Charles and Ann Rawson still remain on the field. Of the greater number it may be said, "God hath taken them." But to my great satisfaction I learned that a goodly number of the descendants of the fathers and mothers had been saved and become pillars in the church.

During my pastorate there we occupied the Wesleyan Methodist church for our preaching services, but now our people have a fine, commodious church of their own and a good parsonage. The Lord has graciously blessed the work. I greatly appreciated the privilege of spending a few days there in sacred service. Sunday was a precious day, several being set free. The pastor, J. G. Anderson, continued the meetings, expecting to achieve still greater victories.

A few weeks later, by invitation of the pastor, W. C. Muffitt, we spent a Sabbath with the church at Kalamazoo, Michigan. The weather was ideal and a large, interested audience gathered at each service. During the pastorate of F. L. Baker a fine church edifice, in a very accessible location, was dedicated and the society greatly strengthened. Since Brother M. took charge of the work a comfortable parsonage has been completed and the church has steadily increased in membership and spirituality. Kalamazoo is now one of the most inviting and promising pastorates in the Michigan conference. I suggested to the pastor that he exchange fields with me, but he assured me that he

had no ambitions in that direction, and was well satisfied with his present charge.

On the forty-fourth anniversary of my conversion I made the following record:

"Home, March 10, 1909. On this, the forty-fourth anniversary of my conversion to God, I can look back over a long record of miracles whereby He has kept me true and clean and upright; but in God alone was the power and to Him shall be the glory. 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' Where, what would I have been to-day had I not made choice of God? Echo answers, Where? What? Representing the most exalted profession known to mankind—the gospel ministry—exercised by an earnest desire for the salvation of souls and the upbuilding of the church of Christ, I am nearing the close of the forty-second year of active service in the Master's vineyard, not having been laid aside a single year.

"Having been somewhat frail in my early life, He who is 'too wise to err' must have had some gracious purpose in my preservation. And as I near the allotted time of human life I still delight myself in the Lord and He gives me the desire of my heart. I expect my end will be peace and my inheritance everlasting life. I hope to have a few trophies of grace to present to the Master. Those whom the ambassador of the cross has been instrumental in winning to Christ will be his 'crown of rejoicing,' his 'glory and joy,' in the great eternal day. I can conceive of no greater joy than that of the servant of God being able in the great day to appear before the Infinite One with those whom he

has rescued from sin and death, saying, 'Behold, I and the children whom Thou hast given me.'"

A brief account of a few special services will bring this narrative down to June 15, 1909:

By invitation of Elder G. A. Anderson, I made a short visit to the Burlington and Fairfield districts, Iowa conference. On arriving at Burlington June 2d, I was met by the pastor, C. L. Manning, and my old friend, Rev. E. E. Hall, with whom I have enjoyed some precious seasons in the work of the Lord. Though past his threescore years and ten he is still vigorous and active. My first appointment was at South Hill where in 1882 I was privileged to meet a noble body of holy men and women in general conference assembled. The service at this point was impressive and profitable, although but few of the original society remain.

At North Hill I shared in an interesting service the following evening. The absence of Brother John Burg, a former pillar of that society, was noticeable. But God is with His people there and the banner of the cross is still kept unfurled.

On June 4th I made my first visit to the church at Fairfield, Iowa, preaching in the afternoon and at night. A good spiritual atmosphere pervaded the house of God and it was a pleasure to stand where so many of the fathers of the church have stood and preach the word of life. I was warmly entertained at the home of Brother and Sister L. Mendenhall, who are well known throughout the Iowa conference and adjoining territory.

June 5-8 I spent with the society at Ottumwa, where in 1906 I dedicated a new church to the wor-

ship of God. Elder Anderson and the pastor, T. M. Fenwick, were untiring in their efforts to insure the success of the occasion. Several ministers and members were present from adjoining circuits, and inspiring audiences met us at every service. The Lord of hosts was with us.

In the spring of 1908 a cyclone swept over eastern Nebraska, uprooting trees and wrecking buildings in its course. The Free Methodist church at Louisville was torn from its foundation and left upside down a few feet distant. Having faith in the God who overrules every providence for the good of His people, the society at L— proceeded to clear away the wreck and place the building on a surer foundation. June 10-13 was the date fixed for the holiness convention and dedication of the reconstructed church. Elder E. E. Hatfield had charge of the services and was untiring in his efforts to "strengthen the things that remain." The attendance of several of the ministers and members of adjoining circuits added much to the interest and success of the occasion. Three interesting services were held on Sunday, the dedication taking place in the afternoon. The society was greatly encouraged and we hope to hear of steadily increasing interest in the work of God at Louisville. That was the one hundred sixty-fourth Free Methodist church I have been privileged to dedicate.

CHAPTER XLI.

In tracing the lines along which God has led me I have often felt to exclaim, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out!" Thus far God has led me by remarkable providences heavenward. My way at times has seemed strangely beset with difficulties, and in looking toward the future it appeared forbidding; but trusting in the Lord the obstacles were removed, the clouds lifted and the rugged way made plain.

That I have formed a strong attachment to the church which was the chosen agency in my salvation, and with which I have been associated in gospel work for nearly forty-five years, is not at all surprising. Nor is it strange that I should feel a deep interest in her future welfare. Free Methodism, originating in an "extraordinary dispensation of providence," merits steadily increasing progress, and every loyal member of the church loves to note the success of the principles she represents. Believing those principles to be founded on the Word of God we have no doubt of their ultimate triumph; and it is inspiring to our faith to note the advancement already made.

The progress made by the church in building schools and establishing missions and otherwise ex-

tending the work is largely attributable to her clear light on the subject of personal consecration. It is not the purpose of the people of God to hoard wealth and live for themselves alone. The religion of Jesus Christ is unselfish and requires its subjects to live for others. There is more than mere sentiment in the song so often sung:

"Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee."

Thousands of precious souls have been saved and sanctified through the instrumentality of the Free Methodist church, and the gospel leaven is still working. Onward must be her course, and her light will shine with increasing brilliancy as she follows in the footsteps of the Master. The church must be kept pure. She must live under the illuminating, energizing, sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit in the great struggle against the mighty current of worldly influence that surrounds her. Along the line of formality and worldliness lies her greatest danger. It is this that has paralyzed the faith of the Christian church in different ages and prevented her putting on her full strength.

There is evidently a fixed purpose throughout the denomination to stand firmly by the principles of her calling, the least departure therefrom being reproved in a manner indicating a jealous concern for the preservation of the church. The greatest power of the Christian church—Bible holiness—must not become a dead letter in our theology. If

it does God will raise up another people to preach it and to exemplify it.

The achievements of the last half century have not been accomplished without opposition, and occasional forebodings. God has seemed to hide His face at times, only to reveal it again in greater beauty and brilliancy. And as He has brought light out of darkness and victory out of apparent defeat, doubts and misgivings have vanished and the work has taken on a newer and brighter aspect.

The Free Methodist church has reached a very important crisis in her history. Her God-honored founder has fallen. Those who were actively identified with the church in her early struggles are rapidly passing away and her interests are falling under the management of a younger generation. They are to be the trusted conservators of the church and the leaders of the hosts of Israel. God grant that the high standard of spiritual life that has characterized the church thus far may be faithfully maintained.

It is vitally important that those who are called to assume such grave responsibilities be men of deep piety and sound principles. The fathers planted themselves squarely on the issue of Scriptural holiness. That issue is no less important today. True holiness is the life of the church. And the church that is loyal to that doctrine—whose ministers preach it and whose members live it—God will honor with steadily increasing prosperity. The Free Methodist church has ever been thoroughly Scriptural in her teaching on the subject, and

thousands of her members are living witnesses to the power of God to save to the uttermost.

The growth of the church in deep, earnest, true piety depends largely upon the devotion and faithfulness of her ministry. Their life, labors and teaching are important factors in molding the character of the membership. So long as the ministry keeps humble, spiritual and God-fearing the cause must prosper. Proud, flippant, self-conceited, fun-loving preachers, however talented, are not yet in demand in the Free Methodist church. Thus may it ever remain.

It should be borne in mind, however, that while principles are immutable, conditions may vary. The precedent of the fathers may not in every case be suited to present conditions. Exercised by a consuming anxiety to agree with the fathers the question is often asked, "What would Wesley have done?" or, "What would Roberts have done?" Regard for precedent simply because it is precedent is not always wise. Every one should aim to do in any given situation what is right. If any policy previously adopted conflicts with what now seems wise and right that policy should cease to govern. If what the fathers laid down as a course of action suits present conditions, by all means adopt it. If Wesley's policies fit a situation, adopt them—not simply because Wesley said so, but because it is *right*. Hold close to the Word of God. Let that be the standard of right moral conditions and conduct.

A great field of usefulness lies before the church. If she keeps humble and endued from on high her

future record may be far more glorious than her past. The honor which God bestows upon those who honor Him will continue forever. The crown with which He will deck the brow of the faithful in the great day will sparkle

> "While life, or thought, or being lasts,
> Or immortality endures."

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

CHAPTER XLII.

SUMMARY

Born in Western New York, December 3, 1845.

Converted at Greigsville, New York, in 1856.

Reclaimed, March 10, 1865.

Sanctified wholly, March 13, 1865.

United with the Free Methodist church in 1865.

Received license to exhort, August 18, 1866.

Took first circuit in September, 1867.

Received local preacher's license, January 18, 1868.

Received on trial in Michigan conference, September, 1868.

Received in full connection in conference and ordained deacon, October 2, 1870.

Solemnized first marriage ceremony, February 8, 1871.

Conducted first baptismal service, June 30, 1871.

Ordained elder at Delta, Ohio, September 29, 1872.

First elected traveling chairman in 1874

Average annual salary for first seven years of ministry, $299.

Elected editor of *The Free Methodist* in 1890.

Served as pastor fifteen years, evangelist one year, stationed chairman three years, traveling chairman ten years. Held 475 quarterly meetings. Taught in Spring Arbor Seminary two years.

First elected general superintendent in 1894.

Have presided at 151 annual conference sessions; ordained 160 elders, 170 deacons; dedicated 171 churches; attended 150 camp-meetings and forty holiness conventions.

Preached 7,085 times. Crossed the continent twelve times. Traveled since elected general superintendent, 200,000 miles.